Elizabeth Rundle

December

1828

THE
LITERARY SOUVENIR

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

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The New Year's Gift, and Juvenile Souvenir.

EDITED BY MRS. ALARIC WATTS.

With numerons Wood Cuts, and 12 highly-finished Engravings on Steel, by Messrs. J. C. Edwards, Greatbatch, Engleheart, Fry, Baker, &c. from Original Paintings and Drawings by Northcote, F. Howard, Gill, Wood, Hamilton, Good, Farrier, Green, and a Bust of Prince George of Cumberland, by Behnes.

The Literary Contents of the volume have been supplied by a great number of the most eminent Writers of the day; among others, by Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Bowles, Mrs. Opie, Miss Mitford, Mrs. Charles Gore, James Montgomery, J. H. Wiffen, T. K. Hervey, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, Miss M. J. Jewsbury, Mr. and Mrs. Howitt, Delta, Alaric Watts, the Authors of the "Rival Crusoes," "Solitary Walks in Many Lands," and the "Old Sailor" of the Literary Gazette.

With regard to the character of this department of the work, it may be remarked, that whilst the *amusement* of the Juvenile Reader has been a principal aim, the utmost care has been taken to exclude every thing which could be liable to objection from the most scrupulous parent. With a trifling exception, the narrative portion of the volume is strictly true.

London: printed for Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green.

Painted by F. P. Stephanoff

Engraved by John H Robinson

THE SISTERS.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, Novr 1828

Printed by Mc Queen

THE

LITERARY SOUVENIR.

EDITED BY

ALARIC A. WATTS.

I have song of war for knight;
Lay of love for lady bright;
Fairy tale to lull the heir;
Goblin grim the maids to scare.
SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN & GREEN.

1829.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL MANNING AND CO.
LONDON-HOUSE YARD, ST. PAUL'S.

TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE ROBERT PEEL,

AS A MARK OF RESPECT,

FOR HIS PATRONAGE OF BRITISH ART,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS VERY OBEDIENT SERVANT,

THE EDITOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Literary Souvenir is, this year, presented to its readers in a new and considerably improved form, without any addition to its price. An anxiety to render it worthy of the high character it has hitherto maintained, has induced its Proprietors to meet the extraordinary competition that has lately arisen among the publishers of annual works, by augmenting, in an important degree, and at a large additional expense, the interest of their book. Whether or not this sacrifice will be repaid by a proportionate increase of public patronage, remains to be proved. At all events, they will have the satisfaction of knowing that they have, at least, laboured to deserve it. The immense expense attendant upon the publication of a volume containing twelve such embellishments as are here given,—an expense which has lately been increased by the unusual demand for the talent employed in their production,—can only be covered by a sale which, to the ordinary observer, would appear to promise a large and certain remuneration. When, however, it is stated, that a circulation of less than from eight to nine thousand copies of the LITERARY SOUVENIR for 1829, would entail a serious loss upon its proprietors, it will readily be believed that they have been excited to no ordinary exertions. * Their object has been to enable it to compete, advantageously, not merely with annual works published at a similar price, but with

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* If the copyright and copper-plate printing be taken into account, only two of the engravings in the present volume will have cost less than a hundred guineas,—and some from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and seventy guineas each, before they meet the eye of the public.

others of higher pretensions, and of nearly double its cost. It will be for the public to determine, after a careful examination of their respective merits, how far this object has been achieved. One assertion, however, may be hazarded, without fear of contradiction; and that is, that no production of modern art can exceed in beauty, either of subject or execution, several of the engravings with which the present volume is adorned.

The Portrait of the Author of Waverley, cannot fail of proving of the highest interest to the public. It is engraved from a painting by Mr. Leslie, formerly in the possession of Mr. Constable of Edinburgh; and is, the Editor has reason to know, considered by Sir Walter Scott's family, and many of his most intimate friends, to be by far the best likeness of him that has yet appeared. The print, as a work of art, will speak for itself. It is from the *burin* of a young American engraver, hitherto unknown to the British public; who, to judge from this specimen of his talents, is entitled to take a much higher rank in his art, than his modesty has yet allowed him to aspire to.

It is due to Messrs. Moon, Boys, and Graves, the proprietors of one of the most beautiful paintings in the range of modern art,—"May-day in the reign of Queen Elizabeth," by Mr. Leslie,—to mention that the Proposal is little more than a repetition of the two most prominent and striking figures in that enchanting composition; namely, the Euphuist and the Queen of May. This acknowledgment is the more necessary, as an engraving of the entire group, on a larger scale, is already in progress.

The Departure of Mary Queen of Scots from France, is merely a copy of the principal group of a large painting, so entitled, by Mr. E. D. Leahy. The original picture contains two more figures than will be found in Mr. Goodyear's engraving. This fact is mentioned at the request of the painter, with whose sanction, however, the omission was made.

The alteration in the form of the Work will it is hoped be regarded as a considerable addition to its value. It will be seen, at a glance, that whilst the pages have been enlarged sufficiently to admit of the introduction of engravings of a more important size than heretofore, the general appearance of the book has been greatly improved by a slight diminution of its bulk. A richer and more durable style of binding has also been adopted.

Of the Literary Contents of the following pages, it merely remains to be observed, that no exertions have been spared to render them worthy of the splendid Engravings which accompany them. In the selection of this department of the work, however, the Editor has been influenced less by the importance of the name than the intrinsic value of the article. Contributions from the "Authors of the O'Hara Tales," the "Author of To-day in Ireland," and Mr. Coleridge, reached him too late for publication this year.

The SOUVENIR LITTERAIRE DE FRANCE, with original contributions from a great variety of distinguished French writers, and ten of the illustrations of the English SOUVENIR, will be published in a few weeks, both in Paris and in London.

58, *Torrington Square,*
Oct. 10*th*, 1828.

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THE SISTERS.

There lies in the north of England a considerable tract of land, now known by the name of the Waste Lands, which once formed the richest property of two wealthy families by whom untoward circumstances had caused it to be deserted. For some time, it was looked after by stewards, too much bent upon profiting themselves to regard the interests of their employers. The tenantry, who, drained of their hard earnings, were obliged to vex the land till it became a bed of stones, dropped off one by one. The hedge-rows, being unremittingly assisted in the progress of decay by the paupers of the neighbourhood, were soon reduced to nothing but dock-weeds and brambles; which gradually uniting from the opposite ends of the fields, the property became a huge thicket, too encumbered ever to be worth clearing, and only valuable to poachers and gypsies, to whom it still affords abundant booty and a secure hiding place.

The two mansions have kept pace in ruin with the lands around them. The persons left in charge of them, being subject to no supervision, put themselves but little out of their way to preserve that which was so lightly regarded by the owners. Too careless to repair the dilapidations of time and the weather, they were driven, by broken windows and rickety doors, from office to office, and from parlour to parlour, till ruin fairly pursued them into the grand saloon; where the Turkey carpets were tattered by hob-nails, and the dogs of the chase licked their paws upon sofas of silk and satin. In due time, the rain forced its way through the roofs, and the occupiers having no orders to stop it with a tile, the breach became wider and wider. Soon the fine papering began to shew discoloured patches, and display the lath and plaster which bulged through it; then the nails which supported the family portraits gave way with their burthens; and finally, the rafters began to yield, and the inhabitants wisely vacated the premises in time to avoid the last crash, rightly conjecturing that it was useless to leave the moveables behind to share in the common destruction, when there was so little likelihood of their ever being inquired after.

Thus ended the pride both of Heroncliff and Hazledell, which may still be seen, from each other, about a mile apart, shooting up a few parti-coloured walls from their untrimmed wildernesses, and seeming, like two desperate combatants, to stand to the last extremity; neither of them cheered by a sign of life, excepting the jackdaws which sit perched upon the dead tips of the old ash trees, and the starlings that sweep around at sunset in circles, beyond which the country folks have rarely been hardy enough to intrude.

The last possessor who resided at Hazledell was an eccentric old bachelor, with a disposition so composed of kindness and petulance, that every body liked, and scarcely any one could live with him. His relations had been driven away from him, one after the other;—one because he presumed to plead the poverty of a tenant whom the old man had previously resolved upon forgiving his rent; another, because he mistook the choice bin of the cellar when wine was prescribed for the sickness of the poor; and a third, because he suffered himself to be convinced by him in politics, and thus deprived him of the opportunity of holding forth arguments which gave his company due time to discuss their good cheer. There was but one person who understood him, and this was his nephew; who continued to the last his only companion, and kept him alive solely by knowing how to manage him. He had the good taste never to remind him of his years by approaching him with that awe which is commonly demonstrated by young people towards the old; and the tact to observe exactly where his foibles would bear raillery, and where they required sympathy. He could lead him from one mood to another, so that the longest day in his company never seemed monotonous; or if he rambled away amongst the neighbourhood, he could return at night with a tale of adventures which sent him to bed without repining at the prospect of to-morrow. Unluckily the old man considered him too necessary to his comforts to part with him; and though merely the son of a younger brother, without fortune or expectations, he was not permitted to turn his mind to a profession, or to any thing beyond the present. The youth, however, was scarcely twenty-three; and at such an age, a well-supplied purse for the time being, leaves but little anxiety for the future. With a good education, picked up as he could, by snatches, a sprightly disposition, and a talent equal to any thing, young Vibert of Hazledell was as welcome abroad as he was at home; and it was augured that his handsome figure and countenance would stand him in the stead of the best profession going. The young ladies would turn from any beau at the county-ball to greet his arrival, and never think of engaging themselves to dance till they were quite sure that he was disposed of. One remarked upon the blackness of his hair, another upon the whiteness of his forehead; and the squires who were not jealous of him, would entertain them with his feats of horsemanship and adroitness at bringing down, right and left. Still Vibert was not spoiled, and the young ladies pulled up their kid gloves till they split, without making any visible impression upon him. His obstinacy was quite incomprehensible. Each ridiculed the disappointment of her friend, in the hope of concealing her own; and all turned for consolation, to the young master of Heroncliff.

Marcus of Heroncliff was nearly of an age with Vibert, and was perhaps still more popular with the heads of families, if not with the younger branches; for he had the advantage of an ample fortune. His person, also, was well formed, and his features were, for the most part, handsome; but the first had none of the grace of Vibert, and the last had a far different expression. His front, instead of being cast in that fine expansive mould, was contracted and low, and denoted more cunning than talent. His eye was too deeply sunk to indicate openness or generosity; and the *tout ensemble* gave an idea of sulkiness and double-dealing. It was held by many that this outward appearance was not a fair index of his disposition, which was said to be liberal and good natured. The only fault which they found with him was, that his conversation seemed over-much guarded for one of his age. He appeared unwilling to shew himself as he really was, and the greatest confidence which could be reposed in him produced no corresponding return. He walked in society like one who came to look on rather than to mix in it; and although his dependants lived in profusion, his table was rarely enlivened save by the dogs which had been the companions of his sport.

Vibert, whose character it was to judge always favourably, believed that his manner and mode of life proceeded from the consciousness of a faulty education, and a mistrust of his capacity to redeem lost time. He felt a friendliness for him, bordering upon compassion; and their near neighbourhood affording him frequent opportunities of throwing himself in his way, a considerable degree of intimacy was, in course of time, established between them. Vibert was right, as far as he went, in his estimate of his friend's mind; but he never detected its grand feature. Marcus was sensible that he was below par amongst those of his rank, and a proud heart made him bitterly jealous of all who had the advantage of him. It was this that gave verity to the expression which we have before noticed in his features; made him a torment to himself; and rendered him incapable of sympathising with others. If a word were addressed to him, he believed that it was designed to afford an opportunity of ridiculing his reply; if contradiction was opposed to him, his visage blackened as though he felt that he had been insulted. Vibert, so open to examination, was the only person whom he did not suspect and dread. They hunted, shot, and went into society together; and it was observed that Marcus lost nothing by the contact. His confidence increased, his reserve in some degree disappeared, and Vibert secretly congratulated himself on having fashioned a battery to receive the flattering attentions from which he was anxious to escape. His ambition, indeed, was otherwise directed.

At a few miles distance from Hazledell was a pretty estate, called Silvermere, from a small lake, which reflected the front of the dwelling and the high grounds and rich timber behind it. It was inhabited by persons of consideration in the county, who were too happy at home to mix much with their neighbours. In fact, of a numerous family, there was but one daughter old enough to be introduced; and she was of a beauty so rare, that there was little danger in keeping her upon hand until her sister was of an age to accompany her into society.

In this family, Vibert had been for some time a favourite, and had been fascinated on his first introduction to it. The beauty of whom we have made mention, and her sister, a year or two younger, were placed on either side of him; and it was hard to know whether most to admire the wild tongue and laughing loveliness of the younger—the fair-haired Edith; or the retiring, but smiling dignity of the black eyes and pale fine features of the elder—the graceful Marion. They were, perhaps, both pleased to see the hero of the county conversations; but the younger one was the foremost to display it: without being a flirt, she was frank, and had the rare, natural gift of saying and doing what she pleased without danger of misconstruction.

The daring but feminine gaiety of this young creature speedily dispelled from the mind of Vibert all idea of his recent acquaintance. On his making some mention of it, she assured him that, on her part, the acquaintance was by no means recent, for she had heard him discussed as often as any Knight of the Round Table.

"To place you upon an equality with us," she said, "I will tell you what sort of persons we are, and you can judge whether at any future time, when your horse happens to knock up in our neighbourhood, and your dinner to be five miles off, you will condescend to take advantage of us. Papa and mamma, who you see have been a handsome couple, and would think themselves so still, if they had not such a well grown family, are by no means rigid, exacting, fault-finding and disagreeable, like papas and mammas in general. They have had the good taste to discover our precose talents, and profit by being our companions instead of our rulers, from the time we learned the art of spelling words of one syllable, and doing as we were not bidden. Instead of scolding us for our misdeeds, they used to reason with us as to their propriety, and generally got the worst of the argument; so, saving that in virtue of our old companionship we make them the confidants of most of our dilemmas, they have brought us up charmingly undutiful and self-willed.

"As for Marion, she is a young lady erroneously supposed to be the pride of the family, and who presumes to regard me with a patronising complacency which seems to intimate an idea that, one of these days, I shall really learn to talk. She is a sedate personage, who tries to reflect upon things; but as the same deep study has shaded her brow as long as I can recollect, I imagine that she does not often come to a conclusion. Yet the falsely-styled pride of Silvermere does not blanch her cheeks in the unwholesome atmosphere of learned tomes;

nor by spinning the globes, nor by hunting the stars. Her character is a little touched with romance, and her study is how to mend a bad world, which continues ailing in spite of her. She gives all her consolation, and half of her pin-money, to a tribe of old dames and young damsels, who, under such patronage, only pull our hedges in greater security, or add fresh colours to the costume which is to flaunt triumphant on the fair day. The urchins whom she teaches "to guess their lessons," and buys off from aiding in the toils of their parents, are the most mischievous in the neighbourhood; and, in short, things go on worse and worse, and poor Marion does not know what to make of it. From the humbler world, so different from the Arcadian affair of her imagination, she turns with despair to the sphere in which she is herself to move, and shudders at the prospect of disappointment there also. Where amongst such a community of young ladies battling for precedence, and young gentlemen vowing eternal constancy to a dozen at a time, can she look for the friend of her soul, or the more favoured being who is to console her for the want of one! Alas, the pride of Silvermere! with feelings so delicate that a gossamer might wound them, how can she accommodate herself to any world but that of the fairy tales which delighted our nursery, or expect tranquillity in any place but a cloister?"

Vibert's calls were repeated often, each one affording a pretext for another, and each visit growing longer than the last. The father of his two attractions was required frequently by his affairs in London, where he spent weeks at a time, and their mother was generally confined by delicate health to her chamber. Thus Vibert's intimacy with them had but little ceremony to restrain its rapid advancement; and he soon felt, what has perhaps been felt by many, that the simple smile of the dignified and retiring, is more perilous than the brightest glance of wit and vivacity. Indeed, Edith was too gay to be suspected of any thought beyond that of amusement; but the actions of Marion were more measured, and her approbation was the more flattering. Vibert laughed when he encountered the first; but his pulse beat quicker at the sight of the last.

There seems in the affairs of the heart, to be an unaccountable intelligence, by which, without the use of external signs, the tremours of the one generally find their reverberation in the other. Often as Vibert entered to share in the morning amusements of the sisters, to give an account of the horse that he was breaking in for Marion, or the dog he was teaching antics for Edith, it was impossible for him to be insensible to an increasing flush of satisfaction at his appearance, and by degrees he gave up all other society, and had no pastime to which Marion was not a party. Both young, both interested in the other's happiness, it was not likely that they should reflect, how the brightest flowers may be the seat of poison, and the sweetest moments the parents of misery. Their intimacy became more confidential; and Edith left them more and more to themselves, to seek amusement elsewhere. Still there was no question of love. Vibert knew that without fortune or expectations, he could have no pretension to Marion; and that the number of her young brothers and sisters must render it impossible for her father to remedy the deficiency. It was then that he felt the extent of the sacrifice he had made in devoting himself so entirely to his uncle. Had he adopted any profession, he might have obtained a home of his own, to say the least; and, however humble that home might have been, would Marion have shrunk from it? Would Marion have failed to make it the richest spot upon earth? He was yet only of an age when many commence their career; his mind was too active and too brilliant to suffer his habits to become so fixed but that he could apply them to any thing. He determined upon breaking the matter to his uncle: and, as Edith was now eighteen, and the sisters were just about to appear in public, there was no time to be lost. If Marion were not to go forth with a hand already engaged, what had he not to apprehend? Fortunes and honours would be at her feet—friends would reason—parents might command, and what had she to reply? She loved an idler who lived upon another's bounty, and whose future means were something worse than precarious. He seized upon what he thought a good opportunity, the same evening. His uncle was enjoying his arm-chair and slippers beside an ample fire, to which the pattering of a November storm gave additional comfort.

"Vibert," said he, "what have been your adventures to day?"

"I have been to Silvermere."

"Folks tell me you have been there every day for the last twelvemonth,—and who have you seen there?"

"I have seen Marion."

"Well, nephew, she is good-looking, you say; and sensible, and all that. Why do not you marry her, and bring her home to make tea for us?"

"Alas! I would willingly do so, had I the means."

"We can get over that obstacle, I think, by doubling your allowance."

"My dear Sir, you do not understand its full extent. Marion's family would never consent, unless she were to be the mistress of an establishment of her own."

"We can remedy that, too, Vibert. Divide the house with me at the middle of the cellar, and brick up the communications. Divide the stables and the horses, have new wheels and new arms to the old family rumble-tumble, and make any farther arrangements you please. You have been a good boy, to bear with a crazy old man so long, and I should not like you to be a loser by it."

"My dear uncle, there was no need of this additional generosity to secure my gratitude and endeavours to prove it. I did not speak for the purpose of placing any farther tax upon you, but merely to consult you whether it were not better that I thought of some profession, by which I might attain a position in life not liable to reverse."

"A profession!—what, one that would call you away from Hazledell?"

"I fear all professions would subject me to that affliction."

The uncle's colour rose, and his brow darkened.

"Vibert leave me in my old age, when I have become entirely dependent upon him! Vibert knock away the only crutch that props me up from the grave—bequeath me to the mercy of hired servants, with not a soul to exchange a word of comfort with me?—What fortune could you obtain which would compensate for reflections like these?

"Stay, nephew, and see me into my grave—the reverse which you apprehend,—I never thought that you could so coldly contemplate my extinction; but it is right and natural that you should do so. Only stay,—and I promise you that I will not keep you long,—I will curtail my expenses, banish my few old friends, dismiss my servants, and live upon bread and water, to save what I can for you from the estate. I cannot cause it to descend to you; but at all events, I can save for you as much as you would be likely to make by leaving me. Yet, if it be your wish to go, e'en go; I had rather you would leave me miserable, than stay to wish me dead."

The old man had worked himself into a fit of childish agitation, and Vibert saw that argument was useless.

"Uncle," he replied, with a look and voice of despair, "make yourself easy. Marion will find another husband, who will perhaps render her happier than I could, and I will remain with you as I have done hitherto."

From this time, Vibert spared no effort to overcome his ill-starred passion, as well for Marion's sake as for his own; seeking every possible pretext to render his visits less frequent, and to pay them in company. Marion perceived the change at the moment it took place, and, although she could not dispute its propriety, her sensibility was wounded to the quick. She commenced her first round of provincial gaiety with a fever at her heart, and an ominous presage of sorrow.

The appearance of the Silvermere party formed an epoch in the annals of the county,—and, as Vibert had foreseen, there was not a squire of the smallest pretensions who did not address himself sedulously to make the agreeable to them. They had little encouragement, however, in their attempts, excepting from Edith. Her heart was free, and her tongue was full of joy; but Marion was looking for the return of Vibert; and the reserved glance of her eye kept flattery at a distance, and hope in fetters. Still he returned not—she never met him in society, but she constantly heard of his having been at balls and merry-makings where she was not. It was in the vain pursuit of his peace of mind; and she was too generous to attribute it to any thing else. On his occasional visits of ceremony, she received him as if nothing material had happened; but the flush was gone from her cheek, and the smile that remained, was cold and sickly.

Meantime, rumour was liberal in assigning to each of the sisters her share of intended husbands. Vibert listened to the catalogue with all the trepidation of a lover who had really entertained hopes. Alas! if that selfish principle of denying to another what we cannot enjoy ourselves be excusable in any case, it is so in love. The loved object which belongs to no other, still appears to be in some degree our own; and fancy conjures up in spite of us, an indefinable trust in the future, of which the total destruction falls like the blow of an assassin. It was thus with Vibert, when, after writhing long in secret anguish at the mention of any name connected with that of Marion, report from all quarters concurred in the same uncontradicted tale. Marion was receiving the addresses of Marcus of Heroncliff: of him, for whom he had himself, from motives of the purest kindness, secured the good thoughts of her family—him whom he had made the confidant of his love—him who had professed himself to be only waiting for encouragement to throw himself at the feet of her sister! That he should have met him daily, and never hinted at the change in his intentions!—Yet might it not have been that he feared to inflict pain? That he should have deserted Edith when his conduct had implied all that was devoted!—Yet, was it not for Marion? But then, that Marion should have become the rival of her sister? Yet, oh! how soon she had overcome the remembrance of him, and how natural was it for the cold in love to become the faithless in friendship. Thus Vibert went on arguing for and against all the parties, and winding up with a forced ejaculation of, "it is nothing to me—it is no affair of mine;"—it was meant to confirm his pride, but only proved his wretchedness.

Upon this principle, and from a sense of his want of self-possession, the name of Marion never passed his lips in the presence of Marcus, who, on his part, was equally silent.

The report upon which this conduct was adopted was not so destitute of reason as those which had preceded it. Marcus, with the failing already noticed, was incapable of being a true friend; and though at his first introduction at Silvermere, the marked intelligence between Marion and Vibert reduced him to the necessity of devoting his attentions to Edith, yet the bare circumstance of her sister's preference for another was sufficient to kindle in his heart the most burning anxiety to obtain her for himself. Without considering Vibert's earlier acquaintance, he felt himself eclipsed, and his honour wounded. The moment, therefore, that his friend's visits were discontinued, his own were redoubled. They were naturally, from his previous behaviour, laid by the family to the account of Edith; and upon this conviction, Marion often used him as a protection against the advances of her unwelcome host of admirers. If she was asked to dance, she was engaged to Marcus, and his arm was always ready to conduct her to her carriage. It was observed that she received much more of his attention than was bestowed upon her sister; and insensibly their manner in public became the practice in private, where there was no need for it. His hopes rose high, and he scrupled not to advance them by endeavouring to extirpate the last kind feeling, which he thought might yet linger, for poor Vibert. One while he affected chagrin, and invented excesses on the part of his friend as the cause of it: at another time he was incensed at injurious words, which he alleged to have been employed by Vibert towards herself. At last, when he thought himself quite secure, he disclosed his passion, and was rejected with astonishment.

The sting for one like him had a thousand barbs: he loved the beautiful Marion with all the energy of a soul which had never before loved a human being. Common report, and his confidence in her resentment against Vibert, had made him consider her as already his own. His triumph over all the competitors that he had feared, envied, and detested, was, as he deemed, on the eve of completion; and now he was to be the object of derision, and mock pity! The means which he had used to ingratiate himself would probably be divulged. The inmost core of his heart would be exposed and scorned; and Vibert, whom he felt to be the latent cause of his rejection, was perhaps finally to be reinstated, and to flaunt his triumph daily before his eyes! The very evils which bad minds have attempted to inflict upon others, become a provocation to themselves: they have been defeated, and therefore they have been injured! and the rejected suitor returned home pallid, and quivering with an ague fit of mortal hate.

The attentions of Marcus had never been discussed between the sisters until the occurrence of this catastrophe. He left them in a shaded alley of the pleasure-grounds, which were beginning to be strewed with the yellow leaves of autumn; and a clouded sunset cast a few long streaks across the sward, and made the deep recesses look still more sombre.

There are few who do not feel a melancholy peculiar to this period of the year. Marion had a double reason; for it was about the same time in the preceding autumn, and in the summer-house but a few steps before her, that she had passed the last happy hour with Vibert!

"Marion," said Edith, as they walked on, with their arms fondly resting upon each other's neck, "you are not well. It is long since you were well; but I had hoped that the attachment of Marcus would have dispelled a deep grief, of which you forbade me ever to speak. I trusted that your heart had been arrested in its progress of sorrow, and I was silent, lest you should think me jealous of my sweet rival."

"Heavens! that my apathy should have been so great as to mistake his attentions. I only bore with him because I thought him yours."

"Marion, I love him not; and never should have wished him loved by you, had I not felt that your life depended on the diversion of your thoughts. I have been mistaken; you have been dying daily, and unless you would have me die with you, let me write to Vibert. Sweet Marion, let me write, as from myself, in my own wild way, merely to bid him come and dance on my birth-day."

"No, Edith, no. He would suspect the reason; it is too humiliating. I have still pride enough left to save me from contempt, if not to support me from —— Edith, let us talk of other things."

She leaned her head upon her sister's bosom, and both were weeping, when they were startled by the gallop of a horse, and a ring at the garden gate. Edith saw that it was the servant of Vibert, and she sprang like a fawn to inquire his commission. He brought a letter for Marion, and thus it ran:

"The relations who stood between me and the succession to the estates of Hazledell, are dead. I am now my uncle's heir; but I fear too late. The sorrow of withdrawing myself to my proper distance when I was poor, is probably to be followed up by the anguish of being forbidden to return now that I am rich. I dare not appear before you till I hear the refutation of your reported engagements with Marcus—till you bid me look forward to a termination of the misery which a feeling of honour obliged me to inflict upon myself."

Marion sank for support against the ivy-twined pillar of the summer-house. Edith kissed her pale cheek, and fondly whispered, " I told you so: what answer will you send?" After the first moments of tremulous agitation—after an interval of silence, to lull the tumults of her heart, Marion merely ejaculated, " Poor Vibert! I thought he had forgotten me!"

" Rather say, poor Edith," replied her sister, with a burst of that natural gaiety which had of late almost forsaken her; " poor Edith has now the willow-wreath all to herself. Alas! for some doughty champion to twine it round the neck of the false lord of Heroncliff!—'Tis time that I endow you with all my finery, and prepare for a nunnery."

With that she playfully took from her neck a simple hair-chain, the appendage to which had always been carefully hidden in her bosom, and cast it over the unadorned head of Marion. " Look!" she exclaimed, with increased archness, and gazing upon her averted eyes, to see if the smile had yet returned to them, " look what a jewel I bestow upon you; I have cherished it ever since we sat for our miniatures, and the artist amused himself between whiles with studying a head for Apollo. Why do you not look?"

Marion turned her eyes, and was surprised by her lover's likeness.

"Then Marion *can* smile? Oh, the joy to see it! I begged this little jewel for your wedding-present; but, in truth, this seems no bad opportunity, as the cavalier may now speak for himself. See what a sad brow—what an imploring eye. Here—here is a pencil—the servant waits for a reply."

Marion tore the back from her letter, and wrote—"The reports are unfounded—the future is in your power."

"Edith!" she said, when the messenger was dismissed; "give me your arm back to the house, for I feel faint. In the midst of all this happiness, there is a sickness at my heart,—a strange boding, that I am only tantalized by chimeras, and meant for misfortune. Perhaps I deceive myself. Perhaps it is only the strange bewilderment occasioned by this revolution in all that interests me. I cannot help it."

The messenger, who had been dispatched by Vibert the moment he became aware of his happy fortune, did not return in time for him to profit ere the morrow by Marion's answer. It was a gusty and querulous night—the old trees by his window groaned as though they were in trouble, and the scud swept along the sky like a host of spectres. He felt low and oppressed, in spite of himself. His uncle had left him ominously distressed at the news which he had lately received. After having retired for the night, he had come back to shake hands with him again. The younger ones, he said, were dropping about him, and leaving him desolate, to lament the luckless humour which had impeded him from adding to their comforts, as he might have done. Every joint of him trembled, lest he should live too long. " God bless you, Vibert," he added, " you have always been a good boy, and have borne kindly with my infirmities—God bless you!—God bless you! Vibert, you will go to-morrow to Silvermere? I have long prevented you from being happy, and you owe me no thanks that you are so at last. Go to bed,—you have grown thin from want of sleep; and it is all my fault."

He quitted him again with affectionate, and almost childish reluctance; and Vibert paced his room, in a fever of anticipation, till the rising of the sun, which had seemed as if it never meant to rise again. It was still too early to set out for Silvermere, but he knew that Marcus rose with the dawn for his field-sports, and his generous mind was unwilling to lose an instant in acknowledging and asking pardon for the suspicions which he had entertained of his friendship. He walked rapidly to Heroncliff, and found Marcus, as he had anticipated, up and dressed; in fact, he had passed the night in the same manner as he himself had done, and his face looked haggard and wild.

" Marcus," said Vibert, " I come to tell you a piece of strange news."

" I know it already," replied Marcus, with an attempt to look glad. " I met your servant going to Silvermere with it. Your uncles in India are dead."

"I scarcely recollect them, and it would therefore be ridiculous to affect much grief for their loss; but the circumstance has been the means of shewing me an injustice committed against yourself, at which I am sincerely grieved. I believed that you entertained an intention of supplanting me in the love of Marion; and although my reason had nothing to object to it, my heart felt that it was not the part which I would have acted towards you. I have accused you bitterly; but see, Marion has herself exculpated you; and you must even forgive me as one who has been too unhappily bewildered to be master of himself."

Marcus took his offered hand and laughed, but with a fearful expression, which he strove to hide by casting his eyes on the ground.

"Then Marion," he observed, "looks forward to being the lady of Hazledell?"

"Ay, and to do the honours of it to her sister, the lady of Heroncliff. My son shall marry your daughter, and we will join the estates in one."

Marcus drew in his breath with a harrowing sound.

"Vibert," he said, "we had best remain unmarried; we are more independent to pursue our pastimes; we are not obliged to receive the society which is odious to us; and whilst we are free, we are the more welcomed abroad. Promise me you will think no more of it."

"You would not ask it, if you felt, like me, that you were beloved by Marion. What do I care for independence and my reception abroad, when I have such a thraldom and such a paradise at home!"

"You are determined, then?"

"Can you doubt it? I am even now on my way to Silvermere. I should arrive too soon on horseback, and am therefore obliged to walk, for I cannot be easy until I find myself on my way thither. Come, take your gun and accompany me."

"I will accompany, in the hope of dissuading you, and bringing you back before you arrive there."

"And I will drag you into fetters whether you will or not. Come; it is time to start, if we would be there by breakfast time. What ails you?—You look pale and shivering this morning; and see,—for the first time in your life, you have forgotten your gun."

With that he kindly took it from where it stood, and presented it to him.

"I will not take it," said Marcus, vaguely; "I am nervous, and cannot shoot."

"Tut, man; take your gun, I say; a good shot will put you in spirits. There is an outlying deer from Hazledell in the Black Valley, and you must kill him for our wedding-feast."

Marcus bit his white lips, and did as he was bidden; and the companions set out upon their walk.

The weather was still gusty and uncertain. The faint gleam of the sun was rapidly traversed by the clouds, which seemed to overrun each other, and scowl fearful confusion. Several large trees were blown across the pathways, and the crows skimmed aloft in unsettled course, as though they were afraid to perch.

"How I love this bracing air!" said Vibert. "I feel as if I could fly."

"You feel elastic from your errand. I have no such cause, and I would fain that the morning had been calmer. I think that long usage to blustering weather would have a strong effect upon men's passions, and render them too daring and reckless."

As they descended the brow of fern and scattered plantations, from his bleak residence, his persuasions that Vibert would return, became more and more urgent. He used in a wild, disjointed manner, all the vain arguments to which the selfish and the dissipated generally resort, to dissuade their friends from what they call a sacrifice of liberty. They were easily overruled, and his agitation grew the more violent. In this manner they arrived at the entrance of the Black Valley, a gorge of rock, and varied earth, choked up by trees and bushes, chance-sown by the birds and the winds. This valley was between two and three miles in length, its gloom was unbroken by a single habitation, and it had been the witness of many atrocities. It was a place usually avoided; but it was the shortest road to Silvermere, and Vibert never visited it by any other.

"I do not like this valley!" said Marcus, "we will take the upper road."

"It is too far about,—come on—you are not yourself this morning, and the sooner Edith laughs at you the better."

They were making a short cut through the tangled thicket, from one path to another, and had reached a more gloomy and savage spot than they had hitherto encountered. Marcus sat down upon a piece of splintered timber, and motioned Vibert, with a gasping earnestness which was not to be disputed, to seat himself beside him.

"Marcus," said the latter, as he complied, "your conduct is inexplicable. Why are you so anxious that I should not go to Silvermere, nor renew my acquaintance with Marion? You must have some reason for all this; and, if so, why conceal it from me?"

"If nothing short of such an extremity will induce you to follow my counsel, I must even come to it. Marion is not what you have supposed her.—You imagine that her love for you has kept her single. Ask of whom you will, if such be the general opinion. Till yesterday, she gave herself to another, who cannot aspire to a thousandth part of your merit, but who happened to be more favoured by fortune. Last night, you became the richest, and she changed; but would Vibert be contented with a partner who preferred another?

"Marcus!—this other! It is of yourself you speak?"

"Ask all the world, if she did not make herself notorious with me. She made me distrust all womankind.

Vibert, let us both leave her to the reflections of one who has deserved to be forsaken."

"May it not be that you, and not I, have mistaken her? She might have preferred your company because you were my friend, and you might have fancied that she loved you because you loved her. It is needless to contradict me; men do not tremble and turn pale because their friends are going to marry jilts. I do not blame you; for not to love Marion is beyond the power even of friendship. Let us only be fair rivals, and not attempt to discourage each other by doing her injustice. Let us go hand in hand, and each prefer his suit. For my part, I promise you, that, if you succeed, I will yield without enmity."

Marcus staggered as he arose; Vibert's countenance was grave, but not unfriendly.

"Go on, then," said the former, in a deep, broken voice, and with every feature convulsed; at the same time, he turned himself homeward; and Vibert, seeing that it was advisable to part company, pursued his course towards Silvermere. Marcus made but a few strides, and paused. He clenched his teeth, and cast a wild glance at the fine form that was retreating from him—made one or two hesitating steps, and then bounded after.

The restlessness which pervaded the other personages of our story during the night, was not spared to Marion or her sister. They talked of their future prospects, until Edith was elevated to her highest flight of spirits. She arranged, that when Marion became the lady of Hazledell, she also was to call it her home; make herself the sole object of attraction and tournament to all the squires round about, and display her true dignity by remaining a scornful lady and a respectable maiden aunt! By degrees, her fancy ceased castle-building,—a few unconnected sparkles of gaiety grew fainter and fainter, and she dropped asleep. Marion had no wish or power to repose; her nervous sense of apprehension continued to increase;—she tried every effort to direct her thoughts to other subjects; but they invariably became entangled, and again pressed with a dead weight upon her heart. In this mood, she was startled by Edith laughing in her sleep, with a sound which terrified her.

"Edith!" she cried, shaking her till she partially awoke,—"Edith, you frighten me—why do you laugh in your sleep?"

"I laughed," replied Edith, drowsily, and scarce knowing what she said,—"I laughed at some one who preached to me of the vanity of human expectations." She again muttered a laugh, and a second time dropped asleep. She still remained so when Marion arose in the morning and hastily dressed herself to profit by the fresh air; and did not awaken until she had been left some hours alone. The servants told her that her sister had walked out upon the road to Hazledell, and thither Edith followed her.

Marion was led on by the hope of meeting Vibert, who in former days had often arrived to breakfast, so far as the commencement of the Black Valley. At other times, she had shared in the general terror inspired by the spot; but her feelings were now concentrated upon another subject, and she mused along, heedless of the gloom which surrounded her. In this mood she was startled by a sound like the report of a gun; but the wind was too high to distinguish clearly, and it might have been only the cracking of some time-worn stem. Her heart beat quicker, and she hastened her step. It was Vibert, perhaps, on his way to meet her; and her lips unconsciously pronounced the words,—"Vibert, God bless you!" Presently she distinguished the figure of a man rapidly advancing towards her. He stopped a moment where two paths separated, as if hesitating which he should take; then hurried on, without perceiving her until he found himself by her side. It was the rejected Marcus. His face was distorted and convulsed, his clothes and flesh rent by the brambles, and his voice like that of one from the grave.

"Marion!" he exclaimed, standing stiff and motionless, as though he had been suddenly frozen; "what evil spirit has sent you to confront your victim? Go home, Marion, and leave the maniac to his den."

She regarded him a moment in extreme astonishment, and then burst into tears.

"Good God!" she cried, "is it possible that a person so valueless as I am can have caused this dreadful change! How could I love you, when my heart had long been another's? I offered you my friendship—from my soul I offer it again. For my sake, for Vibert's, do not cloud our happiness by the thought that we have wounded the peace of another, much less of one who will be so dear to us. Return with me home; dear Edith has still a heart to give you."

He answered, with a smile of savage bitterness,—"I thank her,—I do not want it. Yours has cost me somewhat, and it is hard to labour in vain. Promise me, Marion, promise me, in case of Vibert's—death,"—

"Of Vibert's death!—what mean such horrible words. All things seem ominous of woe to me. In Heaven's name, speak again, and do not stand so motionless and ghastly. What is it that you see?"

Marcus slowly raised his arm, and pointed to a raven, which was battling its way against the wind. He spoke not a word, but kept his eye fixed upon the bird till it toiled over their heads, and, at a short distance, swooped into the thicket. It was followed by another, and another. He maintained the same aspect, and Marion, astonished by the strange scene, which accorded so well with her previous presentiments, could scarcely restrain a stifled scream.

Marcus was roused. "It is a strange instinct," said he. "Those heaven-instructed birds seem formed for the detection of—of the farmer's lost cattle, which have strayed away and died! They scent blood afar off,—their note is harrowing!—Come away,—come away,—I will conduct you home!"

He grasped Marion by the wrist, and was leading her away, when two of the ravens rose up in clamorous combat for a disputed morsel. Unable to direct their course, the wind carried them back towards the spot where Marcus and Marion were standing; and a part of the contended booty, dropping from their beaks, was wafted to the feet of the latter. She eagerly snatched it up,—it was a curly lock of black hair! A momentary impulse endowed her with twice the strength of Marcus, and she wrenched her arm from his grasp.

"Yonder carcass," she exclaimed hysterically, "is neither stag nor steer;" and she sprang towards the scene with a supernatural swiftness. Marcus uttered a vain cry to restrain her, and disappeared, feeling his way more than seeing it, as though the world afforded no home and no purpose to direct his course.

Shortly after, Edith arrived at the place where they had parted, having traced the small foot of her sister in the damp soil. She was alarmed to find it turn in amongst the brambles, and called out, but received no answer! The wind blew her voice back, and the tortuous stems of ragged Scots fir, intermixed with every other species of hardy plant, permitted her eager glance to penetrate but a few yards. She forced her way into the maze, and, by the aid of the boughs, clambered partly up the side of the valley, to where a large scale that had fallen from the rocks had separated into fragments upon a bank of yellow sand, overgrown with fern and furze. It was called the Badger's Bank, being filled with the earths of that animal, which shared it in common with the wild cat, and birds of prey that came thither to gorge upon victims! Amidst the ruin of this scene stood Marion,—her long black hair streaming in the blast, and her arms extended to scare away a multitude of the dismal birds which had directed her thither. At her feet lay the form of Vibert,—his face overspread with its last hue, and his temples shattered to pieces!

When search was made, the sisters were found still protecting the body, and both bereft of reason! Edith had loved Vibert no less fervently than Marion had done; but her devotion to her had rendered silence no sacrifice. To see her sister happy was to be blessed herself; and had it not been for this unlooked-for catastrophe, her secret would never have been known!

We will not swell our history with an account of the long interval that elapsed ere the sisters were restored, in a degree, to their right minds. Their first question, on their partial recovery, related to Vibert's uncle: his infirm frame had sunk beneath his affliction, and he lay in the family vault, beside his unfortunate nephew! There was yet another name, which neither of them dared to pronounce! But the question was divined; and Marcus, they were told, had never been heard of;—a body, too decayed to be recognized, had been found in a distant forest, and might have been his; it was but a surmise, and, whether true or false, there has never been any other.

Years passed away; but the characters of Marion and Edith resumed no more their natural tone. The last was never seen to smile again, nor the first to drop a tear;—misfortune had stricken them into a strange apathy, and their only pleasure was to wander, linked in each other's arms, upon the high grounds, from whence they could descry the church where Vibert lay. They were never seen elsewhere, nor in any society but that of each other, although all the world were their friends. Those who had loved them respected their sorrow too much to intrude upon it; and those who had been jealous of being outshone, had ceased to have any cause. The admirers who had pursued them turned sadly from their vague regard, and would as soon have thought of obtaining the stars themselves.

This lasted but a few years. The fatal remembrance, which slept neither night nor day, drank greedily of the springs of life! They faded almost to phantoms, and death seemed to think his prey scarcely worth the striking; for their departure was unmarked by a single pang. Edith, whose natural temperament had the least repose, was the first to drop;—she died clasping her sister's neck; and Marion followed, in time to be interred in the same grave!*

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* The leading incidents of this little narrative are true; the names of the parties only having been altered.

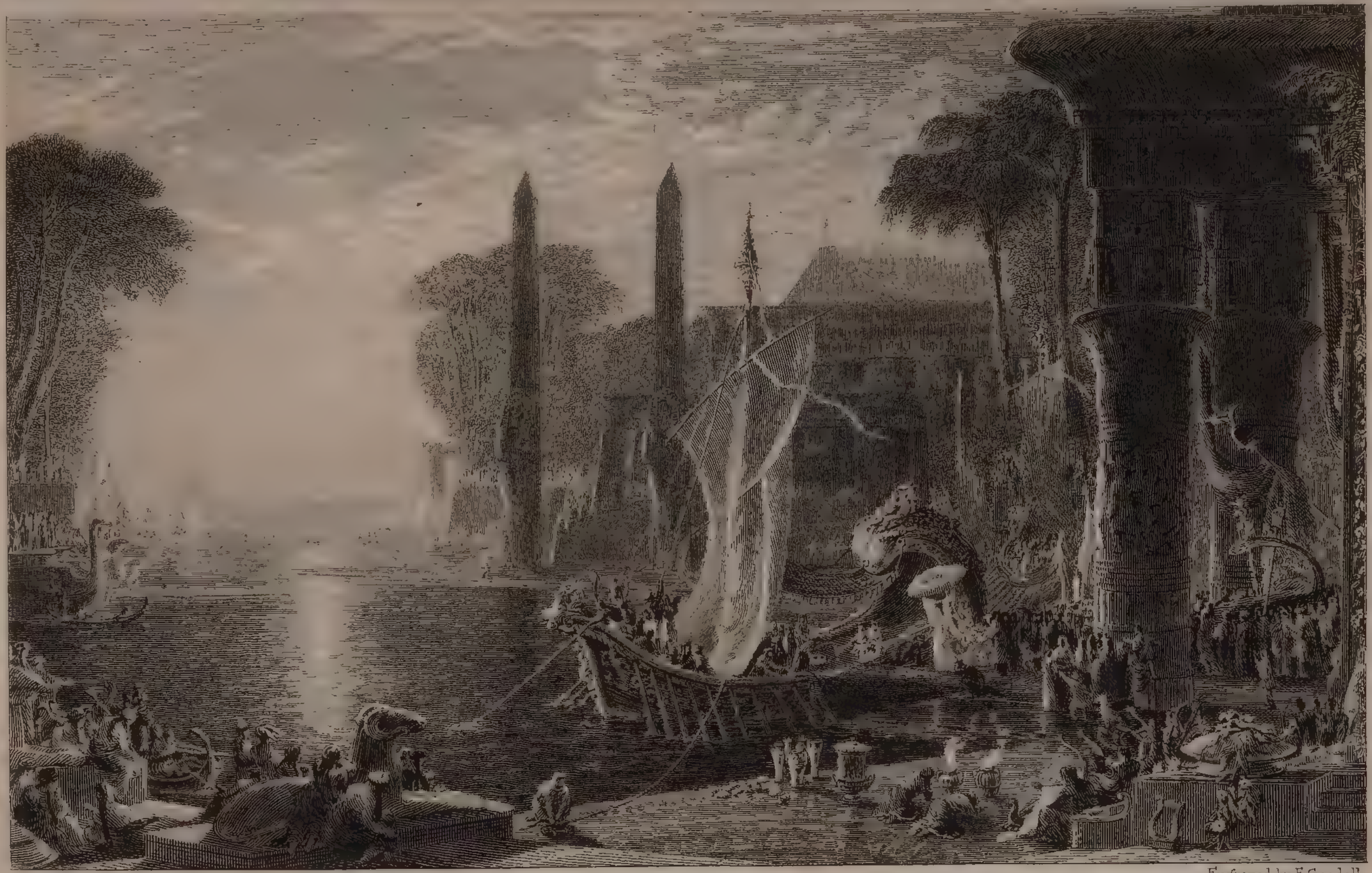
CLEOPATRA.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

> The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
> Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold:
> Purple the sails; and so perfumed that
> The winds were love-sick with them: the oars were silver;
> Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
> The water which they beat to follow faster,
> As amorous of their strokes.
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

I.

FLUTES in the sunny air!
And harps in the porphyry halls!
And a low, deep hum,—like a people's prayer,—
With its heart-breathed swells and falls!
And an echo,—like the desart's call,—
Flung back to the shouting shores!
And the river's ripple, heard through all,
As it plays with the silver oars!—
The sky is a gleam of gold!
And the amber breezes float,
Like thoughts to be dreamed of,—but never told,—
Around the dancing boat!

Painted by F. Danby A.R.A.

Engraved by E. Goodall

CLEOPATRA EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.

Published by Longman, Rees Orme, Brown & Green Nov.r 1828

Printed by Mc Queen.

II.

She has stepped on the burning sand!
And the thousand tongues are mute!
And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,
The strings of his gilded lute!
And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,
Beneath his white symar,
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye
Like the flash of an Eastern star!
The gales may not be heard,
Yet the silken streamers quiver,
And the vessel shoots,—like a bright-plumed bird,—
Away—down the golden river!

III.

Away by the lofty mount!
And away by the lonely shore!
And away by the gushing of many a fount,
Where fountains gush no more!—
Oh! for some warning spirit, there,
Some voice that should have spoken
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,
And glad, young spirits broken!
Of waters dried away,
And hope and beauty blasted!
—That scenes so fair and hearts so gay
Should be so early wasted!

IV.

A dream of other days!—
That land is a desart now!
And grief grew up, to dim the blaze
Upon that royal brow!
The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast
Blight on the marble plain,
And Sorrow—like the Simoom—past
O'er Cleopatra's brain!
Too like her fervid clime, that bred
Its self-consuming fires,—
Their breasts—like Indian widows—fed
Their own funereal pyres!
—Not such the songs *her* minstrels sing,—
"Live, beauteous, and for ever!"*
As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,
Away—down the golden river!

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* "Live for ever!"—the oriental form of salutation to princes.

ON BURNING A PACKET OF LETTERS.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Relics of love, and life's enchanted spring,
  Of hopes born, rainbow-like, of smiles and tears;—
With trembling hand do I unloose the string,
  Twined round the records of my youthful years.

II.

Yet why preserve memorials of a dream,
  Too bitter-sweet to breathe of aught but pain!
Why court fond memory for a fitful gleam
  Of faded bliss, that cannot bloom again!

III.

The thoughts and feelings these sad relics bring
  Back on my heart, I would not now recall:—
Since gentler ties around its pulses cling,
  Shall spells less hallowed hold them still in thrall?

IV.

Can withered hopes that never came to flower,
  Match with affections long and dearly tried!
Love, that has lived through many a stormy hour,
  Through good and ill,—and time and change defied!

V.

Perish each record that might wake a thought
  That would be treason to a faith like this!—
Why should the spectres of past joys be brought
  To fling their shadows o'er my present bliss!

VI.

Yet,—ere we part for ever,—let me pay
  A last, fond tribute to the sainted dead;
Mourn o'er these wrecks of passion's earlier day,
  With tears as wild as once I used to shed.

VII.

What gentle words are flashing on my eye!
  What tender truths in every line I trace!
Confessions—penned with many a deep-drawn sigh,—
  Hopes—like the dove—with but *one* resting-place!

VIII.

How many a feeling, long—too long—represt,
  Like autumn-flowers, here opened out at last!—
How many a vision of the lonely breast
  Its cherished radiance on these leaves hath cast!

IX.

And ye, pale violets, whose sweet breath hath driven
Back on my soul the dreams I fain would quell;
To whose faint perfume such wild power is given,
To call up visions—only loved too well;—

X.

Ye too must perish!—Wherefore now divide
Tributes of love—first-offerings of the heart;—
Gifts—that so long have slumbered side by side;
Tokens of feeling—never meant to part!

XI.

A long farewell:—sweet flowers, sad scrolls, adieu!
Yes, ye shall be companions to the last:—
So perish all that would revive anew
The fruitless memories of the faded past!

XII.

But lo! the flames are curling swiftly 'round
Each fairer vestige of my youthful years;
Page after page that searching blaze hath found,
Even whilst I strive to trace them through my tears.

XIII.

The Hindoo widow, in affection strong,
Dies by her lord, and keeps her faith unbroken:—
Thus perish all which to those wrecks belong,
The living memory—with the lifeless token!

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

> O sanctissima, O purissima,
> Dulcis virgo Maria!
> Mater amata intemerata
> Ora, ora pro nobis.
> *Sicilian Mariner's Hymn.*

I.

In the deep hour of dreams,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning sea,
And by the starlight gleams,
Mother of Sorrows! lo, I come to thee.

II.

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blowing flowers, like my own heart to lie,
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

III.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an earthly home,
Thou know'st the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul ;—to thee I come !

IV.

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast ;
Thou too couldst watch and weep—
Hear, gentlest Mother ! hear a heart opprest !

V.

There is a wandering bark,
Bearing one from me o'er the restless wave ;
Oh ! let thy soft eye mark
His course—be with him, Holiest, guide and save !

VI.

My soul is on that way ;
My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim ;
Through the long weary day
I walk, o'ershadowed by vain dreams of him.

VII.

Aid him, and me too, aid !
Oh ! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess !
On thy weak child is laid
The burthen of too deep a tenderness.

VIII.

Too much o'er *him* is poured
My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part ;
Too fearfully adored,
Oh ! make not him the chastener of my heart !

IX.

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be—I hear a warning low—
Sweet Mother ! call me hence ;
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

X.

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known,
And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings—take back, take back thine own !

XI.

Hark ! how the wind swept by !
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
Hope of the sailor's eye
And maiden's heart ! blest Mother, guide and save !

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Come all ye feathery people of mid-air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottoes cool;
And ye who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come!—O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared thee, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian,—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken;—and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouched Echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love,—come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,

Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth,
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with 'it enrich our ears;—come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

CUPID TAUGHT BY THE GRACES.

It is their summer haunt;—a giant oak
Stretches its sheltering arm above their heads,
And midst the twilight of depending boughs
They ply their eager task. Between them sits
A bright haired child, whose softly-glistening wings
Quiver with joy, as ever and anon
He, at their bidding, sweeps a chorded shell,
And draws its music forth. Wondering, he looks
For their approving smile, and quickly drinks
(Apt pupil!) from their lips instruction sweet,—
Divine encouragement! And this is Love
Taught by the Graces how to point his darts
With milder mercy and discreeter aim;
To stir the bosom's lyre to harmony,
And waken strains of music from its chords
They never gave before! N.

Painted by W Hilton R.A.

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TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PELHAM.'

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example,—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek Tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children.—"What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she, to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him*."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school.—"What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the Lord Chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The Lord Chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his Lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing—and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my Lord!" said the mother. So they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— Regiment of Dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a d——d ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better."

"And why the d——l will he not?"

"Bless you, Colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the Colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— Regiment, and challenged the Colonel. The Colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the Colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair!—They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle!

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in Parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heared!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone;

but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker, had began worse; and many a county member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his Colonel;"—"never marry a beauty," said a third;—"he can admire none but himself;" "will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth; "and break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover; especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor, and his coach maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick, and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business:—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he—"I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?"

"By heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake, I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who, I have before said was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the

the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brodé*) "my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as a day or two after the dissolution of Parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney coach bound to the King's Bench,—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

TO THE SINGER, PASTA.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

I.

Never till now — never till now, O queen
And wonder of the enchanted world of sound!
Never till now was such bright creature seen,
Startling to transport all the regions round!—
Whence com'st thou—with those eyes and that fine mien,
Thou sweet, sweet singer? Like an angel found
Mourning alone, thou seem'st (thy mates all fled),
A star 'mongst clouds,—a spirit 'midst the dead!

II.

Melodious thoughts hang round thee:—Sorrow sings
Perpetual sweetness near,—divine despair!
Thou speak'st,—and music, with her thousand strings,
Gives golden answers from the haunted air!
Thou mov'st,—and 'round thee Grace her beauty flings!
Thou look'st,—and Love is born! Oh! songstress rare,
Lives there on earth a power like that which lies
In those resistless tones,—in those dark eyes?

III.

Oh, I have lived—how long!—with one deep treasure—
One fountain of delight unlocked, unknown;
But thou, the prophetess of my new pleasure,
Hast come at last, and struck my heart of stone:
And now outgushes without stint or measure
The endless rapture,—and in places lone
I shout it to the stars and winds that flee;
And then I think on all I owe to thee!

IV.

I see thee at all hours—beneath all skies—
In every shape thou tak'st, or passionate path:
Now art thou like some winged thing that cries
Over a city flaming fast to death:—
Now, in thy voice, the mad Medea dies:—
Now Desdemona yields her gentle breath:—
All things thou art by turns—from wrath to love,
From the queen eagle to the vestal dove!

V.

Horror is stern and strong, and Death (unmasked
In slow pale silence, or 'midst brief eclipse);
But what are they to thy sweet strength, when tasked
To its height—with all the God upon thy lips?
Not even the cloudless days and riches, asked
By one who in the book of darkness dips,
Vies with that radiant wealth which *they* inherit
Who own, like thee, the Muse's deathless spirit.

VI.

Would I could crown thee as a king can crown!
  Yet what are kingly gifts to thy great fame,
Whose echoes shall all vulgarer triumphs drown,—
  Whose light shall darken every meaner name?
The gallant courts thee,—for his own renown;
  Mimicking thee, he plays love's pleasant game;
The critic brings thee praise, which all rehearse;
And I—alas!—I can but bring my verse!

A WOOD-SCENE.

They came upon a green wood rich in trees,
O'er which went sighing the eve-wandering breeze,
Bending the tops of some with his sweet kiss,
Yet tender as the new-linked lover is:
Here shot up the white ash, and there the larch,
And there the wild witch-elm did overarch
The gladed silence with his showering boughs,
Round which the subtle ivy creeps and blows
Until it blasts the tree to youthful death;
And woodbines cast abroad their odorous breath,
Between whose leaves the clear-blue landscape broke;
And there all grandly grew the broad-armed oak,
Like a centurion, midst his branched peers,
The eldest Sylvan of a thousand years!

A MANUSCRIPT FOUND IN A MADHOUSE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'PELHAM.'

I am the eldest son of a numerous family,—noble in birth, and eminent for wealth. My brothers are a vigorous and comely race,—my sisters are more beautiful than dreams. By what fatality was it that I alone was thrust into this glorious world distorted, and dwarf-like, and hideous,—my limbs a mockery, my countenance a horror, myself a blackness on the surface of creation,—a discord in the harmony of nature, a living misery, an animated curse? I am shut out from the aims and objects of my race;—with the deepest sources of affection in my heart, I am doomed to find no living thing on which to pour them. Love!—out upon the word—I am its very loathing and abhorrence: friendship turns from me in disgust; pity beholds me, and withers to aversion. Wheresoever I wander, I am encompassed with hatred as with an atmosphere. Whatever I attempt, I am in the impassable circle of a dreadful and accursed doom. Ambition—pleasure—philanthropy—fame—the common blessing of social intercourse—are all as *other* circles, which *mine* can touch but in *one* point, and that point is torture. I have knowledge to which the wisdom of ordinary sages is as dust to gold;—I have energies to which relaxation is pain;—I have benevolence which sheds itself in charity and love over a worm! For what—merciful God!—for what are these blessings of nature or of learning?—The instant I employ them, I must enter among men: the moment I enter among men, my being blackens into an agony. Laughter grins upon me—terror dogs my steps;—I exist upon poisons, and my nourishment is scorn!

At my birth the nurse refused me suck; my mother saw me and became delirious; my father ordered that I should be stifled as a monster. The physicians saved my life—accursed be they for the act! One woman—she was old and childless—took compassion upon me; she reared and fed me. I grew up—I asked for something to love; I loved every thing; the common earth—the fresh grass—the living insect—the household brute;—from the dead stone I trod on, to the sublime countenance of man, made to behold the stars and to scorn *me;*—from the noblest thing to the prettiest—the fairest to the foulest—*I* loved them *all!* I knelt to my mother, and besought her to love me—she shuddered. I fled to my father,—and he spurned me! The lowest minion of the human race that had its limbs shapen and its countenance formed, refused to consort with me;—the very dog (I only dared to seek out one that seemed more rugged and hideous than its fellows), the very dog dreaded me, and slunk away! I grew up lonely and wretched; I was like the reptile whose prison is the stone's heart,—immured in the eternal penthouse of a solitude to which the breath of fellowship never came;—girded with a wall of barrennes, and flint, and doomed to vegetate and batten on my own suffocating and poisoned meditations. But while this was my *heart's* dungeon, they could not take from the *external* senses the sweet face of the Universal Nature;—they could not bar me from commune with the voices of the mighty Dead. Earth opened to me her marvels, and the volumes of the wise their stores. I read—I mused—I examined—I descended into the deep wells of Truth—and mirrored in my soul the holiness of her divine beauty. The past lay before me like a scroll; the mysteries of this breathing world rose from the present like clouds;—even of the dark future, experience shadowed forth something of a token and a sign; and over the wonders of the world, I hung the intoxicating and mingled spells of poesy and of knowledge. But I could not without a struggle live in a world of love, and be the only thing doomed to hatred. "I will travel," said I, "to other quarters of the globe. All earth's tribes have not the proud stamp of angels and of gods, and amongst its infinite variety I may find a being who will not sicken at myself." I took leave of the only one who had not loathed me—the woman who had given me food, and reared me up to life. She had now become imbecile, and doting, and blind;—so she did not disdain to lay her hand upon my distorted head, and to bless me. "But better," she said, even as she blessed me and in despite of her dotage,—"better that you had perished in the womb!" And I laughed with a loud laugh when I heard her, and rushed from the house.

One evening, in my wanderings, as I issued from a wood, I came abruptly upon the house of a village priest. Around it, from a thick and lofty fence of shrubs which the twilight of summer bathed in dew, the honeysuckle, and the sweetbrier, and the wild rose sent forth those gifts of fragrance and delight which were not denied even unto me. As I walked slowly behind the hedge, I heard voices on the opposite side; they were the voices of women, and I paused to listen. They spoke of love, and of the qualities which should create it.

"No," said one, and the words, couched in a tone of music, thrilled to my heart,—"no, it is not beauty which I require in a lover; it is the mind which can command others, and the passion which would bow that mind unto me. I ask for genius and affection. I ask for nothing else."

"But," said the other voice, "you could not love a monster in person, even if he were a miracle of intellect and of love!"

"I could," answered the first speaker, fervently; "if

I know my own heart, I could. You remember the fable of a girl whom a monster loved! *I* could have loved *that* monster."

And with these words they passed from my hearing; but I stole round, and through a small crevice in the fence, beheld the face and form of the speaker, whose words had opened, as it were, a glimpse of Heaven to my heart. Her eyes were soft, and deep,—her hair parting from her girlish, and smooth brow, was of the hue of gold,—her aspect was pensive and melancholy,—and over the delicate and transparent paleness of her cheek, hung the wanness, but also the eloquence of thought. To other eyes she might not have been beautiful,—to mine, her face was as an angel's.—Oh! lovelier far than the visions of the Carian, or the shapes that floated before the eyes of the daughters of Delos, is the countenance of one that bringeth to the dark breast the first glimmerings of Hope! From that hour my resolution was taken; I concealed myself in the wood that bordered her house; I made my home with the wild fox in the cavern, and the shade; the day-light passed in dreams, and passionate delirium,—and at evening I wandered forth, to watch afar off her footstep; or creep through the copse, unseen, to listen to her voice; or through the long and lone night to lie beneath the shadow of the house, and fix my soul, watchful as a star, upon the windows of the chamber where she slept. I strewed her walks with the leaves of poetry, and at midnight I made the air audible with the breath of music. In my writings and my songs, whatever in the smooth accents of praise, or the burning language of passion, or the liquid melodies of verse, could awaken her fancy or excite her interest, I attempted. Curses on the attempt! May the hand wither!—may the brain burn! May the heart shrivel, and parch like a leaf that a flame devours—from which the cravings of my ghastly and unnatural love found a channel, or an aid! I told her in my verses, in my letters, that I had overheard her confession. I told her that I was more hideous than the demons which the imagination of a Northern savage had ever bodied forth;—I told her that I was a thing which the day-light loathed to look upon;—but I told her also, that I adored her: and I breathed both my story and my love in the numbers of song, and sung them to the silver chords of my lute, with a voice which belied my form, and was not out of harmony with nature. She answered me,—and her answer filled the air, that had hitherto been to me a breathing torture, with enchantment and rapture. She repeated, that beauty was as nothing in her estimation—that to her all loveliness was in the soul. She told me that one who wrote as I wrote—who felt as I felt—could not be loathsome in her eyes. She told me that she could love me, be my form even more monstrous than I had portrayed it. Fool!—miserable fool that I was, to believe her! So then, shrouded among the trees, and wrapped from head to foot in a mantle, and safe in the oath by which I had bound her not to seek to penetrate my secret, or to behold my form before the hour I myself should appoint, arrived—I held commune with her in the deep nights of summer, and beneath the unconscious stars; and while I unrolled to her earnest spirit the marvels of the mystic world, and the glories of wisdom, I mingled with my instruction the pathos and the passion of love!

"Go," said she one night as we conferred together, and through the matted trees I saw—though she beheld me not—that her cheek blushed as she spoke; "Go,—and win from others the wonder that you have won from me. Go,—pour forth your knowledge to the crowd; go, gain the glory of fame—the glory which makes man immortal—and then come back, and claim me,—I will be yours!"

"Swear it!" cried I.

"I swear!" she said; and as she spoke the moonlight streamed upon her face, flushed as it was with the ardour of the moment and the strangeness of the scene; her eye burnt with a steady and deep fire—her lip was firm—and her figure, round which the light fell like the glory of a halo, seemed instinct and swelling, as it were, with the determinate energy of the soul. I gazed—and my heart leapt within me;—I answered not—but I stole silently away: for months she heard of me no more.

I fled to a lonely and far spot,—I surrounded myself once more with books. I explored once more the arcana of science; I ransacked once more the starry regions of poetry; and then upon the mute page I poured the thoughts and the treasures which I had stored within me! I sent the product, without a name, upon the world: the world received it; approved it; and it became fame. Philosophers bowed in wonder before my discoveries; the pale student in cell and cloister, pored over the mines of learning which I had dragged into day; the maidens in their bowers blushed and sighed, as they drank in the burning pathos of my verse. The old and the young,—all sects and all countries, united in applause and enthusiasm for the unknown being who held, as they averred, the Genii of wisdom and the Spirits of verse in mighty and wizard spells, which few had ever won, and none had ever blended before.

I returned to *her*,—I sought a meeting under the same mystery and conditions as of old,—I proved myself that unknown whose fame filled all ears, and occupied all tongues. Her heart had foreboded it already! I claimed my reward! And in the depth and deadness of night, when not a star crept through the curtain of cloud and gloom—when not a gleam struggled against the blackness—not a breath stirred the heavy torpor around us—that reward was yielded. The dense woods and the eternal hills were the sole witness of our bridals;—and girt with darkness as with a robe, she leant upon my bosom, and shuddered not at the place of her repose!

Thus only we met;—but for months we *did* meet, and I was blessed. At last, the fruit of our ominous love could no longer be concealed. It became necessary, either that I should fly with her, or wed her with the rites and ceremonies of man—as I had done amidst the more sacred solemnities of nature. In either case, disclosure was imperious and unavoidable;—I took therefore that which gratitude ordained. Beguiled by her assurances—touched by her trust, and tenderness—maddened by her tears—duped by my own heart—I agreed to meet her, and for the first time openly reveal myself—at the foot of the altar!

The appointed day came. At our mutual wish, only two witnesses were present, beside the priest and the aged and broken-hearted father, who consented solely to our singular marriage because mystery was less terrible to him than disgrace. *She* had prepared them to see a distorted and fearful abortion,—but—ha! ha! ha!—she had not prepared them to see *me!* I entered:—all eyes, but *her's* were turned to me,—an unanimous cry was uttered—the priest involuntarily closed the book, and muttered the exorcism for a fiend—the father covered his face with his hands, and sunk upon the ground—the other witnesses—ha! ha! ha! (it was rare mirth)—rushed screaming from the chapel! It was twilight—the tapers burned dim and faint—I approached my bride—who, trembling and weeping beneath her long veil, had not dared to look at me. "Behold me!"—said

I—"my bride, my beloved!—behold thy husband!"—I raised her veil—she saw my countenance glare full upon her—uttered one shriek, and fell senseless on the floor. I raised her not—I stirred not—I spoke not.—I saw my doom was fixed, my curse complete; and my heart lay mute, and cold, and dead within me, like a stone! Others entered, they bore away the bride. By little and little, the crowd assembled, to gaze upon the monster in mingled derision and dread;—*then* I recollected myself and arose. I scattered them in terror before me,—and uttering a single and piercing cry, I rushed forth, and hid myself in the wood.

But at night, at the hour in which I had been accustomed to meet her, I stole forth again. I approached the house, I climbed the wall, I entered the window; I was in her chamber. All was still and solitary; I saw not a living thing there; but the lights burned bright and clear. I drew near to the bed; I beheld a figure stretched upon it—a taper at the feet, and a taper at the head,—so there was plenty of light for me to see my bride. She was a corpse! I did not speak—nor faint—nor groan;—but I laughed aloud. Verily it is a glorious mirth, to behold the only thing one loves stiff, and white, and shrunken, and food for the red, playful, creeping worm! I raised my eyes, and saw upon a table near the bed, something covered with a black cloth. I lifted the cloth, and beheld—ha! ha! ha!—by the foul fiend—a dead—but beautiful likeness of myself! A little infant monster! The ghastly mouth, and the laidley features—and the delicate, green, corpse-like hue—and the black shaggy hair—and the horrible limbs, and the unnatural shape—there—ha! ha!—there they were—my wife and my child! I took them both in my arms—I hurried from the house—I carried them into the wood. I concealed them in a cavern—I watched over them—and lay beside them,—and played with the worms—that played with them—ha! ha! ha!—it was a jovial time that, in the old cavern!

And so when they were all gone but the bones, I buried them quietly and took my way to my home. My father was dead, and my brothers hoped that I was dead also. But I turned them out of the house, and took possession of the titles and the wealth. And then I went to see the doting old woman who had nursed me; and they shewed me where she slept—a little green mound in the church-yard—and I wept—Oh, so bitterly! I never shed a tear for my wife—or—ha! ha! ha!—for my beautiful child!

And so I lived *happily* enough for a short time; but at last they discovered that I was the unknown philosopher—the divine poet whom the world rung of. And the crowd came—and the mob beset me—and my rooms were filled with eyes—large, staring eyes, all surveying me from head to foot—and peals of laughter and shrieks wandered about the air, like disembodied and damned spirits——and I was never alone again!

NIGHT.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

COME, solemn Night, and spread thy pall
  Wide o'er the slumbering shore and sea,—
And hang along thy vaulted hall
  The star-lights of eternity ;—
Thy beacons, beautiful and bright,—
  Isles in the ocean of the blest,—
That guide the parted spirit's flight
  Unto the land of rest.

II.

Come—for the evening glories fade,
  Quenched in the ocean's depths profound ;
Come with thy solitude and shade,—
  Thy silence and thy sound ;—
Awake the deep and lonely lay
  From wood and stream, of saddening tone ,—
The harmonies unheard by day,—
  The music all thine own !

III.

And with thy starry eyes that weep
Their silent dews on flower and tree,
My heart shall solemn vigils keep—
My thoughts converse with thee ;—
Upon whose glowing page expand
The revelations of the sky ;—
Which knowledge teach to every land,
Of man's high destiny.

IV.

For while thy mighty orbs of fire
(So "wildly bright" they seem to live)
Feel not the beauty they inspire,
Nor see the light they give ;
Even I, an atom of the earth,
Itself an atom 'midst the frame
Of nature—can inquire their birth,
And ask them whence they came.

V.

And oh ! ye stars, whose distant bowers
Repose beneath the glowing lights
Of other suns and moons than ours—
Of other days and nights ;—
Have sin and sorrow wandered o'er
Each far—unknown—untravelled bourne,—
Have ye, too, partings on the shore,
That never know return !

VI.

And eyes as here, that wake and weep
  O'er vanished joys and faded blooms,—
And beams that (as in mockery) sleep
  O'er dim and mouldering tombs ;—
And hopes, that for a moment weave
  Their rainbow glories o'er the mind,—
Then melt in darkening clouds, and leave
  But Memory's tears behind.

VII.

Vain guesses all — and all unknown
  To what Creation's wonders tend,—
A mighty vision sweeping on
  To some mysterious end ;—
Yet not in vain, these thoughts that steal
  Through time and space—from earth to sky,—
For they with still, small voice reveal
  Our immortality !

MOUNT CARMEL.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

I.

The harp is hushed in Kedron's vale,
The river dwindled to a rill,
That haunts it—like an ancient tale,—
In dying whispers, still;
The wind, among the sedges, keeps
Some echoes of its broken lyre,
And wakes, at times, with sudden sweeps,
Thoughts of its former fire,—
Where Carmel's flowery summits rise,
To point the moral to the skies!

II.

My breast has learned, in other lands,
That moral, through its own deep glooms,
Lone—as yon lonely city stands,
Among her thousand tombs![*]

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[*] Jerusalem.

—Amid its mouldering wrecks and weeds
While memory—like that river,—sings,
Or—like the night-breeze in the reeds,—
Plays with its broken strings,
My spirit sits, with folded wing,
A sad but not unhappy thing!

III.

What if my loves—like yonder waves,*
That seek a dead and tideless sea,—
Have perished, in the place of graves,
That darkly waits for me!
What if no outlet of the *earth*,
Those dull and dreary waters own,
And *time* shall give no second birth
To dreams and wishes gone!
What though my fount of early joy,
Like Kedron's springs, be almost dry;—

IV.

High o'er them—with its thousand flowers,—
Its precious crown of scent and bloom,—
Hope—like another Carmel,†—towers,
In sunshine and in gloom;

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* The waters of the Jordan. The lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea, into which they discharge themselves, is an inland lake, which has no issue.

† Mount Carmel is covered with flowers,—the perfume of which, when the wind blows from shore, is borne far out to sea.

Flinging upon the wasted breast
Sweets born in climes more pure and high,
And pointing, with its lofty crest,
Beyond the starry sky,—
Where a new Jordan's waves shall gem
A statelier Jerusalem!

YSBYTTY CHURCH; NEAR PONT-Y-MYNACH.

Far in the wild, beneath yon rocky brow,
Behold the fane; without, a tottering shell,
Within, a cave-like, melancholy cell,
Rude beams above, and ruder seats below,
And crevices that, more than window, show
The poverty and gloom. Yet here to dwell
Disdains not He, whose light ineffable
Shed from the cloud and fire a guardian glow
O'er Israel's camp, or on Moriah's height
(What time the Holy of Holies flamed in gold,
Reared by the gorgeous hand of Solomon)
Between the cherubim abode of old;
Or beamed on Patmos in the vision bright
Of emerald arch around the thunder-uttering throne.

H.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

A Tale of an Irish Ruin.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'HOLLAND-TIDE.'

Soldiers.—Room, ho!—tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
Antony.—This is not Brutus, friends; but I assure you,
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe,
Give him all kindness. I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies.
JULIUS CÆSAR.

REMEMBER ye not, my fair young friend, in one of those excursions which rendered the summer of the past year so sweet in the enjoyment, and so mournful in the recollection—remember ye not my having pointed out to your observation the ruined battlements of Carrigogunniel (the Rock of the Candle), which shoot upward from a craggy hillock on the Shannon side, within view of the ancient city of Limerick? I told you the legend from which the place originally derived its name—a legend, which I thought was distinguished (especially in the closing incident), by a tenderness and delicacy of imagination, worthy of a Grecian origin. You, too, acknowledged the simple beauty of that incident; and your approval induces me to hope for that of the world.

On a misty evening in spring, when all the west is filled with a hazy sunshine, and the low clouds stoop and cling around the hill tops, there are few nobler spectacles to contemplate, than the ruins of Carrigogunniel Castle. This fine building, which was dismantled by one of William's generals, stands on the very brink of a broken hill, which, toward the water, looks bare and craggy, but on the landward side slopes gently down, under a close and verdant cover of elms and underwood. It is when seen from this side, standing high above the trees, and against the red and broken clouds that are gathered in the west, that the ruin assumes its most imposing aspect.

Such was the look it wore on the evening of an autumn day, when the village beauty, young Minny O'Donnell, put aside the woodbines from her window, and looked out upon the Rock. Her father's cottage was situated close to the foot of the hill, and the battlements seemed to frown downward upon it, with a royal and overtopping haughtiness.

"Hoo! murder, Minny honey, what is that you're doing? Looking out at the Rock at this hour, and the sun just going down behind the turret?"

"Why not, aunt?"

"Why not?—Do you remember nothing of the candle?

"Oh, I don't know what to think of it; I am inclined to doubt the story very much; I have been listening to that frightful tale of the Death Light since I was born, and I have never seen it yet."

"You may consider yourself fortunate in that, child, and I advise you not to be too anxious to prove the truth of the story. I was standing by the side of poor young Dillon myself, on the very day of his marriage, when he looked out upon it through the wicket, and was blasted as if by a thunder-stroke. I never will forget the anguish of the dear young bride—it was heart breaking, to see her torn from his side when the life had left him. Poor creature! her shrieks are piercing my ears at this very moment."

"That story terrifies me, aunt. Speak of it no more, and I will leave the window. I wonder if Cormac knows this story of the Fatal Candle."

The good old woman smiled knowingly on her pretty niece, as, instead of answering her half query, she asked—"Do you not expect him here before sunset?"

Minny turned hastily round, and seated herself opposite a small mirror, adorned by one of those highly carved frames which were popular at the toilets of our grandmamas. She did so with the double view, of completing her evening toilet, and at the same time screening herself from the inquisitive glances of her sharp old relative, while she continued the conversation.

"He promised to be here before," she replied; "but it is a long way."

"I hope he will not turn his eyes upon the Rock, if he should be detained after night-fall. I suspect, Minny, that his eyes will be wandering in another direction. I think he will be safe, after all."

"For shame, aunt Norry. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, an old woman of your kind, to speak in that way. Come now, and tell me something funny, while I am dressing my hair, to put the recollection of that frightful adventure of the Candle out of my head. Would not that be a good figure for a Banthee?" she added, shaking out her long bright hair with one hand, in the manner which is often attributed to the warning spirit, and casting at the same time, a not indifferent glance at the mirror above mentioned.

"Partly indeed,—but the Banthee (meaning no offence at the same time), is far from being so young or so blooming in the cheeks; and by all accounts, the eyes tell a different story from yours—a story of death, and not of marriage. Merry would the Banthee be, that would be going to get young Mr. Cormac for a husband tomorrow morning early."

"I'll go look at the Rock again, if you continue to talk such nonsense."

"Oh, bubboo!—rest easy, darling—and I'll say nothing.—Well, what story is it I'm to be telling you?"

"Something funny."

"O yeh, my heart is bothered with 'em for stories. I don't know what I'll tell you. Are you 'cute at all?"

Painted by R. Farrier. Engraved by E. Portbury.

MINNY O'DONNELL'S TOILET.

Published by Longman Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, Novr 1838.

Printed by McQueen.

"I don't know. Only middling, I believe."

"Well—I'll tell you a story of a boy that flogged Europe for 'cuteness—so that if you have a mind to be ready with an answer for every cross question that 'ill be put to you, you can learn it after him;—a thing that may be useful to you one time or another, when the charge of the house is left in your hands."

"Well, let me hear it."

"I will, then, do that. Go on with your dress, and I'll have my story done before you are ready to receive Mr. Cormac."

So saying, she drew a stool near her niece, and leaning forward with her chin on her hand, commenced the following tale.

"There was a couple there, long ago, and they had a son that they didn't know rightly what was it they'd do with him, for they had not money to get him Latin enough for a priest, and there was only poor call for day labourers in the country. 'I'll tell you what I'll do,' says the father, says he; 'I'll make a thief of him,' says he; 'sorrow a better trade there is going than the roguery—or more money-making for a boy that would be industrious.' 'Its true for you,' says the wife, making answer to him; 'but where will you get a master for him, or who'll take him for an apprentice in such a business?' 'I'll tell you that,' says the husband to her again. 'I'll send him to Kerry. Sorrow better hand would you get at the business any where, than there are about the mountains there—and I'll be bound he'll come home to us a good hand at his business,' says he. Well and good, they sent off the boy to Kerry, and bound him for seven years to a thief that was well known in these parts, and counted a very clever man in his line. They heard no more of him for the seven years, nor hardly knew that they were out, when he walked in to them one morning, with his 'Save all here!' and took his seat at the table along with them—a fine, handsome lad, and mighty well spoken. 'Well, Mun,' says the father, 'I hope you're master o' your business?' 'Pretty well for that, father,' says he; 'wait till we can have a trial of it.' 'With all my heart,' says the father; 'and I hope to see that you haven't been making a bad use o' your time while you were away!' Well, the news ran among the neighbours, what a fine able thief Mun had come home, and the landlord himself came to hear of it, amongst the rest. So when the father went to his work the next morning, he made up to him, and—'Well,' says he, 'this is a queer thing I'm told about you, that you had your son bound to a thief in Kerry, and that he's come home to you a great hand at the business.' 'Passable, indeed, he tells me, sir,' says the father, quite proud in himself. 'Well, I'll tell you what it is,' says the gentleman; 'I have a fine horse in my stable, and I'll put a guard upon him to-night—and if your son be that great hand that he's reported to be, let him come and steal him out from among the people to-night—and if he does, he shall have my daughter in marriage, and my estate, when I die,' says he. 'A great offer, surely,' says the poor man. 'But if he fails,' says the gentleman, 'I'll prosecute him, and have him hanged, and you along with him, for serving his time to a thief; a thing that's clearly again all law,' says he. Well, 'tis unknown what a *whilliloo* the father set up when he heard this. 'O, murther, sir,' says he, 'and sure 'tis well, you know, that if a spirit itself was there he couldn't steal the horse that would be guarded that way—let alone my poor boy,' says he; 'and how will it be with us, or what did we ever do to you, sir, that you'd hang us that way?' 'I have my own reasons for it,' says the gentleman, 'and you'd better go home at once, and tell the boy about it, if you have a mind he should try his chance.' Well, the father went home, crying and bawling, as if all belonging to him were dead. 'E,' what ails you, father,' says the son, 'or what is it makes you be bawling that way?' says he. So he up and told him the whole business, how they were to be hanged, the two of them, in the morning, if he wouldn't have the racer stolen. 'That beats Ireland,' says the son, 'to hang a man for *not* stealing a thing is droll, surely; but make your mind easy, father, my master would think no more of doing that than he would of eating a boiled potatoe.' Well, the old man was in great spirits when he heard the boy talk so stout, although he wasn't without having his doubts upon the business, for all that. The boy set to work when the evening drew on, and dressed himself like an old *bucaugh*,* with a tattered frieze coat about him, and stockings without any soles to 'em, with an old *caubean* of a straw hat upon the side of his head, and a tin can under his arm. 'Tis what he had in the tin can, I tell you, was a good sup of spirits, with a little poppy juice squeezed into it, to make them sleepy that would be after drinking it. Well and good, Minny, my child, he made towards the gentleman's house, and when he was passing the parlour window, he saw a beautiful young lady, as fair as a lily, and with a fine blush, entirely sitting and looking out about the country for herself. So he took off his hat, and turned out his toes, and made her a low bow, quite elegant. 'I declare to my heart,' says the young lady, speaking to her servant that stood behind her, 'I wouldn't desire to see a handsomer man than that.—If he had a better *shoot* of clothes upon him, he'd be equal to any gentleman, he's so slim and delicate.' And who was this but the gentleman's daughter all the while! Well, it's well became Mun, he went on to the stable door, and there he found the lads all watching the racer. I'll tell you the way they watched her. They had one upon her back, and another at her head, where she was tied to the manger, and a great number of them about the place, sitting down between her and the door. 'Save all here!' says Mun, putting in his head at the door; 'E', what are ye doing here, boys?' says he. So they up and told him they were guarding the racer, from a great Kerry thief they expected to be stealing her that night. 'Why then, he'll be a smart fellow, if he gets her out of that,' says Mun, making as if he knew nothing. 'I'd be for ever obliged to ye, if ye'd let me light a pipe and sit down awhile with ye, and I'll do my part to make the company agreeable.' 'Why then,' says they, 'we have but poor treatment to offer you, for though there's plenty to eat here, we have nothing to drink—the master wouldn't allow us a ha'p'orth, in dread we'd get sleepy, and let the horse go.' 'Oh! the nourishment is all I want,' says Mun, 'I'm no way dry at all.' Well and good, in he came, and he sat among them telling stories until past midnight, eating and laughing; and every now and then, when he'd stop in the story, he'd turn about and make as if he was taking a good drink out of the can. 'You seem to be very fond of that tin can, whatever you have in it;' says one of the men that was sitting near him. 'Oh, its no signify,' says Mun, shutting it up as if not anxious to share it. Well, they got the smell of it about the place, and 'tis little pleasure they took in the stories after, only every now and then throwing an eye at the can, and snuffing with their noses, like pointers when game is in the wind. ''Tis n't any spring water you'd have in that, I believe,' says one of them. 'You're welcome to try it,' says Mun, 'only I thought you might have some objection in regard of what you said when I came in.'

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* A lame man—idiomatically, beggar-man.

‘None in the world,’ says they. So he filled a few little noggins for ’em, and for the man on the horse, and the man near the manger, and they all drank until they slept like troopers. When they were all fast, up got the youth, and he drew on a pair of worsted stockings over every one of the horse’s legs, so they wouldn’t make any noise, and he got a rope and fastened the man I tell you was upon the racer’s back, by the shoulders, up to the rafters, when he drew the horse from under him, and left him hanging fast asleep. Well became him, he led the horse out of the stable, and had him home at his father’s while a cat would be shaking his ears, and made up comfortably in a little out-house. ‘Well,’ says the old man, when he woke in the morning and saw the horse stolen—‘if it was an angel was there,’ says he, ‘he couldn’t do the business cleverer than that.’ And the same thing he said to the landlord, when he met him in the field the same morning. ‘It’s true for you, indeed,’ said the gentleman, ‘nothing could be better done, and I’ll take it as an honour if your son and yourself will give me your company at dinner to-day, and I’ll have the pleasure of introducing him to my daughter.’ ‘E’, is it me dine at your honour’s table?’ says the old man, looking down at his dress. ‘’Tis just,’ says the gentleman again,—‘and I’ll take no apology whatever.’ Well and good, they made themselves ready, the two of them, and young Mun came riding upon the racer, covered all over with the best of wearables, and looking like a real gentleman. 'E,' what's that there, my child?' says the father, pointing to a gallows, that was planted right opposite the gentleman's hall door. 'I don't know—a gallows, I'm thinking,' says the son,—'sure 'tisn't to hang us he would be after asking us to his house, unless it be a thing he means to give us our dinner first and our *dessert* after, as the fashion goes,' says he. Well, in with them, and they found the company all waiting, a power of ladies and lords, and great people entirely. 'I'm sorry to keep you waiting,' says Mun, making up to them, quite free and easy, 'but the time stole upon us.' 'You couldn't blame the time for taking after yourself,' says the gentleman. 'It's true, indeed,' says Mun, 'I stole many is the thing in my time, but there's one thing I'd rather thieve than all the rest—the good will o' the ladies,' says he, smiling, and looking round at them. 'Why then, I wouldn't trust you very far with that either,' says the young lady of the house. Well and good, they sat down and they eat their dinner, and after the cloth was removed, there was a covered dish laid upon the table. 'Well,' says the gentleman, 'I have one trial more to make of your wit—and I'll tell you what it is:—let me know what is it I have in this covered dish; and if you don't, I'll hang you and your father upon that gallows over, for stealing my racer.' 'O, murther! d'ye hear this?' says the father—'and wasn't it your honour's bidding to steal her, or you'd hang us? Sure we're to be pitied with your honour,' says the poor old man.

'Very well,' says the gentleman, 'I tell you a fact, and your only chance is to answer my question.' 'Well, sir,' says Mun, giving all up for lost, 'I have nothing to say to you—although far the fox may go, he'll be caught by the tail at last.' 'I declare you have it,' says the gentleman, uncovering the dish, and what should be in it only a fox's tail! Well, they gave it up to Mun, that he was the greatest rogue going, and the young lady married him upon the spot. They had the master's estate when he died; and if they didn't live happy, I wish that you and I may."

"Amen to that, aunt. Will you lay this mirror aside for a moment.— Ha! whose fault was that?"

"Oh, Minny, you have broken the mirror—O, my child! my child!"

"Why so! It is not so valuable."

"Valuable! It is not the worth of the paltry glass, darling,—but don't you know it is *not good*? It is not lucky—and the night before your bridal, too!"

"I am very sorry for it," said the girl, bending a somewhat serious gaze on the shattered fragments of the antique looking-glass. Then, by a transition which it would require some knowledge of the maiden's history to account for, she said, "I wonder if Cormac was with the Knight, when he made the sally at the castle, yesterday."

The answer of the elderly lady was interrupted by the sound of several voices, in an outer apartment, exclaiming, "Cormac! Cormac! Welcome, Cormac! It is Cormac!"

"And it is Cormac!" echoed Minny, starting from her seat, and glancing at the spot where the mirror ought to have been—"You were right, aunt," she added, in a disappointed tone, as she bounded out of the room, "it was unlucky to break the mirror."

"It might for them that would want it," replied the old lady, following at a less lively pace; "but for you, I hope, it will bring nothing worse than the loss of it for this night."

She found Minny seated, with one hand clasped in those of a young soldier, dressed in the uniform of the White Knight, smiling and blushing with all the artlessness in the world. The young man wore a close fitting *truis*, which displayed a handsome form to the best advantage, and contrasted well with the loose and flowing drapery of his mantle. The *birrede* of green cloth, which had confined his hair, was laid aside; and a leathern girdle appeared at his waist, which held a bright skene and pistol. The appearance of both figures—the expression of both countenances, secure of present, and confident of future happiness, formed a picture—

> Which some would smile, and more perhaps would sigh at;

A picture, which would bring back pleasing recollections enough to sweeten the temper of the sourest pair that

Hymen ever disunited, and to move the spleen of the best-natured old bachelor that ever dedicated his hearth to Dian and solitude.

The evening proceeded as the eve of a bridal might be supposed to do, with its proportion of mirth and mischief. The lovers had been acquainted from childhood; and every one who knew them felt an interest in their fortunes, and a share in the happiness which they enjoyed. The sun had been already long gone down, when Minny, in compliance with the wish of her old aunt, sang the following words, to an air, which was only remarkable for its simplicity and tenderness:—

I.

I love my love in the morning,
  For she, like morn, is fair—
Her blushing cheek, its crimson streak,
  Its clouds, her golden hair;
Her glance, its beam, so soft and kind;
  Her tears, its dewy showers;
And her voice, the tender whispering wind
  That stirs the early bowers.

II.

I love my love in the morning,
  I love my love at noon;
For she is bright, as the lord of light,
  Yet mild as autumn's moon:
Her beauty is my bosom's sun,
  Her faith my fostering shade;
And I will love my darling one,
  Till even that sun shall fade.

III.

I love my love in the morning,
  I love my love at even;
Her smile's soft play is like the ray
  That lights the western heaven:
I loved her when the sun was high,
  I loved her when he rose;
But, best of all, when evening's sigh
  Was murmuring at its close.

The song was scarcely ended, when Minny felt her arm grasped with an unusual force by the young soldier. Turning round, in some alarm, she beheld a sight which filled her with fear and anxiety. Her lover sat erect in his chair, gazing fixedly on the open casement, through which a strong and whitish light shone full upon his face and person. It was an interlunar night,—and Minny felt utterly at a loss to conjecture what the cause could be, of this extraordinary appearance.

"Minny," said her lover, "look yonder! I see a candle burning on the very summit of the rock above us! Although the wind is bending every tree upon the hill-side, the flame does not flicker or change in the slightest degree. Look on it!"

"Do not look!" exclaimed the old aunt, with a shrill cry—"May heaven be about us! do not glance at the window. It is the death-light!"

Minny clasped her hands, and sank back into her chair.

"Let some one close the window," said the young soldier, speaking in a faint tone, "I am growing ill—let some one close the window."

The old woman advanced cautiously toward the casement, and extending the handle of a broomstick, at the utmost stretch of her arm, was endeavouring to push the shutter to, when Minny, recovering from her astonishment, darted at her an indignant look, ran to the window, closed it, and left the room in darkness deeper than midnight.

"What was that strange light?" asked the young soldier, looking somewhat relieved.

With some hesitation, and a few prophetic groans and oscillations of the head, the old story-teller informed him that it was a light, whose appearance was commemorial with the rock itself, and that it usually foreboded considerable danger or misfortune, if not death, to any unhappy being on whom its beams might chance to fall. It appeared, indeed, but rarely,—yet there never was an instance known, in which the indication proved fallacious.

The soldier recovered heart enough to laugh away the anxiety which had begun to creep upon the company; and, in a little time, the mirthful tone of the assemblage was fully restored. Lights, of a more terrestrial description than that which figured on the haunted rock, were introduced; songs were sung; jests echoed from lip to lip, and merry feet pattered against the earthen floor, to the air of the national *rinceadh fadha*. The merriment of the little party was at its highest point, when a galloping of horses, intermingled with a distant rolling of musketry, was heard outside the cottage.

"My fears were just!" exclaimed Cormac, stopping short in the dance, while he still retained the hand of his lovely partner; "the English have taken the castle, and the White Knight is flying for his life!"

His surmise was confirmed by the occurrence which instantly followed. The door was dashed back upon its hinges; and the White Knight, accompanied by two of his retainers, rushed into the house. The chieftain's face was pale and anxious, and his dress was bespattered with blood and mire. The three fugitives remained in a group near the door, as if listening for the sounds of pursuit; while the revellers hurried together like startled fawns, and gazed, with countenances indicative of strong interest or wild alarm, upon the baffled warriors.

"Cormac!" cried the Knight, perceiving the bridegroom among the company, "my good fellow, I missed you in an unlucky hour. These English dogs have worried us from our hold, and are still hot upon our scent. I have only time to bid my stout soldiers farewell, and go to meet them,—for I will not have this happy floor stained with blood to night."

"That shall not be, Knight," exclaimed the bridegroom; "we will meet them, or fly together. You were my father's foster child."

"It is in vain—look there!" He laid bare his left arm, which was severely gashed on one side.—" They have had a taste of me already, and the bloodhounds will never tire till they have tracked me home. And yet, if I had but one day's space—Kavanagh and his followers are at Kilmallock, and the castle might be mine again before the moon rises to-morrow evening."

" Kavanagh at Kilmallock!" exclaimed Cormac. Oh, my chieftain! what do you here? Fly, while you have time, and leave us to deal with the foe."

" It were idle," repeated the Knight, " their horses are fresher than ours, and my dress would betray me."

" My mare will bear you safe," cried the young soldier, with a burst of enthusiasm; " and for your dress, take mine—and let me play the White Knight for once."

The chieftain's eyes brightened at the word, and a hope seemed to bloom out upon his cheek,—but a low sound of suppressed agony from the bride, checked it in the spring.

" No, Cormac," he said, " I will not be your murderer."

" There is no fear," said Cormac, warmly, " you will be back in time to prevent mischief; and if you remain, it will be only to see me share your fate. This is my only chance for life; for I will give the world leave to cry shame upon my head, if ever I outlive my master."

" What says the bride?" inquired the Knight, bending on her a look of mingled pity and admiration.

"I will answer for her," said Cormac,—"she had rather be the widow of a true Irishman, than the wife of a false one."

"O, allilu! we'll all be murthered if ye don't hurry," said the aunt. "What do you say, Minny, my child?"

"Cormac speaks the truth," replied the trembling girl, hanging, in her weakness, on his shoulder; "if there be no other way, I am content it should be so."

She was rewarded for this effort of heroism, by a fervent pressure of the hand from her betrothed; and the exchange of accoutrements was presently effected. The Knight mounted Cormac's mare, and prepared to depart.

"My gallant fellow," he said, holding out his hand to the generous bridegroom, "you do not mock the part you act, for nobility is stamped upon your soul. If you suffer for this, I have a vow, that I will never more wear any other garb than yours; for you are the knightlier of the two. Let me clasp your hand—than which a nobler never closed on gauntlet."

They joined hands in silence, and the chieftain galloped away, with his retainers. When they were out of hearing, Cormac turned to his bride, and again pressing her hand, while he looked fixedly into her eyes, he said, "Now, Minny, you will shew that you are fit for a soldier's wife. Go, with your aunt Norry, into your room. No one here will be molested, but those who are in arms for the Knight—and I will contrive to postpone any violence, for a day, at least."

" I will not leave you, Cormac," said Minny, speaking more firmly than she had done since the interruption of their festivity; "I am somewhat more to you, than you are to the White Knight."

Cormac smiled, and seemed to acquiesce, for some time, in her wishes. He took his seat at the hearth with the bespattered garb and sullied weapon of the Knight, and awaited in silence the approach of the pursuers, while Minny occupied a chair as near him as might be decorous, taking his new rank into consideration. They listened for a considerable time to the changeful rushing of the night wind among the trees that clothed the hill side —and the howling of the wolves, who were disturbed in their retreats by the sounds of combat. Those sounds, renewed after long intervals, and in an irregular manner, gradually approached more near; and they could plainly distinguish the trampling of horses' feet, over the beaten track that winded among the crags as far as the cottage door. Again, and with great earnestness, Cormac entreated his love to secure herself from the chances of their first encounter, by joining the family in the inner room: but she refused, in a resolute tone; and on his persisting, she assumed an impatience, and even a desperation of manner, which shewed that her purpose was not to be shaken

" Ask me not to leave you," she said: " any other command, I am ready to obey. I will be silent—I will not shriek, nor murmur, even though——" she shuddered, and let her head droop upon his hand. "I will not leave you, Cormac. Whatever your fate shall be, I must remain to witness it. Do not doubt my firmness; only say that you will freely trust me, and I am ready for the worst that can happen. I feel that I can be calm, if you will only give me your confidence."

There are some spirits which, like the myrtle, require to be bruised and broken by affliction before their sweetness can be discovered. The young bride of Cormac might now have exhibited an instance of this moral truth. So perfectly did her manner indicate the degree of self-possession which she promised to maintain, that Cormac yielded, without further argument, to her entreaty, and resumed his place at the fire-side.

Scarcely had he performed this movement when a loud knocking was again heard at the door; and immediately after, as if this slight ceremony were only used in mockery, the frail barrier was once more dashed inward on its hinges. A crowd of soldiers rushed into the apartment, and stopped short on seeing the bridegroom habited in the accoutrements of the White Knight, and standing in a posture of defence between his foes and the young girl, who seemed to be restrained, rather by her deference to his wishes, than by any personal apprehension, from pressing forward to his side.

"Stand back!" said Cormac, levelling his blade at the foremost of the throng; "before you advance further, say what it is you seek. The inmates of this house (all but one) are under the protection of the English law, and can only be molested at your great peril."

"If you be the White Knight, as your dress bespeaks you," returned an English officer, surrender your sword and person into our hands. It is only them we seek; and no one else shall be disturbed, further than to answer our claim of *bonaght bor:* rest and refreshment for our small troop until the morning breaks."

"I am not so thirsty of blood for the sake of shedding it merely," returned the pseudo knight, "that I would destroy a life of Heaven's bestowing in a vain encounter. Here is my sword; although I am well aware, that in yielding it without a struggle, I do not add a single one to my chances (if any I had) of safety in the hands of my Lord President."

"It would be dishonorable in me to deceive you," said the Englishman, "your ready, though late surrender, can avail you little. I have here the warrant, which commands that the execution of the rebel captain should not be deferred longer than six hours after his arrest. I am not disposed, however, to be more rigid than my instructions compel me to be, so that you may call the whole six hours your own, if you can find use for so much time in this world."

Cormac turned pale, and thought of Minny; but he dared not look at her. The poor girl endeavoured to support herself against the chair which her lover had left vacant, and retired a little, lest he should observe and participate in the agitation which this fatal announcement had occasioned.

"I thought it probable," said Cormac, with some hesitation, "that I might have had a day, at all events, to prepare for my fate; but my Lord President is a pious man, and must be better aware than I, how much time a sinner under arms might require to collect his evidence for that last and fearful court marshal whose decision is irrevocable. A soldier's conscience, sir officer, is too often the only thing about him which he allows to gather rust. If I had been careful to preserve that as unsullied as my sword, I would not esteem your six hours so short a space as they now appear."

"The gift of grace, sir knight," said a solemn-looking sergeant, "is not like an earthly plant, which requires much time and toil to bring its blossom forth. Heard ye not of the graceless traveller, who, riding somewhat more than a Sabbath-day's journey on the seventh, was thrown from his horse and killed near a place of worship? The congregation thought his doom was sealed for both worlds, and yet—

Between the stirrup and the ground,
Mercy he sought, and mercy found.

"Aye," said the captive—"there are some persons who look on this world as mere billeting quarters, and require no more time to prepare for the eternal route, than they might to brace up a havresac; but my memory is not so light of carriage. I remember to have heard, at Mungharid, a Latin adage, which might shake the courage of any one who was inclined to rely venturously on his powers of spiritual dispatch—

> Unus erat—ne desperes:
> Unus tantum—ne presumas.

However, I shall be as far wide of the first peril, as I should wish to be of the last. Come, sirs, you forget your supper; leave me to my own thoughts, and pray respect this maiden, who will attend to your wants, while I rest."

"She seems as if she would more willingly omit that office," said the Englishman. "The maiden droops sorely for your misfortune, Knight."

"Poor girl!" Cormac exclaimed, venturing to look round upon her for the first time since his capture—"it is little wonder that she should wear a troubled brow. You have disturbed her bridal feast." Then taking her hand, and pressing it significantly while he spoke, he added—"Your husband was reckoned a true man; and I know him well enough to be convinced, that he would not place his heart in the keeping of an unworthy or a selfish love. I know, therefore, that you could not make him happier, than by acting on this occasion with that firmness which he expects from you. Tell him, I knew better the value of life than to lament my fate—at least, for my own sake; and remember likewise, Minny (is not that your name?) if ever Cormac should, like me, be hurried off by an untimely stroke of fate—if ever"—he renewed the pressure of the hand, which he still held in his—"if ever you should see him led, as I must now be, to an early death, remember, my girl, that none but the craven-hearted are short-lived on earth. A brave man, who has fulfilled all his duties, can never die untimely; but a coward would, though every hair were grey upon his brow."

He strove to withdraw his hand; but Minny, who felt as if he were tearing her heart away from her, held it fast between both hers, and pressed it with the grasp of a drowning person. Cormac felt, by the trembling and moistness of her hand, that she was on the point of placing all in danger, by bursting into a passion of grief. He lowered his voice to a tone of grave reproof—and said—

"Remember, Minny—let him not find that he has been deceived in you. That would be a worse stroke than the headsman's."

The forlorn girl collected all her strength, and felt the tumult that was rising in her breast subside, like the uproar of the Northern tempest, at the voice of the Reimkennar. She let his hand go, and stood erect, while he passed on, followed by several of the party, into another room. Strange as sorrow had ever been to her bosom, she could not have anticipated, and was wholly incapable of supporting the dreadful desolation of spirit which came upon her after she was left alone. She remained for some time motionless, in the attitude of one who listens intently, until she heard the door of a small inner apartment, into which he had been conducted, close upon her lover; and then, gathering her hands across her bosom, and walking slowly to the vacant chair, she sank down in a violent and hysterical excess of grief.

It is strange that the effusion of a few drops of a briny liquid at the eyes, should enable the soul to give more tranquil entertainment to a painful thought or feeling—but it is a fact, however, which Minny experienced, in common with all who have known what painful feelings are. She pictured to herself the probable nature of the fate which awaited her betrothed; and from the horror which she felt in the contemplation, proceeded to devise expedients for its prevention. This, however, appeared now to be a hopeless undertaking. The warrant of the Lord President must needs be executed within the time; and it was improbable that the White Knight could return before the expiration of the six hours. Would it be possible to contrive a scheme for his liberation? His guards were vigilant and numerous, and there was but one way by which he could return from the room—and that was occupied by sentinels. If Mun, or the Kerry thief, his master, were on the spot, of what a load might they relieve her heart! She would have given worlds to be mistress, for one night, of the roguery of the adept in aunt Norry's tale.

We shall leave her for the present, involved, like a bungling dramatist, in a labyrinth of ravelled plots and contrivances, while we shift the scene to the unfortunate hero of the night, who lay in his room, expecting the catastrophe with no very enviable sensations.

The soldiers had left him, to make the necessary preparations for his approaching fate, in darkness and solitude. He was now on the point of achieving a character, not without precedent in the history of his country—namely, that of a martyr to his own heroic fidelity—and he was determined to bear his part like a warrior, to the last. Still, however, to a lover, conscious of being loved again—to a young man, with prospects so fair, and present happiness so nearly perfect—to a bridegroom, snatched from the altar to the scaffold, at the very moment when he was about to become doubly bound to life, by a tie so holy and so dear—to such an one, though brave as a fiery heart and youthful blood could make him, it was impossible that death should not wear a grim and most unwelcome aspect. Neither is the man to be envied, whose nature could undergo so direful a change without emotion. True bravery consists, not in ignorance of, or insensibility to danger, but in the resolution which can meet and defy it, when duty renders such collision necessary. Fear, in common with all the other passions of our nature, has been given us for the purpose of exercising our reason, and acquiring a virtue by its subjugation; and the man (if any such ever lived) who is ignorant of the feeling, is a monster, and not a hero. The truly courageous man, is he who has a heart to feel what danger is, and a soul to triumph over that feeling, when it would tempt him to the neglect of any moral or religious obligation. Such was the temper of Cormac. He believed that he was performing his duty, and did not even entertain a thought of any other line of conduct than that which he was pursuing—but this did not prevent his being deeply and bitterly conscious of the hardness of his fortunes, in this unlooked-for and untimely separation.

Exhausted by the intensity of his sensations, he had dropped for some time into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when the pressure of a soft hand upon his brow made him lift up his eyes, and raise himself upon his elbow. He beheld Minny stooping over him, with a dim rushlight burning in one hand, while with the other she motioned him to express no surprise, and to preserve silence.

"Hush, hush!" she said, in a low whisper, "Cormac, are you willing to make an effort for liberty?"

He stared strangely upon her, and stood on his feet.

"What is the meaning of this, Minny; how came you here?"

"The soldiers have been merrier than they intended, and I drugged their drink for them. Slip off your brogs, and steal out in your *truis* only. They are now sleeping in the next room, and I have left them in the dark.

Fear not their muskets; I have drenched the matchlocks for them. There are only two waking, who are on guard outside the door; and for these, we must even place our hopes in heaven, and take the chance of their bad marksmanship. Ah, Cormac!—but there is no time to lose; come with me."

"My glorious heroine!" cried the astonished soldier, "I could not have thought this possible."

"Hush! your raptures will betray us."

"But whither do you intend to fly?"

"To the cavern on the western side of the hill, where Fitzgerald lay on the night of the great massacre at Adare Castle. Keep close to me, and I think it likely we shall pass the sleepers."

She extinguished the light; and both crept, with noiseless footsteps, into the adjoining room, which was the chamber of the heroic maiden herself. As they endeavoured to steal between the soldiers, who lay locked in slumber on the ground, Minny set her foot on some brittle substance, which cracked beneath her weight, with a noise sufficient to awaken one of the soldiers.

"It is the mirror!" said Minny, to herself, "my aunt Norry's prophecy was but too correct, and my vanity has ruined every thing."

Still, however, her presence of mind did not forsake her. The soldier, turning suddenly round, laid hold of Cormac's *estaigh*, or mantle, and arrested his progress.

"Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "who have we here?"

"Pr'y thee, let go my dress, master soldier," returned the young girl; "this freedom tallies not well with your sermon on Grace to the White Knight.—I doubt you for a solemn hypocrite."

"I knew you not, wench," replied the sergeant, letting Cormac's mantle fall; "or I would as soon have thought of clapping palms with Beelzebub, as of fingering any part of your Irish trumpery. Whither do ye travel, at this time of the night?"

"Even to kindle my rushlight, at our hearth-stone in the next room. Turn on your pallet, sergeant, and let me go, else you may be troubled with unholy dreams."

They passed on, and reached the outer room in safety.

"Now, Minny," said Cormac, "it is my turn to make a suggestion. Do you pass out, and await me at the stream that runs by the edge of the wood. The sentinels will suffer you to proceed, and the risk of detection will be lessened. Nay, never stop to dispute the point—its advantages are unquestionable."

Minny would not even trust herself with a farewell, before she obeyed the wishes of her lover. A few passing jests were all she had to encounter from the sentinels, and Cormac had the satisfaction to see her hurry on, unmolested, in the direction of the stream. When he supposed a sufficient time had elapsed to enable her to reach the place of rendezvous, he threw aside his mantle, and prepared to take the sentinels by surprise. The door stood open, and he could plainly see the two guards pacing to and fro in the moonlight. Pausing for a moment, he uplifted his clasped hands to heaven, and breathed a short and agitated prayer, of mingled hope and resignation. Then, summoning the resolution which never failed him in his need, he darted through the doorway, into the open air.

Astonishment and perplexity kept the sentinels motionless for some moments, and Cormac had fled a considerable distance, before they became sensible of the nature of the occurrence which had taken place. Both instantly discharged their pieces in the direction of the fugitive, and with loud shouts summoned their comrades to assist in the pursuit. The bullets tore up the earth on either side of Cormac, who could hear, as he hurried on, the execrations and uproar of the awakened troop, at finding their arms rendered incapable of service. He dashed onward toward the wood; and had the happiness, while the sounds of pursuit yet lingered far behind him, to discern the white dress of his betrothed fluttering in distinct relief, against the dark and shadowy foliage of the elm wood. Snatching her up in his arms, with as little difficulty as a mother feels in supporting her infant, he hurried across the stream, and was quickly burried in the recesses of the wood.

The morning broke before they had reached the appointed place of concealment. It was one of those ancient receptacles for the noble dead, which were hollowed out of the earth in various parts of the country, and were frequently used, during the persecutions of foreign invaders, as places of refuge and concealment for the persons and properties of the people. When they found themselves safely sheltered within the bosom of this close retreat, the customary effect of long restrained anxiety and sudden joy, was produced upon the lovers. They flung themselves, with broken exclamations of delight and affection, into each other's arms, and remained for a considerable time incapable of acting or speaking with any degree of self-possession. The necessity, however, of providing for their safety during the ensuing day, recalled them to a more distinct perception of the difficulties of their situation, and suggested expedients for their alleviation or removal.

They ventured not beyond the precincts of their Druidical sojourn until the approach of evening, and even then it was but to look upon the sunlight, and hurry back again to their lurking-place, in greater anxiety than before. The English had discovered, and were fast approaching the mouth of their retreat.

Cormac, signifying to his bride that she should remain silent in the interior of the cave, drew his sword and stood near the entrance, just as the light became obscured by the persons of the party who were about to enter. They paused for some time on hearing the voice of Cormac, who threatened to sacrifice the first person that should venture to place his foot inside the mouth of the recess. In a few moments after, the devoted pair were perplexed to hear the sound of stones and earth thrown together, as if to erect some building near the cave. Unable to form any conjecture as to the nature and object of this proceeding, they clung together, in silence and increased anxiety, awaiting the issue.

On a sudden, a strong whitish light streamed into the cavern, casting the dark and lengthened shadows of the party who stood without, in sharp distinctness of outline, upon the broken rocks on the opposite side.

"Look there, Minny!" exclaimed the youth, "it is the moon-rise—and we may shortly look for the return of our chief."

"It cannot be, Cormac. The shadows would fall, in that case, to the westward, and not to the south. It is a more fatal signal, it is the death-light of the Rock!"

Cormac paused for some moments. "Fatal it may be," he replied,—"but do you observe, Minny, that no part of its ghastly lustre has fallen upon us? It is shining bright upon our enemies. There is a promise in that, if there be in reality any supernatural meaning in the appearance."

Minny sighed anxiously, while she hung upon his arm—but made no answer to this cheering suggestion. The party outside continued their labour, and in a little time the light was only discernible, as if penetrating through small crevices at the entrance.

"What can they intend?" said Minny, after a pause of some minutes, during which the party outside maintained profound silence. "All-merciful Heaven!" she continued, starting to her feet in renewed alarm,—"we are about to suffer the fate of Desmond's Kernes—they are going to suffocate us with fire!"

A dense volume of smoke, which rolled into the cavern through the crevices before-mentioned, confirmed this terrific conjecture. The practice, all barbarous as it was, had been frequently resorted to by the conquering party, in the subjugation of the inland districts of the island. Feeble as he had been rendered by fatigue, anxiety, and want of food, Cormac resolved to make a desperate effort to escape the horrible death which menaced them, and rushed, sword in hand, to the mouth of the cave. But he was met by a mass of heated vapour, which deprived him of the power of proceeding, or even calling aloud to their destroyers. He tottered back to where he had left his bride, and sinking down on the earth beside her, felt a horrid sense of despair weigh down his energies, like cowardice. Again he arose, and attempted to force his way through the entrance, and again he was compelled to relinquish the effort. He cried aloud to them—offered to surrender—and entreated that they would at least have mercy on his companion. But no answer was returned—and the dreadful conclusion remained to be deduced, that, contented with having made the work of death secure, they had retired to a distance from the place.

With a sickening heart, eyes swollen and painful, and a reeling brain, Cormac once more resumed his place by the side of his betrothed. She had fallen into a kind of delirium, and extended her arms towards him with an expression of suffering, which made his heart ache more keenly than his own agonies.

"I want air, Cormac!—oh, Cormac, my love! take me home with you—take me into the green fields—for I am dying here.—Air, Cormac! air, for the love of heaven!"

"My own love, you shall have it—look up, and bear a good heart for two minutes, and we shall all be happy again."

"This place is horrible—it is like hell! It is hell! Are we living yet? I have been a sinner; and yet, I hoped, too, Cormac—I always hoped"—

"Hope yet, Minny, and you shall not hope in vain—keep your face near the earth, where the air is freest. Ha! listen to that. The White Knight is returned, and we are safe!"

A rolling of musketry, succeeded by yells, shouts, and cries of triumph and of anguish, was heard outside the cavern. Cormac and his bride stood erect once more; but poor Minny's strength failed her in the effort, and she sank lifeless into the arms of her lover. In a few moments the mouth of the cavern was cleared; and a flood of the cool sweet air rushed, like a welcome to life and happiness, into the bosoms of the sufferers. Recovering new vigour with the draught, Cormac staggered toward the entrance, and passed out into the open air, with his fainting bride on his shoulder, and a drawn sword in his right hand—presenting to the troop of liberators, who were gathered outside, a picture not unlike that of Theseus, bearing the beauteous queen of Dis from the descent of Avernus. His pale cheeks looking paler in the moonlight: his wild staring eyes, scattered hair, and military attire, contributed to render the resemblance still more striking.

The White Knight received him with open arms; but Cormac would hold no more lengthened communication, until his bride was restored to health and consciousness.

In this no great difficulty was encountered; and tradition says, that the White Knight was one of the merriest dancers at the bridal feast, which was given at the cottage in a few days after these occurrences.

I learned from a person curious in old legends, an account of the manner in which the " Candle on the Rock" was exorcised,—for it has not been seen now for a long lapse of time. About two years after the marriage of Cormac and Minny, they were both seated, on a calm winter evening, in the room, which had been the scene of so much tumult and disaster on the occasion above-mentioned. Minny was occupied in instructing a little rosy child (whose property it was, my fair readers may perhaps conjecture), in the rudiments of locomotion; while Cormac—(young husbands *will* play the fool sometimes)—held out his arms to receive the daring adventurer, after his hazardous journey of no less than two yards, on foot, across the floor. The tyro-pedestrian had executed about half his undertaking without meeting with any accident worthy of commemoration, and lo! aunt Norry was bending over him, with a smile and a "*Ma gra hu!*" of overflowing affection, when an aged man presented himself at the open door, and solicited charity for the love of Heaven!

Minny placed a small cake of griddle bread in the arms of the infant, and bade him take it to the stranger. The child tottered across the floor with his burthen, and deposited it in the hat of the poor pilgrim, who laid his withered hand on the glossy ringlets of the little innocent, and blessed him with much fervency. At that moment, the fatal light of the Rock streamed through the doorway, and bathed in its lustre the persons of the wayfarer and his guileless entertainer. The poor mother shrieked aloud, and was about to rush towards the child, when the pilgrim assuming, on a sudden, a lofty and majestic attitude, bade her remain where she stood, and suffer him to protect the child.

"I know," said he, "the cause of your fear, and I hope to end it. The evil spirit who possesses that fatal signal, is as much under the control of the Almighty as the feeblest mortal amongst us; and if there be on earth a being who is exempt from the pernicious influence which the demon is permitted to exercise, surely the fiend may, with the chiefest security, be defied by innocence and charity."

Having thus said, he knelt down, with the child between him and the Rock, and commenced a silent prayer, while his clasped hands rested on the head of the infant, his long grey hair hung down upon his shoulders, and his clear blue eye was fixed steadily upon the fatal Candle. As he prayed, the anxious parents observed the light grow fainter and fainter, and the shadows of the old man and child become less and less distinct, until at length the sallow hue of the pilgrim's countenance could scarcely be distinguished from the bloom that glowed upon the fresh cheeks of the infant. Before his prayer was ended, the light had disappeared altogether, and the child came running into the arms of its enraptured mother. When the first burst of joy had been indulged in, she looked up to thank the stranger; but he was nowhere to be seen!

The death-light has never since re-appeared upon the Rock, although it preserves the name which it received from that phantom. Cormac and Minny long continued to exercise the virtue of hospitality to which they owed so much in this instance; and, I am told, that the child became a bishop, in course of time. This, surely, is good fortune enough to enable one to wind up a long story with credit; and I have only to conclude, after aunt Norry's favourite form, by wishing—IF THEY DIDN'T LIVE HAPPY, THAT YOU AND I MAY.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Elle etait de ce monde ou les plus belles choses ont le
pire destin.—MALHERBE.

I LOOKED far back into other years, and lo! in bright array,
I saw, as in a dream, the forms of ages passed away.

It was a stately convent, with its old and lofty walls,
And gardens with their broad green walks, where soft the footstep falls;
And o'er the antique dial-stones the creeping shadow past,
And all around, the noon-day sun a drowsy radiance cast.
No sound of busy life was heard, save, from the cloister dim,
The tinkling of the silver bell, or the sisters' holy hymn.
And there five noble maidens sat beneath the orchard trees,
In that first budding spring of youth, when all its prospects please;

And little recked they, when they sang or knelt at vesper prayers,
That Scotland knew no prouder names—held none more dear than theirs;—
And little even the loveliest thought, before the Virgin's shrine,
Of royal blood, and high descent from the ancient Stuart line;
Calmly her happy days flew on, uncounted in their flight,
And as they flew they left behind a long continuing light.

The scene was changed. It was the court—the gay court of Bourbon,—
And 'neath a thousand silver lamps, a thousand courtiers throng;
And proudly kindles Henry's eye—well pleased I ween to see
The land assemble all its wealth of grace and chivalry;—
Grey Montmorency, o'er whose head has passed a storm of years,
Strong in himself and children stands, the first among his peers;
And next the Guises, who so well fame's steepest heights assailed,
And walked ambition's diamond ridge, where bravest hearts have failed,—

And higher yet their path shall be, stronger shall wax
their might,
For before them Montmorency's star shall pale its waning
light.
Here Louis Prince of Condè wears his all-unconquered
sword,
With great Coligni by his side—each name a household
word!
And there walks she of Medicis—that proud Italian
line,
The mother of a race of kings—the haughty Catherine!
The forms that follow in her train, a glorious sunshine
make—
A milky way of stars that grace a comet's glittering
wake;
But fairer far than all the rest, who bask on fortune's
tide,
Effulgent in the light of youth, is she, the new made
bride!
The homage of a thousand hearts—the fond deep love of
one—
The hopes that dance around a life whose charms are but
begun,—
They lighten up her chestnut eye, they mantle o'er her
cheek,
They sparkle on her open brow, and high-souled joy
bespeak.

Ah! who shall blame if scarce that day, through all its brilliant hours,
She thought of that quiet convent's calm—its sunshine and its flowers.

The scene was changed. It was a bark that slowly held its way,
And o'er its lee the coast of France in the light of evening lay;
And on its deck a lady sat, who gazed with tearful eyes
Upon the fast receding hills that dim and distant rise.
No marvel that the lady wept,—there was no land on earth
She loved like that dear land, although she owed it not her birth;
It was her mother's land, the land of childhood and of friends,—
It was the land where she had found for all her griefs amends,—
The land where her dead husband slept—the land where she had known
The tranquil convent's hushed repose, and the splendours of a throne:—
No marvel that the lady wept,—it was the land of France—
The chosen home of chivalry—the garden of romance!
The past was bright, like those dear hills so far behind her bark;
The future, like the gathering night, was ominous and dark!

Painted by E D Leahy. Engraved by J Goodyear.

THE DEPARTURE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FROM FRANCE.

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Printed by Mc Queen.

One gaze again—one long last gaze—"adieu, fair France, to thee!"
The breeze comes forth—she is alone on the unconscious sea.

The scene was changed. It was an eve of raw and surly mood,
And in a turret-chamber high of ancient Holyrood,
Sat Mary listening to the rain, and sighing with the winds,
That seemed to suit the stormy state of mens' uncertain minds.
The touch of care had blanched her cheek—her smile was sadder now,—
The weight of royalty had pressed too heavy on her brow;
And traitors to her councils came, and rebels to the field;
The Stuart *sceptre* well she swayed, but the *sword* she could not wield.
She thought of all her blighted hopes—the dreams of youth's brief day,—
And summoned Rizzio with his lute, and bade the minstrel play
The songs she loved in early years—the songs of gay Navarre,
The songs perchance that erst were sung by gallant Chatelar:

They half beguiled her of her cares, they soothed her into smiles,
They won her thoughts from bigot zeal, and fierce domestic broils:—
But hark! the tramp of armed men! the Douglas' battle cry!
They come—they come—and lo! the scowl of Ruthven's hollow eye!
And swords are drawn, and daggers gleam, and tears and words are vain,
The ruffian steel is in his heart—the faithful Rizzio's slain!
Then Mary Stuart brushed aside the tears that trickling fell;
"Now for my father's arm!" she said, "my woman's heart, farewell!"

The scene was changed. It was a lake, with one small lonely isle,
And there, within the prison walls of its baronial pile,
Stern men stood menacing their queen, till she should stoop to sign
The traitorous scroll that snatched the crown from her ancestral line:—
"My lords, my lords!" the captive said, "were I but once more free,
With ten good knights on yonder shore, to aid my cause and me,

That parchment would I scatter wide to every breeze that
blows,
And once more reign a Stuart queen o'er my remorseless
foes!"
A red spot burned upon her cheek — streamed her rich
tresses down,
She wrote the words—she stood erect—a queen without
a crown!

The scene was changed. A royal host a royal banner
bore,
And the faithful of the land stood round their smiling
queen once more,—
She staid her steed upon a hill—she saw them marching
by—
She heard their shouts—she read success in every flashing eye;—
The tumult of the strife begins—it roars—it dies away;
And Mary's troops and banners now, and courtiers—
where are they?
Scattered, and strewn, and flying far, defenceless and
undone,—
O God! to see what she has lost, and think what guilt
has won!
Away! away! thy gallant steed must act no laggard's
part;
Yet vain his speed, for thou dost bear the arrow in thy
heart.

The scene was changed. Beside the block a sullen
headsman stood,
And gleamed the broad axe in his hand that soon must
drip with blood.
With slow and steady step there came a lady through the
hall,
And breathless silence chained the lips, and touched the
hearts of all;
Rich were the sable robes she wore—her white veil round
her fell—
And from her neck there hung the cross—that cross she
loved so well!
I knew that queenly form again, though blighted was its
bloom,—
I saw that grief had decked it out—an offering for the
tomb!
I knew the eye, though faint its light, that once so brightly
shone,—
I knew the voice, though feeble now, that thrilled with
every tone,—
I knew the ringlets, almost grey, once threads of living
gold,—
I knew that bounding grace of step—that symmetry of
mould!
Even now I see her far away, in that calm convent
aisle,
I hear her chaunt her vesper-hymn, I mark her holy
smile,—

Even now I see her bursting forth, upon her bridal morn,
A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born!
Alas! the change! she placed her foot upon a triple
throne,
And on the scaffold now she stands — beside the block,
alone!
The little dog that licks her hand, the last of all the
crowd
Who sunned themselves beneath her glance, and round
her footsteps bowed!
Her neck is bared — the blow is struck — the soul has
passed away;
The bright — the beautiful — is now a bleeding piece of
clay!
The dog is moaning piteously, and as it gurgles o'er,
Laps the warm blood that trickling runs unheeded to the
floor!
The blood of beauty, wealth, and power — the heart-blood
of a queen, —
The noblest of the Stuart race — the fairest earth has
seen, —
Lapped by a dog! Go think of it, in silence and alone,
Then weigh against a grain of sand the glories of a
throne!

H. G. B.

Edinburgh, 1828.

INVOCATION TO THE ECHO OF A SEA-SHELL.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

> Murmurings from within
> Were heard, sonorous cadences; whereby
> To his belief the monitor expressed
> Mysterious union with his native sea.
> Wordsworth.

I.

Voice of the deep, illimitable sea!
Discarded offspring of the wind and wave!
Who, like a captive struggling to be free,
Thus ever moan'st in thy mysterious cave,—
Art thou a syren, by some sea-god's spell
Prisoned in this smooth shell?

II.

Or, but a spirit of the "vasty deep,"
Called up to earth by some enchanter's wand?—
Whose was the charm that broke thy long, cold sleep,
And brought thee, murmuring, from thy parent sand?
How wert thou ushered to the realms of day,
Syren, or Spirit, say?

III.

Yet more—I would know more! I burn to pierce
  The hidden secrets of thy ocean home:
Where are the victims of its surges fierce,
  Who dreamt of calms, and wakened 'mid its foam;—
The souls that perished 'neath the stormy wave,
        When none were nigh to save?

IV.

Where are the stately ship, and gallant crew,
  Whose hapless fate is sealed to all beside?
The warrior bold a fear that never knew,
  The love-linked pair whom death could not divide;
(For thou hast seen them in their last embrace,
        Calm, sleeping face to face?)

V.

Fond hearts and true—the beautiful and brave,—
  Childhood's bright hair—the veteran's locks of grey;
Foemen and friends, sink down to one wide grave,
  And none are spared to tell us where they lay.
Where are the lost and loved so many seek?
        Speak, I conjure thee, speak!

VI.

How dost thou answer?—With a low, sweet dirge—
Sad as the booming of the sullen main,—
The far-off warnings of the restless surge,
When storms are growing into strength again!
Perchance a requiem for the glorious dead,
Youth, beauty, valour fled.

VII.

Whate'er thy source and purpose, I rejoice
To list thy mystic murmurings, soft and clear:
To me thou seemest like a still, small voice,
By conscience whispered in my world-vexed ear,
To lead my soul from grovelling things of earth,
To hopes of loftier birth!

[This little Poem was intended by its author as an imitation of the manner of Mrs. Hemans].

SECOND SIGHT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

Ne'er erred the prophet heart that grief inspired,
Though joy's illusions mock their votarist.

MATURIN.

I.

A mournful gift is mine, O friends!
  A mournful gift is mine!
A murmur of the soul; which blends
  With the flow of song and wine.

II.

An eye, that through the triumph's hour
  Beholds the coming woe,
And dwells upon the faded flower,
  Midst the rich summer's glow.

III.

Ye smile to view fair faces bloom
  Where the father's board is spread;
I see the stillness and the gloom
  Of a home whence all are fled.

IV.

I see the withered garlands lie
Forsaken on the earth,
While the lamps yet burn, and the dancers fly
Through the ringing hall of mirth.

V.

I see the blood-red future stain
On the warrior's gorgeous crest,
And the bier amidst the bridal train,
When they come with roses drest.

VI.

I hear the still small moan of Time,
Through the ivy-branches made,
Where the palace, in its glory's prime,
With the sunshine stands arrayed.

VII.

The thunder of the seas I hear,
The shriek along the wave,
When the bark sweeps forth, and song and cheer
Salute the parting brave.

VIII.

With every breeze a spirit sends
To me some warning sign ;—
A mournful gift is mine, O friends !
A mournful gift is mine !

IX.

Oh ! prophet heart ! thy grief, thy power
To all deep souls belong ;
The shadow in the sunny hour,
The wail in the mirthful song.

X.

This sight is all too sadly clear—
For them a veil is riven ;
Their piercing thoughts repose not here,
Their home is but in heaven !

SONG.

I.

Lily ! the smile that lit thy brow
First won each feeling warm and deep ;
But I could ne'er have loved as now,
Had I not seen thee weep.

II.

And if the vow you plighted when
Those tears were falling, be not kept,
I'll ne'er believe in tears again—
Although an angel wept.

THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SOLITARY HOURS.'

I.

How happily, how happily the flowers die away!
Oh, could we but return to earth as easily as they!
Just live a life of sunshine, of innocence and bloom,
Then drop without decrepitude, or pain, into the tomb!

II.

The gay and glorious creatures! they neither "toil nor spin;"
Yet, lo! what goodly raiment, they're all apparelled in;
No tears are on their beauty, but dewy gems more bright
Than ever brow of eastern queen endiademed with light.

III.

The young rejoicing creatures! their pleasures never
pall;
Nor lose in sweet contentment, because so free to all!—
The dew, the showers, the sunshine, the balmy, blessed
air,
Spend nothing of their freshness, though all may freely
share.

IV.

The happy careless creatures! of time they take no
heed;
Nor weary of his creeping, nor tremble at his speed;
Nor sigh with sick impatience, and wish the light away;
Nor when 'tis gone, cry dolefully, "would God that it
were day!"

V.

And when their lives are over, they drop away to rest,
Unconscious of the penal doom, on holy Nature's
breast;
No pain have they in dying—no shrinking from decay—
Oh! could we but return to earth as easily as they!

THE SHIP AT SEA.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

A WHITE sail gleaming on the flood,
  And the bright-orbed sun on high,
Are all that break the solitude
  Of the circling sea and sky ;—
Nor cloud, nor cape is imaged there ;
Nor isle of ocean, nor of air.

II.

Led by the magnet o'er the tides,
  That bark her path explores,—
Sure as unerring instinct guides
  The birds to unseen shores :
With wings that o'er the waves expand,
She wanders to a viewless land.

III.

Yet not alone ;—on ocean's breast,
  Though no green islet glows,
No sweet, refreshing spot of rest,
  Where fancy may repose ;
Nor rock, nor hill, nor tower, nor tree,
Breaks the blank solitude of sea ;—

IV.

No ! not alone ;—her beauteous shade
  Attends her noiseless way ;
As some sweet memory, undecayed,
  Clings to the heart for aye,
And haunts it—wheresoe'er we go,
Through every scene of joy and woe.

V.

And not alone ;—for day and night
  Escort her o'er the deep ;
And round her solitary flight
  The stars their vigils keep.
Above, below, are circling skies,
And heaven around her pathway lies.

VI.

And not alone ;—for hopes and fears
  Go with her wandering sail ;

And bright eyes watch, through gathering tears,
  Its distant cloud to hail;
And prayers for her at midnight lone
Ascend, unheard by all, save One.

VII.

And not alone;—with her, bright dreams
  Are on the pathless main;
And o'er its moan—earth's woods and streams
  Pour forth their choral strain;
When sweetly are her slumberers blest
With visions of the land of rest.

VIII.

And not alone;—for round her glow
  The vital light and air;
And something that in whispers low
  Tells to man's spirit there,
Upon her waste and weary road,
A present, all-pervading God!

THE QUEEN OF MAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE 'LETTRE DE CACHET.'

> Like a young courtier of the queen's,
> And the queen's young courtier.

"Truly judge ye, and wisely, Dame Cisley," said Master Weltwell, the asthmatic tailor of Greenwich; "'tis a kirtle of most rare device; and, with its party-facings, and hanging sleeves, would do honour to the fancy of the mistress of the robes herself;" and straightway flinging the silken *vertugadin* over his thin arm, he proceeded to drapery the skirts and adjust the plaits; to the admiration not only of the blinking Cisley, but of the fair maiden destined to bear their burthen on the morrow's morn—Maud Glanvil, sole child to the verderer of the royal park, and queen of the coming May.

The verderer's daughter was indeed as worthy of her elective honours, and of the murrey-coloured kirtle destined to their embellishment, as any damsel who hath tripped over that well trodden greensward before or since. Her father's long and faithful services, as forest-keeper to the noble family of Warwick, had procured her the distinction of boasting the Countess herself as her godmother and gentle protectress; and when, upon the decease of her husband, that lady had been gifted, through the friendship of Elizabeth, with the stately mansion of the Black-Heath Court for her future residence, she had profited by its vicinity to the palace, to advance still further in the favour of her royal mistress; among the first fruits of which, were the preferment of her protégé to be verderer to the queen's majesty, and his removal, with his lovely daughter, to the lodge at Greenwich.

The venerable dowager who, despite her age and infirmities, retained a most decorous reverence for courtly ceremonial, was somewhat startled and scandalized on perceiving that the mere atmosphere surrounding a royal residence was insufficient to soften the asperities of her 'squire of the greenwood, and to polish the bluntness of his country speech. "I can fly a hawk, rein a nag, wind a horn, if need be, with any courtier or courtier's man of them all," said the rebuked verderer; "and how, madam, would it aid me, in striking a fat hart for the queen's mess, or may be, a bold stalker of the queen's deer, that I could wriggle my body like a snared ousel, or mince my rude outspeak into daintiness, like a court usher? May it please you, gracious madam, to fashion the learning of my sweet wench, Maud, according to your ladyship's good liking; but take Diccon Glanvil's troth and word, that 'twere as easy to bend the gnarled oaks of Ardenne into the sallow's pliancy, as find in him the making of a fawning lick-platter, or court-knave."

To the education of this motherless girl did the Lady Warwick, thus urged, direct her admonitions; and assisted by the mild nature and sprightly intelligence of her pupil, the task became equally pleasing, and fruitful of flattering effects. Maud, during her father's frequent absence from the lodge, was assuredly in safer keeping under the observant dowager's keen eye, than in the wardship of the "high gravel blind" Dame Cisley; and in the demeanour of the many ladies of high estate frequenting the Heath Court, and still more in the grave commentaries of her lady-godmother, she had precept and example united under her observation; so that her graceful gentleness and tuneful speech soon rivalled the ideal of her preceptress. Thus sweetly gifted by nature, and trained in courtly schooling, Maud Glanvil, the verderer's heiress and the Lady Warwick's nursling, became the loadstar of rural attraction among the striplings of the neighbourhood, and had been named by common acclaim to the coveted distinction of Queenhood, in the May-day pageant annually exhibited in the park, for the recreation of the queen's highness. Nor was she, although perhaps less emulous of the honour than many of her rivals, altogether indifferent to the fashioning of her robes of taffeta, or to the promised loan of "jewels, chains, and ouches," vouchsafed by her kind godmother for the occasion.

"I tell thee, damsel," said Weltwell, as he fitted on her tires, the evening preceding the ceremony, "I tell thee there hath not been a like triumph toward, since the French duke was feasted at Whitehall. Thirty years have I wrought with shears and stitchery in the good town of Greenwich, yet never did I see such preparation. Every loyal housewife of the highway hath drawn from chest-hoard or garner, some hanging of arras, some fragment of brocade, wherewith to garnish her casements: all the rushes of the brook, all the strewing herbs of the garden, have been stripped to freshen her majesty's passage from palace to park. The town is all astir, Dame Cisley; the river is alive with craft, and not a jolly waterman but hath donned a new vest in honour of the May. Viols are tuning here; citharnes are thrumming there; not a shew, nor a mummer, nor a juggler, but is wending Greenwichward. But yesterday, i' sooth, I was braved at my own shopboard, by the dragon of Wantley, who was over curious in the shaping of his scaly slough; and to-day there came me Maid Marian, lacking a scarlet kirtle for her part in the shew, who would have fain had me abandon the furred symar of our worshipful bailiff of the landing stairs, in order to serve her beggarly needs; and by'r Lady, bold Robin of Sherwood was hard upon my ears, when I rebuked the vain quean's presumption."

The doughty tailor, whose loquacity had been intended to relieve the tediousness of the lacings, and bucklings, and adjustments necessary to the perfecting of his performance, now paused,—*not* for a reply,—but in order to give ample space and verge enough for the animated burst of gratulations by which he expected his labours to be rewarded.

"'Tis a pranksome garb, and a dainty," said the duenna, peering through her barnacles; "but, truth to say, my young mistress shews fairer and more maidenwise in her rust-coloured farthingale, with velvet cuffs, than in all this gaudy gear."

"A goodly piece of judgment,—thou mole, thou sand-blind driveller!" murmured the indignant tailor, turning to the gentle Maud, secure of a more favourable verdict. But the sight of her listless brow struck him with a dismay that burst into a paroxysm of exclamation.

"Now, God ha' mercy, damsel! what would'st have? Here, on the eve of May,—thou to be queen of the sport,—and endowed with vesture worthy of a queen in right earnest; and yet thou sighest as droopingly, and lookest as coldly on the prospect, as if ——Ah! ha!" said the tailor, interrupting himself, "I read the riddle now; thou fearest that the base, cowardly, and treasonable attack of this morning, will deter her majesty's grace from honouring the revels with her presence. Tush!—I tell thee, the ruffian is in safe keeping in the fort; and Elizabeth, blessings on the name! hath too much confidence in her people's love, to fear that such a caitiff could boast confederate or accomplice."

"Attack—ruffian—imprisoned in the fort!" exclaimed Cisley. "How, who, what means thy news?" faltered Maud.

"Ye lack not the woman's-ware of curiosity, I perceive," said the tailor, assuming the importance of a secret-keeper; "seeing which, I marvel that these tidings, which have set court and city in a ferment, have been so slack of reaching your ears."

"We have few guests," answered Maud, "and keep no"——

"Nay;" interrupted Weltwell, "if ye would needs know my news, rather listen than be a prater! and to be brief,—for the Lady Rich's tunic still lacketh its cross-chain on the skirts,—to be brief, fair Maud, know, that as our gracious princess was taking, this morning, her diversion on the river—a shot, a murderous bullet, whistled past the royal barge—grievously wounding one of the rowers."

"God's pity!" ejaculated Maud, "can this thing have chanced; and to a sovereign beloved like Elizabeth?"

"Those who are fond of hearing their own argument," observed the tailor, "affirm that the scathe was directed against the French envoy,—the Sieur Simier, as I think, who was of her grace's company; and on whom her hasty favour hath drawn some vulgar misliking; but the ruffian, whose boat was speedily overtaken, protested that he had aimed, on his own quarrel, and in his own defence, at the Earl of Oxford, who, sooth to say, was seen of many, skulking muffled in a barge hard by."

"Didst thou, did any, hear the name of the offender?" murmured Maud Glanvil, growing pale as death.

"Woltstane, or Wollaton; aye—Hugh Wollaton, he called himself; and the halberdiers had much ado to save him from dismemberment by the enraged mob, as they conveyed him to the Westgate-fort."

"And well I wot," shrieked gossip Cisley, "the villain had little need of limbs, who could employ them on such a godless errand."

"Heaven shield him," said the disrobed queen, sinking into a chair, "for with him my hopes perish!"

"How now? what a coil's here!" exclaimed Weltwell, opening the casement in pity to Maud Glanvil's blanched cheeks. "I pray thee, mistress, to forbear such unseemly sayings."

"Fetch me my muffler, good Cisley," said Maud, rallying her strength, "reach thee thy mantle, dame; for I must to the Heath Court, and that presently."

"By our Lady's grace, not I," said the old woman, doggedly. "My master's pottage is simmering for supper; the moon riseth not until the midnight—to-morrow's rufflers be abroad, junketing and rioting;—and I stir not forth from the lodge."

"Master Weltwell, thou servest my noble godmother; wilt thou pleasure her, by protecting me on my way?" persisted Maud.

The valiant tailor was bewildered. He had a kind and fatherly interest in his fair petitioner; he entertained a due reverence for a lady who numbered twenty blue-coated badgemen to be liveried at her cost; "but then," said he, thinking aloud, "how if I involve myself in the recusancy of the traitor Wollaton—how if I entangle my poor body in *mispersion* of treason?"

But Maud ended his dilemma by the earnest grace with which she wrung her white hands; and without further expostulation, Master Weltwell conducted the weeping girl in safety, even to the portal of the Heath Court.

"Thou comest to claim the performance of my promise," said the Lady Warwick, to whose *ruelle* the fair Maud was readily admitted. "I had not forgotten thee, sweetheart; see, the casket stands labelled by my tiring mirror; and had I not been tormented by a grievous pain, by sore sickness, Maud, I had thought to send for thee, to advise concerning the ordering of thy morrow's masking. But what is here?" continued the old lady, raising the head of her protégé from the coverlid in which it was buried. "Speak out, child; what hath chanced?—thy father"—

"Is well, madam," answered Maud, attempting composure. "But myself am in a grievous straight, and pray your counsel and protection."

"Take both, my poor god-child," said the dowager, kindly; "and speak out, Maud, and frankly."

"I am a most unhappy maiden," she began, "and in nothing more so, than that while your ladyship's grace hath been my chiefest source of happiness, my sole fountain of honour, it hath also wrought me shame and peril."

"Good faith, the girl is distraught;" thought the amazed Countess.

"You may remember, madam, that when last summer your ladyship lay, as now, helpless upon the bed of pain, I was permitted to mark my grateful devotion, by ministering to your service during your long sickness."

"I remember it, thankfully, maiden."

"And that during my 'tendance, the notice, the unseemly notice bestowed on me by your kinsman, the young Earl of Oxford, attracted the observation and reproof of your ladyship; and roused the indignation and affliction of my most unhappy self."

"Of which I marked my sense, good Maud, in forbidding him my presence, dismissing him my house."

"From my *father's*, alas! your ladyship could not, or did not exclude him; and the dutiful affection borne by my parents to every branch of a house that hath been their stay and furtherance, hath still blinded my poor father to the intention of the young lord's visits; the frequency of which hath proved their least peril."

"Ha!" exclaimed the dowager; "hear I aright? The blessed saints forefend that thou should love my nephew.'

"*Love* him!" retorted Maud, something warmly, "who seeketh my ruin—who would bring my old father's head in shame to the grave;—think better of me, madam! No;" she continued, in a milder, yet a hoarse tone, "I have no love to waste on him, or any; for long ere we quitted Ardenne—even before my poor mother died, she had bestowed her blessing upon my troth-plight with —with—a neighbour's son"—

"Hugh Wollaton, as I think?"

"The same, madam; who, being yet in his 'prentice-time, although with a surety of succeeding to his uncle's thriving trade, cannot yet win my father's consent to our marriage; and since we came to Greenwich—I would say, alas the day! but that it drew me anigh to my kind godmother—all mention of Hugh is distasteful to my father's ears. Your ladyship's favour, and his own advancement, have caused my hand to be sought of many suitors; some of a degree superior to that of Hugh; all, unhappily, to our own;—and my father hath been so set up with the praises of his child, and the projects insinuated into his credulous heart by my Lord of Oxford, Sir Wilfred Dudley, and others of the courtiers, who haunt our lodge, in pretended admiration of his woodcraft, that he hath already forbidden me to renew speech or vow with my kind, generous Hugh."

"Of which interdiction, his absence insures the efficacy. Is it not so, pretty Maud?"

"Pardon me, gracious madam; Master Wollaton having gathered, by means to me unknown, tidings of my father's obduracy, and of the importunities to which

I have been exposed by his unsuspecting simplicity of heart, resolved to bring the matter to issue; and arrived last week at Greenwich."

"And thou didst speak with him, girl, in disobedience to thy father's command?"

"Nor that alone," replied the weeping maiden. "I told him *all*, madam;—that I had been cruelly insulted by the Earl's wanton recklessness; that I even feared to stir beyond the limits of my home, lest I should provoke his licentious boldness. But, as I spake, my father burst in upon our interview; reviled us both for disobedience; and at length, stung by my Hugh's remonstrances, he smote him with violence, and drove him from our dwelling."

"My poor child!" said the old lady, taking the trembling hand of her god-daughter, "say on—what hath ensued—where tarrieth the youth?"

"Once, and but once, I have since encountered him. We met—forgive me, noble lady—by stealth, last night, in the labyrinth of the court."

"That was ill done," observed the prudent godmother.

"He came but to bid me a farewell; and pray me to forbear, if possible, to-morrow's pageant; for he had discovered—so said he—the Lord Oxford's settled plan for carrying me off by stratagem."

"He *dare* not—he *could* not so far forget himself and me!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Obedient to Wollaton's requiry, I have kept close house this day," continued Maud Glanvil, sorrowfully. "But, alas! madam, mischief hath been astir; and that with cruel activity. The precious safety of the queen's majesty hath been endangered, as doubtless your ladyship hath learned; and the innocent cause of the evil—the prisoner of the Westgate-fort, is Hugh Wollaton himself!"

"And the shot was levelled at my graceless nephew?"—

"At a ruffian wearing his cognizance, and in self-defence—in a death-struggle;—forgive us, madam;" faltered the trembling maiden.

"Would I had no greater offenders to pardon," said the Countess, gravely; "or rather, would that my sister's son had less claim to my mercy; so might I exert my best endeavours in Wollaton's behalf, by unfolding the truth. But, however unworthy, Edward de Vere is my kinsman," said the old lady, as a tear quivered upon her withered cheek. "This is no common matter," she resumed, after a pause of consideration. "'Twill be bruited in the common ear of England; 'twill be made the watchword of party; the fable of history; and, perhaps,—yet heaven avert it,—a signal of bloodshed. The excesses of my misgoverned nephew have so often drawn upon him her highness's displeasure, that were not an innocent life endangered by thy silence, Maud, I should pray thee to forbear accusal; but our gracious sovereign's peril will have wrought the people to a demand for prompt vengeance, and the insult suspected towards the Duke of Alençon's minion, will have roused the indignation of the queen—whereupon, the affair brooks no delay. To-morrow, hie thee, as was thy purpose, to the May-game pageant; prank thyself gay, and smile thy best, my child!—nay, wince not at the word; for *his* sake must this be done." Maud Glanvil wrung her hands.

"The queen,—I know it, I—will grace, as is her wont, the Mayshaft; and thou, as crowned warden of the feast, must of need attract her notice. Then, girl, is thine auspicious hour,—then, Maud, go boldly to thy duty;—throw thyself at her royal feet,—speak thy wrong, and Wollaton's innocence, simply and briefly; and my life on the issue, Elizabeth will right thy cause."

"How, madam! address myself to the queen's majesty, and in presence of the assembled court?"

"Asks it less bold presumption to address the King of kings?"

"Alas! alas!" said Maud, "I would I were in my grave!"

"Rather, hie thee home, that sleep may calm thee for thy coming trial. Therefore, good night, my gentle girl; abandon not thy cause, and Heaven will bless it and thee!"

The day-dawn came, and brought the waiting gentlewoman of the Lady Warwick, and the promised casket; but with them came no accession of confidence to the trembling May-queen—so that 'twas a toilsome task to lace the trim bodice over her panting bosom.

It was a morning as pure and bright as ever sparkled with the freshness of May; and grove and garden-ground, shrubby labyrinth and open parterre, seemed flushed with the year's gay youth. Gem-like cones of bloom glistened upon the lilac trees,—golden streamers waved from the laburnums, as if in mockery of the fading hue of the apple-blossoms with which they mingled. In the bolder landscape of the park, the half-foliaged elms unfolded their tiny shells of verdure,—the tender green of the young lime-leaves quivered above,—the profuse blue flowers of the wild hyacinth seemed hovering, like a vapour, over the earth below; on which, where the hawthorn trees stood in sheeted whiteness of bloom,

> Da' be' rami scendea
> Una pioggia di fior' sovra 'l suo grembo.

and the united sweetness of a thousand honied blossoms, and the freshness of the springing grass, crushed by a thousand footsteps, were dispersed by the buoyant gushes of the summer air, which never "smelt more wooingly."

Along the secluded path of a deep avenue of chestnuts, the fair queen of the May was stoutly ushered by her exulting father towards the goodly tent, framed of fir poles and interwoven branches, in which her throne was erected. As she approached the Maypole, round which a fenced ring was apportioned to the pageant of the day, she was preceded by her company of maidens of honour, in milk-white array. Friar Tuck stood aside, and the hobby-horse suspended his caracolings, to look on such a galaxy of loveliness, and the joyous multitude sent up as prolonged a shout in their honour, as if Elizabeth herself had been at hand. Some there were indeed among the crowd, who blamed the listless bearing and reserved silence of the unhappy Maud,—and whispered, that her father's daughter queened it too loftily; while Master Weltwell, regardless of the praise lavished upon his handywork, did lay his finger upon his skinny lips, and imply a world of mystery.

From the earliest morn, chambers had been at intervals discharged from the numerous forts adjoining the river and the park; and now a loud salvo announced that the procession had left the palace. Expectation, in the guise of many a buxom dame and sturdy burgher, was a-tiptoe; and soon the trained bands, with their steel shirts of Almaine rivet, and morions glancing in the sun, gratified the general expectation. Next in the procession, and heralded by a pursuivant at arms bearing their banner, came the goodly company of the gentlemen pensioners,—the flower of the English youth,—closely followed by the two pages of the queen; and after a space, shining like a constellation, appeared the brightness of the maiden queen, mounted on a milk-white palfrey, whose velvet housings, broidered with pearl, swept the ground. While acclamations of "long live Elizabeth—happily may she reign!" burst from the populace, she bent on either side her stately looks of proud affability, and the assembled people threw themselves upon their knees as she passed onwards.

Arrived at a grassy knoll commanding a view of the pageant, the queen dismounted; her kinsman, the bluff Lord Hunsdon, holding her bridle-rein,—the Earl of Leicester receiving her offered hand upon his bended knee;—and, as she touched the earth, a clamour of exultation was sent upward to the sky by the mingled voices of tens of thousands of spectators, aided by the roar of cannon, the braying of trumpets, and the larum of drums! Elizabeth, who found a welcome music in the din, looked round upon the courtly train of barons bold and gorgeous dames by which she was now encompassed, and pointing to the shouting multitude, exclaimed, "And yesterday ye urged my doubts of the loyal love of my people!" Then, motioning with her hand, that the sports should commence, she bade her court dispose itself for better enjoyment of the scene; and, guarded by her gentlemen pensioners, and officiously haunted by Patch, the court jester, she stationed herself in stern dignity on the summit of the knoll. But it was not her discomfiture of the preceding day which imparted so severe an air to the royal countenance, for she had never favoured the May-game festival with a better grace; and it was surmised that, while a politic deference to popular usances dictated her annual attendance, the remembrance of her unhappy mother's attainder, consequent upon a similar celebration, rendered it a distasteful task.

Elizabeth, who had now forfeited all title to that pride of youthful beauty, which might have excused the flightiness of devotion she loved to exact from her courtiers, looked, it must be confessed, upon the day in question a very paragon of unloveliness. The unfeminine harshness of her prominent features—the cankered keenness of her grey eyes—her tawny hair, and stiff erectness of figure, formed a marvellous contrast with the graceful sweetness of her rival of the greensward: a contrast so readily discerned by her majesty's acute perception, that she immediately courted the disparagement of the surrounding courtiers, by her bitter comments on the untutored demeanour of the "sceptred Dowsabelle."

"Even weeds have their value," said the Earl of Oxford; "for their baseness teacheth men to measure the sovereign beauty of the rose; nor doth the meanest star twinkle in vain, since its feebleness revealeth the all-outshining glory of the queen of night."

"Even as our cousin Hunsdon's honest roughness," quoth Patch, "sets price on the nimble-tongued loselry of a De Vere. *Gare les faitours!*—and God mend all."

To have been adulated by Shakspeare and Spenser,—flattered by Sidney and Raleigh,—served by Burleigh, by Buckhurst, and Bacon, affords perhaps some title to those exaggerated honours which have been lavished on the memory of Elizabeth—the spoiled child of English history: but posterity is a dispassionate judge; and despite the factitious lustre shed upon the reign of the maiden queen,—or, as runs the clap-trap phrase, "the golden days of good Queen Bess,"—we are enabled, even through the inflated eulogies of contemporary writers, to detect the craftiness,—the cruelty,—the licentious vanity,—the insane arrogance of the self-assumed Phœnix. The nips and bobs, with which she "sorely pinched" her ladies of honour,—the unchristian pride, with which she exacted knee-worship from all approaching her,—the relentless virulence which urged her persecution of the ladies of the house of Grey, for having presumed to give legal heirs to her crown,—the coarse spirit of vituperation, which exposed her most tried and ancient servants to opprobrious insults,—the levity which betrayed her into unseemly familiarity with her favourite, Dudley, even in an audience of state—are, perhaps, sufficient causes for distrusting the feminine qualifications of "the fair vestal throned in the West." But, when we consider the fate of that loveliest monument of human frailty, the sister and rival who had screened herself from rebellion under the protection of a British queen,—when we recall the bloody destinies of Essex, Norfolk, and a numberless brotherhood,—the unsparing use of torture, which, contrary to the law of the realm, disgraced the early annals of her reign,—her hollow and insolent dealings with her parliament,—the foul indifference marked towards the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the persecution of the Huguenots by her quickly thereafter becoming sponsor to the child of the French king,—the vindictive spirit, which prompted her to strike off the hand of a gentleman and a scholar, who had ventured to set forth the monstrous disproportion of her marriage with the boy-Duke of Alençon,—the baseness, which sought hospitality from the master of Euston Hall, in order to detect and punish his secret adherence to Papistry,—and, finally, the parsimonious abstinence of Elizabeth from all public acts of munificence, and her greedy exactments from the generosity of her courtiers, are facts whose united atrocity may counterbalance a zeal, sometimes doubtful, for the interests of the Reformed Church; a judicious selection of the ministers of her arbitrary will; a brilliant tact in the art of government; an intrepid spirit, and dignified carriage.

The revels were now at their height. The queen of the May, having won all hearts to her praise by the trimly featness with which she executed her duty, of leading a galliard and a corranto in the ring—a featness which called down the applause of Sir Christopher Hatton himself,—was proceeding to re-enthrone herself in the tent, when some idle speech among the crowd, that her majesty was ill-minded to prolong her courtesy and witness the sports to an end, renewed her terrors and impatience. As she stood, perplexed and tormented by the importunate homage of her little court, it chanced that Sir Wilfred Dudley, one of the vain gallants who had long pestered her with his assiduities, approached, to tender her some of those practised flatteries which his tendency to *parler Euphuisme* rendered more circumlocutory than the critical juncture of her affairs might well endure.

"Sweet sovereignty!" said he, "if a simple subject may hope to penetrate the guarded portal of thy distrustful hearing"—

"Good Sir Wilfred," interrupted Maud, "you have, ofttimes, made vaunt of your will to do me service"—

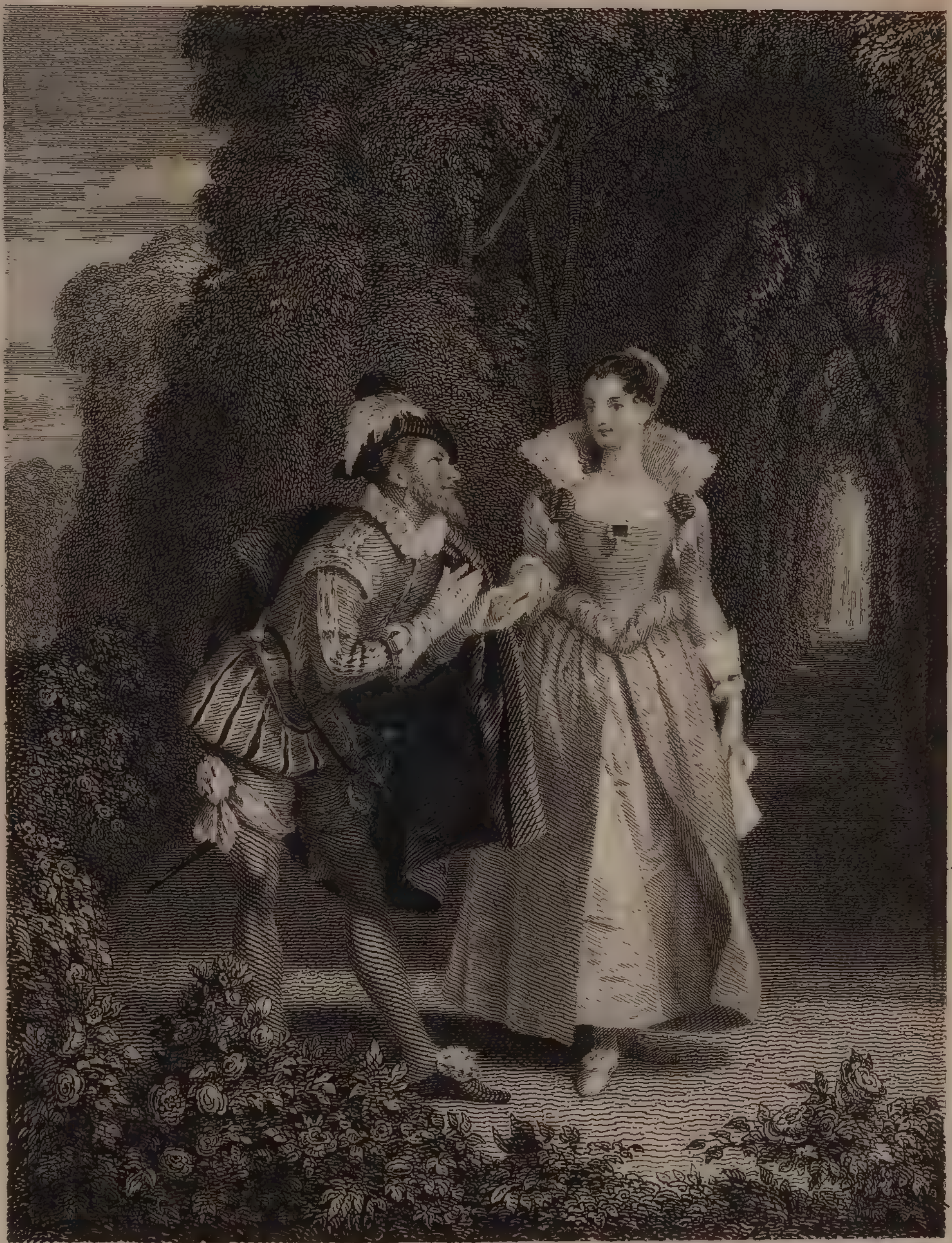
"And therein, sweet harte of the greenwood, to pleasure mine own best liking."

"I ask not your motive—care not for it now; but if ever you would win my gratitude, guide me through yonder armed bands, to the feet of the queen."

"To her majesty's very presence?—For an eyass, that but now leaveth the mew, damsel, thou soarest high."

"You refuse me? Nay, then," said Maud, slipping beneath the ropes, and directing her hurried steps towards the knoll, "I will bear mine errand in single boldness."

But the fantastic gallantry of the Euphuist would not permit him to abandon the championship of a maiden in distress; and quickly overtaking her as she reached the opening into an over-arching alley of lime-trees, he held out his hand for her support with all that distortion of affectation which characterized his postures. "Mistress Maud!" said Sir Wilfred, negligently flinging aside his mantle, in order to reveal the richness of his Spanish doublet, "I hasten to propose a league of amity between us,—of which the terms are, present protection on my



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THE PROPOSAL.

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part—fairer interpretation on thine. Advance, bright humility!" continued he, with a tender air, as they passed the spot on which the Earl of Oxford lay, in listless weariness, on the grass. "Advance, queen of Idalia!" he repeated, simpering and mowing like a jackanape, when he perceived the indignant regards of his rival fixed upon his familiar attitude.

But if it be true, that

> The lion will turn and flee
> From a maid in the pride of her purity;

the evil thoughts of De Vere had surely deserted his savage bosom at sight of the loveliness of Maud, which, in her fair and stately array, shewed even more touchingly than was its wont. The swan-like throat, set forth by her standing ruff,—the arch simplicity of a brow, on which the flush of exercise, and the paleness of terror, varied alternately,—the informing intelligence of soul, which, brightening her eyes, taught her, "dolphin-like, to shew above the element she lived in,"—even the uncertain tremour of her step,—might have induced him to forbear one look injurious to the spotlessness of "saintly chastity."

Maud Glanvil had now approached within a few paces of Elizabeth—within play of that fierce battery of looks, so terrible to her enemies; and yielding unconsciously to the awe natural to her position, she folded her hands on her bosom, as if to still the wild beating of her heart, and stood rooted to the earth. The queen, attributing the unformal action of her rival of the Mayshaft to some mummery imposed upon her by her part in the pageant, exclaimed, as she graciously beckoned her nearer approach, "What would the majesty of May, from her royal sister of England?"

"Your highness's clemency," faltered Maud, falling on her knees, to kiss the gracious hand extended towards her.

"And shall *we*, whom one of our wisest clerks hath hailed by the title of Mercilla, shall we deny our grace to an offender so fair—so helpless?"

"'Tis not for myself I sue," said Maud, gathering courage from the affability of the queen, "but for an innocent prisoner."

"Then *justice* might surely serve the turn," replied Elizabeth, still smiling; "an enthroned sovereign should know that *clemency* regardeth the guilty. The name, gentle queen, of thy prisoner."

"Hugh Wollaton of Ardenne, madam; now most unmeetly confined in the Westgate-fort."

"How!" exclaimed the astonished princess, in her shrillest tone, as the reality of her petitioner's alarms and mission became apparent, "have we treason near our person? Must we—who, at bed and board, waking and downlying, are still thwarted and harassed by our cares of state—must we be pursued, even in our hour of idlesse, our season of recreation, by the importunities of our rebel subjects; look to it, my lords—Leicester, Cumberland, Montjoy: and thou, sirrah! who art the chief cause of the mischief," said she, bending her frowns upon the discomfited Sir Wilfred, whose forlorn figure Master Patch was diligently portraying upon the buckler of a man-at-arms by his side, "how gat this bold damsel to our presence? Go! minion," she continued, with an angry gesture, to the trembling May-queen, "go hence, ere thou be thrust out with shame, and leave the assassin of thy sovereign to the justice of her privy-council."

"Now, God help me!" said Maud, throwing up her arms distractedly, "For in man or woman, hope is none."

"An't please your grace," said Lord Hunsdon, too unsolicitous of royal favour to shun the path of honesty, "this wench is of the Lady Warwick's household; her godchild, if it remember me, or at least, her diligent handmaid in the hour of suffering; speak, girl! bringest thou no token from thy lady?"

"Alas! none, sir," answered Maud, with patient humility; "my gracious mistress could scarcely move in the suit which criminates a De Vere."

"How now?" demanded Elizabeth, sobered from her first explosion of resentment, "a *De Vere*, sayest thou? Stand up, and mince not thy words; *what* cause, *what* De Vere, minion? dally not with thy queen!"

But there were tears now stealing down the pale cheeks of the unhappy girl, which at once impeded her utterance, and moved every manly heart present in her favour.

"And now I think me, yonder traitor of the fort did also involve my Lord of Oxford's name in his declarations," resumed Elizabeth; "what, ho! some one call hither the Earl. Yeoman of the guard—bring him instantly to the presence."

"Force needs none, madam," said the bold Earl, who had been an unseen auditor of the whole; "I am not used to be a loiterer at my sovereign's bidding, even though it tend to confront a peer of England with the nameless puppet of a village masking."

This taunt, and the presence of her persecutor, roused the spirit of the injured Maud, far more than the encouragement of queen or courtier; and standing forward with modest grace, she related, in succinct but earnest terms, her tale of patient suffering and undeserved insult; appealing so sweetly to the womanly sympathy of her royal judge, that despite the preconceptions of Elizabeth, the force of truth and simplicity went direct to her heart; kindling all the indignation of her sex, and the intemperance of her Tudor blood.

"Thou wert well to brave me but now, with thy rude insolence, my worthy lord!" said she, to the unabashed earl; "thou frontless offender! who dost dare pollute the very purlieus of our court with thy filthy libertinism;—go from our presence; thou shalt hear further of our judgment, touching this matter:—yet stay," she resumed, amending her hastiness, "hast thou aught to urge, my lord, against this damsel's accusation;—what hath the flower of chivalry, who must needs wear Elizabeth's favour in his cap, to reply to the ingenuous murmurs of maiden modesty?"

"Nothing, madam;" replied the insolent Oxford, whose wit, and splendid profusion, and travelled elegance had often blinded the queen's detection of his unexampled excesses. "Edward De Vere hath a ready answer for the peer who questions his honour; but for the imperious mandate of a woman, albeit a queen, or for the whining of a peevish wanton,—good faith! they must abide his silence."

"We are outfaced, methinks, and by a foul traitor," exclaimed Elizabeth, with kindling eyes. "To the Tower with him;" said she, addressing herself to the Earl Marshal.—"To the Tower with him; my royal word be your warrant."

The consternation now became general.

"Break up the sports, there," said the queen, resuming her wonted state; "and see that this maiden be had in safe keeping. We retire on the instant." A general movement ensued, which screened the royal party from vulgar observation; till followed by the shouts of the populace, it re-entered the palace gates.

On the following day, Elizabeth of England sate in stern judgment within her chamber of audience. Some few of her chosen counsellors surrounded her throne; and at her feet, in modest self-possession, kneeled the graceful figure of Hugh of Ardenne.

Disrobed of her gaudy vesture, her pallid cheeks half veiled by the long unbraided tresses which overhung her white robing, the gentle queen of the May stood humbly in the distance, with her tearful eyes fixed upon the judgment-seat; while her perplexed father the hapless Diccon—in the guise of a fowl, whose chicks have betrayed their alien nature by committing themselves to another element—stood helpless and restless by the side of those perilous waters, whereon his child had launched herself in his despite. Elizabeth herself, who had lost something of her severity in the interest of the scene, held within her grasp two letters; the one a testimonial from the Countess of Warwick of her heart-felt faith in the veracity of her god-child; the other, an early love-missive, in the hand-writing of the bold De Vere; which, by its implications, certified his own guilt and the purity of Maud Glanvil.

"These documents," said the queen, placing them in the hands of Sir Francis Walsingham, "do but justify our previous insight into the matter. It is time that the guilty met their award.

"Rise up, youth;" continued her majesty, addressing young Wollaton, whose fair person and discreet address had won favour in her sight. "Thou art convicted, on thine own shewing, of having practised against the life of a nobleman of this realm, and thereby endangering the safety of thy liege sovereign—silence, sirrah! thy vindication hath been heard. Thou hast sworn, and the evidence of sundry avoucheth, that this outrage arose in thy self-defence against the retainers of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, who fell upon thee with superiority of numbers, inflicting divers wounds on thy person, in the progress of a scheme of abduction, laid against that of a free British maiden; daughter of our Verderer of Greenwich. Have I heard rightly, my Lords?—Prisoner; are these things true?

Hugh Wollaton replied by a lowly obeisance of assent.

"For these crimes and misdemeanours," said the queen, "we adjudge thee"— Maud Glanvil pressed forward with an imploring air,—"we adjudge thee, in consideration of thy known loyalty, and deep provocation, to a term of six months' imprisonment within the limits of the royal park; which thou may'st improve, an' it like thee," continued the princess, with a grim smile, "by renewing thine attempts to win the sanction of yonder weather-worn woodsman to thy courtship of his daughter. And Maud—see thou set no more of my courtiers' brains a-gadding, by those looks which have condemned the bold and mis-proud De Vere to a year's banishment from our court. Let thy future bearing keep pace with thy past discretion, and thou shalt never lack the countenance of Elizabeth!"

Thus ended the sorrows of the Verderer's Daughter. "And what said the queen's majesty as touching the fashion of thy masking suit?" said Weltwell to the happy Maud, when, some weeks afterwards, she recounted in his presence the chances of her royal audience.

"I'sooth, but little, my friend in need. But my kind godmother hath bidden me seek at your hands a goodly garment of three-piled-Genoa for myself, and another of stout kersey, for—for Wollaton."

"Of a bridal fashion, as I guess?"

Maud gainsayed not the opinion; and when, in process of time, the said vestments were appointed to figure in a wedding junket at the Heath Court, they were commended for shape and substance of all present, including the point-device Euphuist himself.

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

Of the various romances of real life with which history abounds, there are few of more absorbing interest than that of Pedro the First of Portugal, and the fair but ill-starred Inez de Castro. The following little poem is founded on a very striking passage in the life of the monarch, which has never, as far as I am aware, been touched upon before. A brief recapitulation of incidents with which the historical reader must, already, be familiar, is, however, in some respects unavoidable.

Donna Inez de Castro was the daughter of a Castilian gentleman who had taken refuge at the court of Portugal, in the reign of Alfonso IV. Her beauty and accomplishments having attracted the notice of Prince Pedro, his son, he became so passionately enamoured of her, as to desire to make her his wife. Satisfied, however, of the impossibility of prevailing upon his father to consent to his union with a woman so much his inferior in rank, he determined to espouse her secretly. They were, accordingly, married by the Bishop of Guarda, in the presence of only a single witness; and from that period lived together in the most private manner, in the palace of Santa Clara at Coimbra; where Donna Inez bore her royal consort several children, to whose education, and the performance of her domestic duties, her attention was almost exclusively devoted*. The fear of provoking the anger of his father, with the severity of whose disposition he was but too well acquainted, induced Don Pedro to allow the king to consider his connexion with Donna Inez as a mere affair of gallantry; and it was not until Alfonso had proposed to him a marriage with the daughter of the King of Castile, that he was induced to acknowledge the real truth. The old king, who was a man of a weak mind, but stern passions, was so exasperated by his disobedience, that, at the instigation of several of his nobles, who were jealous of the ascendancy which had been acquired by Inez over the young prince, he resolved upon putting her to death. With this intent, he set out for Coimbra, accompanied by three of his ministers and an armed escort. He arrived at his son's palace during the Prince's absence on a hunting party; but was so moved by the supplications of Donna Inez, who, with her children, threw herself at his feet and entreated of him mercy and forgiveness, that he would, in all probability, have spared her life, had it not been for the interposition of his counsellors. Not content with urging, strongly, the necessity of her death, they reproached him in bitter terms for his disregard of the welfare of his kingdom. Thus instigated, he relapsed into his former resolution, and commanded them to dispatch her. But little time was allowed him to reflect upon his cruel mandate; for, dragging her immediately from his presence, they murdered her with their own hands, and then returned to the king, with their daggers reeking with her blood! No sooner was the prince informed of the assassination of his beloved Inez, than he was transported alternately with the most violent grief and rage. For a long time he appeared perfectly inconsolable; but his melancholy yielded at length to a deep and rooted passion for revenge. Immediately after her interment, he took up arms against his father; and having placed himself at the head of a powerful army, whose leaders sympathized with him strongly in his indignation, he carried fire and the sword through the adjacent provinces. It was not until he had ravaged the whole country between the rivers Minho and Doura, and laid waste the property of the murderers, that he was in some degree appeased by the interposition of the Bishop of Guarda; who, much as he loved the prince, and commiserated the fate of Inez, was anxious to avert, if possible, the horrors of a civil war. The king did not long survive his barbarous murder of his daughter-in-law; but expired full of contrition for his accumulated crimes. One of the first acts of Don Pedro, on his accession to the crown of Portugal, was to compel the king of Castile to deliver over to his vengeance the murderers of his wife*, who, on the death of Alfonso, had fled to that monarch for protection. The one undying hope which had been his solace for ten weary and miserable years, was now approaching its consummation. On the day preceding that on which the prisoners, with their escort, were expected at Santarem, the king commanded a stupendous funeral pile to be erected upon the plain without the city, and a splendid banquet to be spread by its side. On the arrival of the cavalcade from Castile, the pyre was kindled; and after addressing to the murderers a few words of eloquent invective, in reply to their earnest supplications for mercy, he directed them to be cast into the flames; whilst he and his assembled nobles sat down to the magnificent banquet which had been prepared for them, wholly regardless of the despairing shrieks of the wretched victims who were consuming by their side.

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* La Neufville Le Clede and other historians, confirm the fact, that Inez was privately married to the prince; and add, that his conjugal fidelity was no less remarkable than the ardour of his passion. One of their favourite places of residence was an old castle on the banks of the Mondego, through the grounds of which streamed the little rivulet known by the name of the Fountain of Amours, and alluded to by Camoens, in the third Book of the Lusiad.

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* Long before Don Pedro obtained possession of the persons of the murderers, he had ordered them to be tried on a charge of high treason. They were found guilty, their estates confiscated, and sentence of death promulgated against them. Only two of the party, however, fell into his hands; namely, Pedro Coello and Alvaro Gonsalez. The third, Diego Pacheco, made his escape into France, and was never afterwards heard of.

After thus satiating his revenge, Don Pedro summoned an assembly of the states at Cantanedes: and there, in the presence of the Pope's nuncio, solemnly swore on the holy gospels, that having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had secretly at Braganza espoused the Lady Inez de Castro in the presence of the Bishop of Guarda and of his master of the wardrobe; both of whom confirmed the truth of his declaration. Having caused the Pope's bull containing the dispensation to be proclaimed throughout the kingdom, he ordered the remains of his lamented consort to be taken from the grave, invested with all the insignia of royalty, and publicly crowned at Coimbra;—where he compelled the nobles of his court to do homage to her breathless corse, and acknowledge her as their lawful queen. After the performance of this ceremony, the body of Inez was transported from Coimbra to Alcobaça, with a pomp hitherto unknown in Portugal; and there interred with all the honours due to the consort of a king.

In the royal mausoleum of the splendid monastery of Alcobaça, repose the remains of this illustrious pair. On the right of the entrance, supported by six lions, and ornamented by a variety of bas-reliefs, illustrative of passages from the sacred Writings, stands the sarcophagus of Don Pedro. The lid is surmounted by a recumbent effigy of the monarch, with his head resting upon two tasseled cushions. He is represented with a severe countenance, and in the act of drawing his sword. His crown and sceptre are by his side, and a couchant mastiff at his feet.

The monument of the queen is embellished by a bas-relief of the Day of Judgment. The supreme Judge, surrounded by his angels, is seated between our Saviour and the Virgin. On one hand is St. Michael with the scales; and on the other St. Peter with the keys. Below them are two groups of figures; the happy ascending into paradise, and the doomed sinking down to torment. The recumbent effigy of the queen, arrayed in regal robes, like that of Don Pedro, is also surrounded by angels; and her crowned head reclines under a gorgeously-sculptured canopy. An air of ineffable sweetness and repose is shed over her features, which contrasts powerfully with the vindictive fierceness of those of her consort. Her hands clasp a rosary to her bosom, and her feet are guarded by a lion's whelp. Of the six sphinxes by which her tomb is supported, one has a young one beneath its paw. Indeed, a large portion of the sculptures upon these splendid monuments have a direct reference to the tragical history of the unfortunate Inez. But these interesting records have not escaped the ravages of war. The tombs of Pedro and Inez were most wantonly defaced by the French soldiery during the campaign of the Peninsula; and, not satisfied with disfiguring the ornaments by which they are surrounded, these sacrilegious Vandals tore open even the tombs themselves, in the mercenary hope of discovering hidden treasure. The monks of the monastery of Alcobaça assured a correspondent to whom I stand indebted for some of the above details, that the body of Donna Inez had been so skilfully embalmed that, on its disinterment, the face was found to be perfect, and bore traces of extraordinary beauty. They added, that her hair had grown remarkably; and that after the hurried departure of the French, when the alarm was given that the British army was rapidly approaching Alcobaça, the Juiz de Tora of Alcobaça cut several tresses from the head, and sent them as relics to Lisbon. This anecdote must be considered as somewhat apocryphal; since it has been affirmed by more than one credible historian, that when Donna Inez was disinterred ten years after her death, by her disconsolate husband, for the purpose of being crowned at Coimbra, the nobility " did homage to her *skeleton*, and kissed the *bones* of her hands." However, the story is, after all, sufficiently authentic for poetry; in which even Aristotle himself allows of at least three removes from truth! The monastery of Alcobaça was founded in the year 1170, by Alfonso I., in commemoration of his having taken the fortress of Santarem from the Moors. A Portuguese writer, speaking of this magnificent structure, says, " its cloisters are cities, its sacristy a church, and its church a basilick."

It only remains to be added, that the scene selected for illustration in the subjoined poem, is the arrival of the murderers from Castile, in the custody of the armed escort, sent by the king to conduct them to Santarem.

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

On proud Santarem's sunny plain,
  There's a rush of helm and spear,
And the sudden burst of a warlike strain
  Comes dancing on the ear;—
And the banners wave, and the trumpets wail,
  And the silver cymbals clash;
And sounds are on the fitful gale,
  Like a stormy ocean's dash!

II.

There's a murmur rising from the crowd
  That girds King Pedro's throne,
Like the thunder-peal, that from cloud to cloud
  In its gathering might rolls on:
And the shout that cleaves the noontide sky,
  To a wilder shout gives birth;
Which swells, like an army's battle-cry,
  Till it shakes the solid earth.

III.

'Tis the fierce, triumphant voice of hate;
  Of blood the eager call;
'Tis the tiger's yell for his murdered mate,
  Ere he springs to 'avenge her fall!
And ten thousand hearts exult as one
  When that welcome band draws near;
And their shout, like the knell of mercy flown,
  Still rings on the doomed ear!

IV.

What precious offerings do they bring,
  To feed a monarch's pride?—
A gift more grateful to their king
  Than aught in the world beside!
Nor gems—nor gold—rich stores of art,—
  Nor barbarous spoils of war,—
But a treasure to his panting heart
  More prized—more precious far!

V.

The murderers of the martyred bride
  Who should have shared his crown,
The felon slaves that had defied
  So long his iron frown,—
Are given to his red hand at last,—
  Stand fettered in his sight;
And his kindling glance is on them cast,
  With a fierce and grim delight!

VI.

"Demons—nay, bend no fawning knee!
Your doom is fixed, your sentence said;
And such mercy shall ye gain from me
As ye vouchsafed the sinless dead;—
The sainted dead—and but for you,
The partner of my kingly state;
The glorious dead—ye foully slew,
To glut a savage dotard's hate.

VII.

"There's blood upon your dastard brands
That blood can only clear again;
There's guilt on those remorseless hands,
And fire, perchance, may cleanse the stain!
The tortures ye have wrought for me,
With keenest tortures I'll repay;
And your dying groans shall the music be,
To grace my festal board to day.

VIII.

"Call me not cruel:—ye who turned
Your swords against a woman's breast;
Her pleading tears and beauty spurned,
And made her dying pangs your jest!
Call *me* not harsh, that thus I wreak
Late vengeance on your craven clay:
Help from a loftier Monarch seek;—
For mercy here 'twere vain to pray!

IX.

"Sweet Inez! by thy guiltless blood,
Unheeded wail, and fruitless tears;
By the love, even death hath not subdued;
By the calm delights of our early years;
By my widowed couch and withered heart;
By my broken hopes and burning brain;
By the feeling, now of my life a part;
By the vow, I never breathed in vain;—

X.

"My vengeance shall not sleep!—and they
Who deem thy earthly reign is o'er,
Shall yet to thee their homage pay,
With awe they never felt before;—
Shall see thee sitting by my side,
Uprisen from thy silent rest;
The sharer of my 'place of pride,'—
A queen—a saint by all confessed!

XI.

"But hark! the signal trumpet's peal;
The pile is laid—the banquet spread:
Why gleams so many a shining steel
Above each recreant traitor's head?
Put up your thirsting swords; 'twere vain
To give yon pyre a lifeless prey;—
I will not 'bate a single pain
To guilt like theirs,—away! away!"

XII.

King Pedro sits at his festal board,
By his nobles compassed round;
And the sparkling wine is like water poured,
As each golden cup is crowned.
The shrieks that late their mockeries stirred,
At length resound no more;
And the thirst of vengeance, long deferred,
Is sated now and o'er!

XIII.

Mid Alcobaça's storied gloom,
Two sculptured effigies recline;
A woman's one, in youth's first bloom;
A queen—a saint by many a sign!
There's a crown upon her placid brow,
And a regal robe around her thrown;
And charms that bid the gazer bow,
Are breathing from that simple stone.

XIV.

And a warrior king is sleeping near,
With his crown and sceptre by his side;
With a knitted brow and a look severe,
And a lip of cruel scorn and pride!
His hand hath half unsheathed his sword,
As if some mortal foe defied;
He breathes some wild, revengeful word;—
'Twas thus King Pedro died!

I THINK OF THEE.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

I.

I THINK of thee, in the night
  When all beside is still,
And the moon comes out, with her pale, sad light,
  To sit on the lonely hill:—
When the stars are all like dreams,
  And the breezes all like sighs;
And there comes a voice from the far-off streams,
  Like thy spirit's low replies!

II.

I think of thee, by day,
  Mid' the cold and busy crowd,
When the laughter of the young and gay
  Is far too glad and loud;
I hear thy low, sad tone,
  And thy sweet, young smile I see,
—My heart—my heart were all alone,
  But for its thoughts of thee!

III.

Of thee, who wert so dear,
And, yet, I do not weep;
For, thine eyes were stained by many a tear
Before they went to sleep;
And, if I haunt the past,
Yet may I not repine,
Since thou hast won thy rest at last,
And all the grief is mine.

IV.

I think upon thy gain,
Whate'er to me it cost,
And fancy dwells, with less of pain,
On all that I have lost;—
Hope—like the cuckoo's endless tale,
—Alas! it wears its wing!—
And love, that—like the nightingale—
Sings only in the spring!

V.

Thou art my spirit's all,
Just as thou wert in youth,
Still from thy grave no shadows fall
Upon my lonely truth;—
A taper yet above thy tomb,
Since lost its sweeter rays,
And what is memory, through the gloom,
Was hope, in brighter days!

VI.

I am pining for the home
  Where sorrow sinks to sleep,
Where the weary and the weepers come,
  And they cease to toil and weep!
Why walk about with smiles
  That each should be a tear,
Like the white plumes that fling their wiles
  Above an early bier!

VII.

Or like those fairy things,—
  Those insects of the east,
Which have their beauty in their wings,
  And shroud it while they rest;
Which fold their colours of the sky
  When earthward they alight,
And flash their splendours on the eye,
  Just as they take their flight;—

VIII.

I never knew how dear thou wert,
  Till thou wert borne away!—
I have it, yet, about my heart,
  Thy beauty of that day;
As if the robe thou wert to wear,
  In other climes, were given,
That I might learn to know it there,
  And seek thee out, in heaven!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

Again the flowers we loved to twine
  Wreathe wild round every tree;
Again the summer sun-beams shine,
  That cannot shine on thee.
Verdure returns with fresher bloom
  To vale and mountain-brow;
All nature breaks as from the tomb;
  But—'Where art thou?'

II.

At eve, to sail upon the tide,
  To roam along the shore,
So sweet while thou wert at my side,
  Can now delight no more:—
There is in heaven, and o'er the flood,
  The same deep azure now;
The same notes warble through the wood;
  But—'Where art thou?'

III.

Men say there is a voice of mirth
 In every grove and glen;
But sounds of gladness on the earth
 I cannot know again.
The rippling of the summer sea,
 The bird upon the bough,
All speak with one sad voice to me;
 'Tis—'Where art thou!'

HOAR-FROST.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT, ESQ.

What dream of beauty ever equalled this!
What bands from Faëryland have sallied forth,
With snowy foliage from the 'abundant North,
With imagery from the realms of bliss!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss
That here are not restored! All splendours pure,
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a paradise that is,—
Yet was not,—will not in few moments be:
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon;
Clothing the ground—replenishing the tree;
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon;
Still as a dream,—and like a dream to flee!

INFLEXIBILITY.

A Dramatic Sketch.

SCENE.

Berkeley Square. Lady Mary Leslie's Boudoir.

Persons—LADY MARY. THE HONOURABLE MRS. LESLIE.

MRS. LESLIE.

I'LL not go; that's positive—sure, Lady Mary, you won't let Mr. Leslie drag you down to that horrible old place; just to humour the unreasonable whims of our honoured papa and mamma-in-law, by keeping Christmas with them, and the bats and owls, and old family portraits; (monsters! how I hate the sight of them!) instead of joining the select of Beau-Vallon, where you know we have half engaged ourselves to take part in the private theatricals, and half promised for our *sposi*.

LADY MARY.

Yes; without their knowing any thing of the matter, poor dear souls!

MRS. LESLIE.

That does not signify. I've told Colonel Leslie, he *must* put off the old people; and he *must* go with me to Beau-Vallon; so that point's settled:—you have only to be as determined with his brother, and when we once get them down, they can't refuse to take the characters cast for them. Mr. Leslie will make a capital Jaffier, and my "honest man" (he always puts me in mind of Lord G.), will do well enough for one of the Senators.

LADY MARY.

Upon my word, you've arranged it all admirably, *ma petite sœur!* But has Colonel Leslie actually given up the point, of going down to Hendon Castle?

MRS. LESLIE.

Oh, as good as given it up! though not without some prosing, about duty and affection, and Lord and Lady Hendon's disappointment, and old family customs, and all that. But he knows it's of no use to persevere, when I'm determined.—I wish you had half my spirit.

LADY MARY.

Perhaps it would not succeed quite so well with my "*Giove Omnipotente*," as a certain degree of delicate management, which stands me in good stead, *par fois*. A besieged fortress is not always taken by storm, you know. There are such ways and means, as sapping and mining.

MRS. LESLIE.

Why, you've been studying Vauban! But just as you please; manage it your own way; only—manage it.

LADY MARY.

C'est-ce-que ju pretends bien, à Dieu ne plaise; and, to tell you the truth (*à l'oreille*), my theatrical wardrobe is already packed up.

MRS. LESLIE.

Well done, conjugal submission! Mine is not yet ordered; but I'll lose not a minute: and I shall take down a senator's dress for Colonel Leslie; you'd better settle about Jaffier's. *Au rèvoir.* [*Exit.*

LADY MARY.

Au rèvoir, ma petite sœur! Chacun fait à sa maniére.

Enter, The Honorable Mr. Leslie, *in great indignation.*

MR. LESLIE.

Upon my soul, it's too bad! My brother's a fool!—an absolute fool. By heaven! if I had such a wife—— Lady Mary! of course, your arrangements are all made for Sunday. I won't start a minute later than ten o'clock, remember—you know we must be at Hendon by half-past five the next day,—for I make it a point, never to infringe on any of Lord Hendon's good old-fashioned rules and customs, and he keeps to his six o'clock dinner hour.

LADY MARY.

Rather horrid, to be sure; but you know I have no will but your's, love! I suppose, Colonel and Mrs. Leslie will be equally punctual?

MR. LESLIE.

Colonel Leslie's a fool, and his wife—— My brother really makes himself too contemptible. That virago of a woman leads him like a puppy-dog in a string. Would you believe it? they are actually sending down excuses to Lord and Lady Hendon, and are going to Beau-Vallon!

LADY MARY.

"*Est il possible?*" What can have induced them to change their plans so suddenly?

MR. LESLIE.

Devil take me, if I believe Mrs. Leslie ever intended to go to Hendon: and, as for my brother—his weakness is inconceivable!—pitiable!—absolutely pitiable! A woman's cat's-paw!—nothing better, upon my soul! Really, Lady Mary, it would be but charitable in you, to give that confounded wife of his a few hints on conjugal duty. I must say, *you* set her a very different example.

LADY MARY.

Poor thing!—one must make allowance. Perhaps, if Colonel Leslie was more like you, love!—But Mr. Leslie and I have drawn very different lots.

MR. LESLIE.

My dear Lady Mary, I knew you would feel the impropriety of such conduct, exactly as I feel it. So very improper—so inconsistent—so trifling—so ill-bred—so disrespectful to Lord and Lady Hendon, and their party! And there were particular reasons, very important reasons, for Lord Hendon's wishing us to be all down there this Christmas—I would not absent myself for the universe. It's not a mere Christmas party. Some of the most leading men of the kingdom will be there!—and private arrangements, involving the most important results, may be entered into. That is, we may form—you understand me.

LADY MARY.

Indeed!—but you know, my dear Mr. Leslie, I make it a rule never to pry into state secrets; who shall we meet, though?

MR. LESLIE.

The Duke of Dunder, Lord Wigblock, Sir Archibald M'Wigeon, and Lord Paul Pop (the Duchess, and Lady Wigblock, of course); and then—you'd never guess—you'll be astonished!—we're to be joined by—(the thing's a profound secret, remember)—by—(quite unexpectedly, you understand)—by—who do you think?

LADY MARY.

O, I am such a simpleton at guessing political riddles. By—by—

MR. LESLIE.

Let me whisper it in you ear—by Mr. Secretary Humbug!!!

LADY MARY.

"*Est il possible?*[*]"

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[*] "I know but one instance, in which King James II. made a reply of wit and humour. After King William had landed, it was announced to James II.: 'Sire, such a great lord has left you, and has gone over to King William.' Prince George of Denmark, exclaimed, 'est il possible!' Again it was announced

MR. LESLIE.

All an arranged thing! Understood on both sides; though, till the meeting has actually taken place, we observe the most profound secresy. Such measures in agitation—such a coalition!—and my brother to absent himself at so momentous a crisis! A man must have very little patriotic feeling; very little sense of his duty as an Englishman, and his dignity as a man, to suffer himself to be so wound about a woman's finger. And I more than half suspect, Mrs. Leslie will drag him down to Beau-Vallon, where they say the Carberry's are getting up private theatricals, or some such nonsense.

LADY MARY.

Ah! that reminds me, by the by—I'd forgotten to tell you—we've had an invitation, too; and to take part in the theatricals; and they wanted you to accept—How lucky you mentioned it—I must write our excuses directly.

MR. LESLIE.

Me!—I accept!—what did you say?—I take part in their confounded mummery! By heavens, that's too good!—when the vital interests of the country are at

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to James, that another great lord had gone over to William: 'est il possible!' again exclaimed Prince George; and so he did always—exclaiming, 'est il possible!' upon every new defection. At last, Prince George himself went over to William; and when his defection was announced to James II., 'What,' said the King, 'is *est il possible* gone too!'—*See Bridgewater Papers.*

stake, and my mind absorbed in—— My brother may do as he pleases,—play Jerry Sneak, if he likes it.

LADY MARY.

Oh! Colonel Leslie is to take the part of a senator, for the play will be "Venice Preserved."

MR. LESLIE.

Devilish good, that!—a senator, by the nonce! His Gandersfield constituents will find him a rare senator!—a zealous representative—— When I took my seat for Cackletown—

LADY MARY.

Shall you bring in the Cackletown Inclosure Bill next session?

MR. LESLIE.

My dear Lady Mary! though I know your discretion; yet, on these subjects—you understand me—one can't be too cautious—too scrupulous.

LADY MARY.

Oh! I would not, for the world, intrude on your confidence. I spoke heedlessly; for the fact is, I really hardly thought of what I was saying, for—[*looking at Mr. Leslie with great anxiety*]—Are you quite well to day, my dear Mr. Leslie?

MR. LESLIE.

Yes; quite well—I think. At least, I—— But why do you ask, eh?

LADY MARY.

Oh! nothing—I only fancied; to own the truth, I've been a little anxious about you this last day or two. I fancied I saw something about your eyes—your general appearance, indicative of a return of those horrid spasms, that—but, thank God, I must be mistaken, as you feel so perfectly well.

MR. LESLIE.

Why, to say the truth, now I think of it, I'm not, exactly; I have had some odd feelings of late—[*walks to the glass*]—I certainly look very unwell.—Dev'lish unlucky, just as we're off for Hendon!

LADY MARY.

Why, as to that, if an attack should come on, you know we could send off express, and Sir Henry Halford might be with us in three days.

MR. LESLIE.

Three days, Lady Mary!—why, I might be dead in three hours! You're vastly considerate—vastly kind,—I'm infinitely obliged to you.

LADY MARY.

Nay, my dear Mr. Leslie! God knows, if I only consulted my own feelings,—but, alas! I know too well what your's are; and that you will run all risks, rather than break engagements so important as ——

MR. LESLIE.

Why, my love, they are, to be sure, of the last importance; but when one's life is at stake, there is a paramount duty which a man owes to himself, and to those tenderly interested for him. And, when I think of our darling boy, and of yourself, my dear lady Mary, I—[*Mr. Leslie takes out his pocket handkerchief; Lady Mary applies hers to her eyes*]—However, don't distress yourself, my love! I do not feel very ill; and I hope there is no great danger of an immediate attack. It is of the utmost importance, that I should meet the party at Hendon.

LADY MARY.

And I am sure I would not, for the whole world, attempt to influence you in a matter of such moment,—yet—

MR. LESLIE.

[*Smiling, and pulling up his neckcloth with conscious importance*].

No, my love, you know any attempt to influence *me* on any point would be too absurd—perfectly ridiculous. But what were you about to add?

LADY MARY.

Oh! nothing of any consequence; only I was just going to observe, that if any thing could have reconciled me to give up Hendon, and accept the Carberry's invitation, it would have been, that their place is so near town we could have had Sir Henry down in a few hours, in case of —— but I really think there is no danger. By the by, I do wish though, their theatricals had been put off till our return; you would have made such a capital Jaffier.

MR. LESLIE.

Oh! they'll find Jaffiers enough without me; and beside, really, with a mind so absorbed as mine is at present, in matters that concern the vital interests of nations —— I wonder who they'll get to do Jaffier?

LADY MARY.

Why, I heard, that in case you could not be prevailed on to take the part, it was to be offered to Harry Dormer; he's rather a favourite of Lady Carberry's you know.

MR. LESLIE.

Harry Dormer! a rare Jaffier he'll make. I wish them joy,—I can't think what the devil the women see in that fellow, to make such a fuss about. As for Lady Carberry's taste!—*entre nous*, her Ladyship was never much to my taste. Harry Dormer act Jaffier!—I could have shewn them how it ought to be acted; but, thank God! I shall be very differently occupied at Hendon.

LADY MARY.

By the by, my dear Mr. Leslie, do be cautious about your diet, while we are there. Do you know, they say that since Lord Hendon parted with Petitjean, he has picked up some English *empoisoneur*, who sends up the most atrocious inventions!

MR. LESLIE.

Parted with Petitjean — Lord Hendon parted with Petitjean!—you're not serious, Lady Mary?

LADY MARY.

Why, didn't you know it, love? I'm astonished!—about a paltry hundred a year, that poor Petitjean asked, in addition to his very moderate salary. He only stipulated for that, and to be allowed French wines at his table; (how could Lord Hendon expect him to set his throat on fire with port and sherry!) and yet his very reasonable demands were refused. So the invaluable creature was suffered to depart, and the Carberrys secured him instantly, on his own terms.

MR. LESLIE.

Lord Hendon's mad—actually insane! Better have cut off his right-hand, than parted with Petitjean—who the devil will eat his dinners now? There's not a man in England, besides Petitjean, who can send up a *salmi* or a *vol aû vent*,—Lord Hendon must take the consequences. If the Duke and Lord Wigblock hear this, I should not be surprised, if——and who could blame them? Carberry's a lucky man!

LADY MARY.

Yes; and really, every thing at Beau-Vallon is in the best taste! *du meilleur ton.* So rigidly exclusive—no odd people ever get in there: and whatever you may say, my dear Mr. Leslie, Lady Carberry *is* an enchanting woman, though rather too fastidious. She has settled, by the by, that you are the only creature existing who can take Jaffier.

MR. LESLIE.

Oh! there's Harry Dormer, you know; ha, ha, ha! Harry Dormer—why the fellow's not five-feet six!

LADY MARY.

And you are just six feet!—that's what Lady Carberry said—"such height," said she, "such a figure to set off the dress; *et puis des moustaches; ah, ciel!*" You know how enthusiastic she is.

MR. LESLIE.

A fascinating creature, certainly, at times, and not without considerable tact; but, won't Harry Dormer's mustachios do?—ha, ha, ha! they *might* drop off, to be sure—

LADY MARY.

I hear he does nothing, from morning to night, but practise before a pier glass; and says you're just six inches too tall for the part.

MR. LESLIE.

Good; excellent; capital!—he makes quite sure of it then?

LADY MARY.

Oh, yes! for when I was sounded on the subject, I gave no hope whatever of our breaking the Hendon engagement.

MR. LESLIE.

Confound the Hendon engagement!—you might have consulted me, Lady Mary. I never give definitive answers; always to be avoided, if possible; and I hate a decisive tone in women. My brother may be led by the nose, if he pleases; but I—— However, my life! I know your intention was admirable, but another time——

are you sure they've really got Petitjean at Beau-Vallon?

LADY MARY.

Oh, positive! — Lord and Lady Cormorant are just come from thence, and they rave about the new *chêf de cuisine:* and poor Marchmont, who has been down at Hendon, *filant le parfait amour*, with your sister, you know, and is really devotedly attached to her, told me, the other day, he was absolutely obliged to run up to town to get a decent feed. Such a table at Hendon now! *des infamies* — he swore he could not stand it a day longer.

MR. LESLIE.

Nor will I try the experiment, by all that's good. Lord Hendon must take the consequences; for, in my state of health — under existing circumstances — taking every thing into consideration — I know how wretched you would be on my account, my dear Lady Mary — and there's a certain duty a man owes to himself — and, — and all that sort of thing — and, therefore —— Do you think the part of Jaffier is open yet?

LADY MARY.

Oh, I'm sure of it — or if it were not, Lady Carberry would not hesitate a moment to discard Harry Dormer, and make room for you. But consider a moment, what will Lord and Lady Hendon say? what will people think? They may fancy you are influenced by me.

MR. LESLIE.

Oh, no! they know me too well — that would be vastly too absurd; but, when a man's life's at stake (and I really do not feel well); and as my Lord Hendon pleases to forget what is due to his family and friends; and—and then, Beau-Vallon being near town; that all things considered, you may accept Lady Carberry's invitation, and I will arrange the other matter. Poor Dormer! ha, ha, ha! "six inches too tall;" capital! [*Exit, laughing.*

SILBURY-HILL.

Grave of Cunedha, were it vain to call
For one wild lay of all that buried lie
Beneath thy giant mound? From Tara's hall
Faint warblings yet are heard, faint echoes die
Among the Hebrides; the ghost that sung
In Ossian's ear, yet wails in feeble cry
On Morvern; but the harmonies that rung
Around the grove and cromlech, never more
Shall visit earth: for ages have unstrung
The Druid's harp, and shrouded all his lore,
Where under the world's ruin sleep in gloom
The secrets of the flood,—the lettered store,
Which Seth's memorial pillars from the doom
Preserved not, when the deep was Nature's tomb.

H.

TO A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

I.

From the bright stars, or from the viewless air,
Or from some world, unreached by human thought,
Spirit, sweet spirit! if thy home be there,
And if thy visions with the past be fraught,
Answer me, answer me!

II.

Have we not communed here, of life and death?
Have we not said that love, such love as ours,
Was not to perish, as a rose's breath,
To melt away, like song from festal bowers?
Answer, oh! answer me!

III.

Thine eye's last light was mine—the soul that shone
Intensely, mournfully, through gathering haze;
Didst thou bear with thee, to the shore unknown,
Nought of what lived in that long, earnest gaze?
Hear, hear, and answer me!

IV.

Thy voice—its low, soft, fervent, farewell tone
Thrilled through the tempest of the parting strife,
Like a faint breeze:—oh! from that music flown
Send back *one* sound, if love's be quenchless life!
But once, oh! answer me!

V.

In the still noontide, in the sunset's hush,
In the dead hour of night, when thought grows deep;
When the heart's phantoms from the darkness rush,
Fearfully beautiful, to strive with sleep;
Spirit! then answer me!

VI.

By the remembrance of our blended prayer;
By all our tears, whose mingling made them sweet;
By our last hope, the victor o'er despair;
Speak!—if our souls in deathless yearnings meet,
Answer me, answer me!

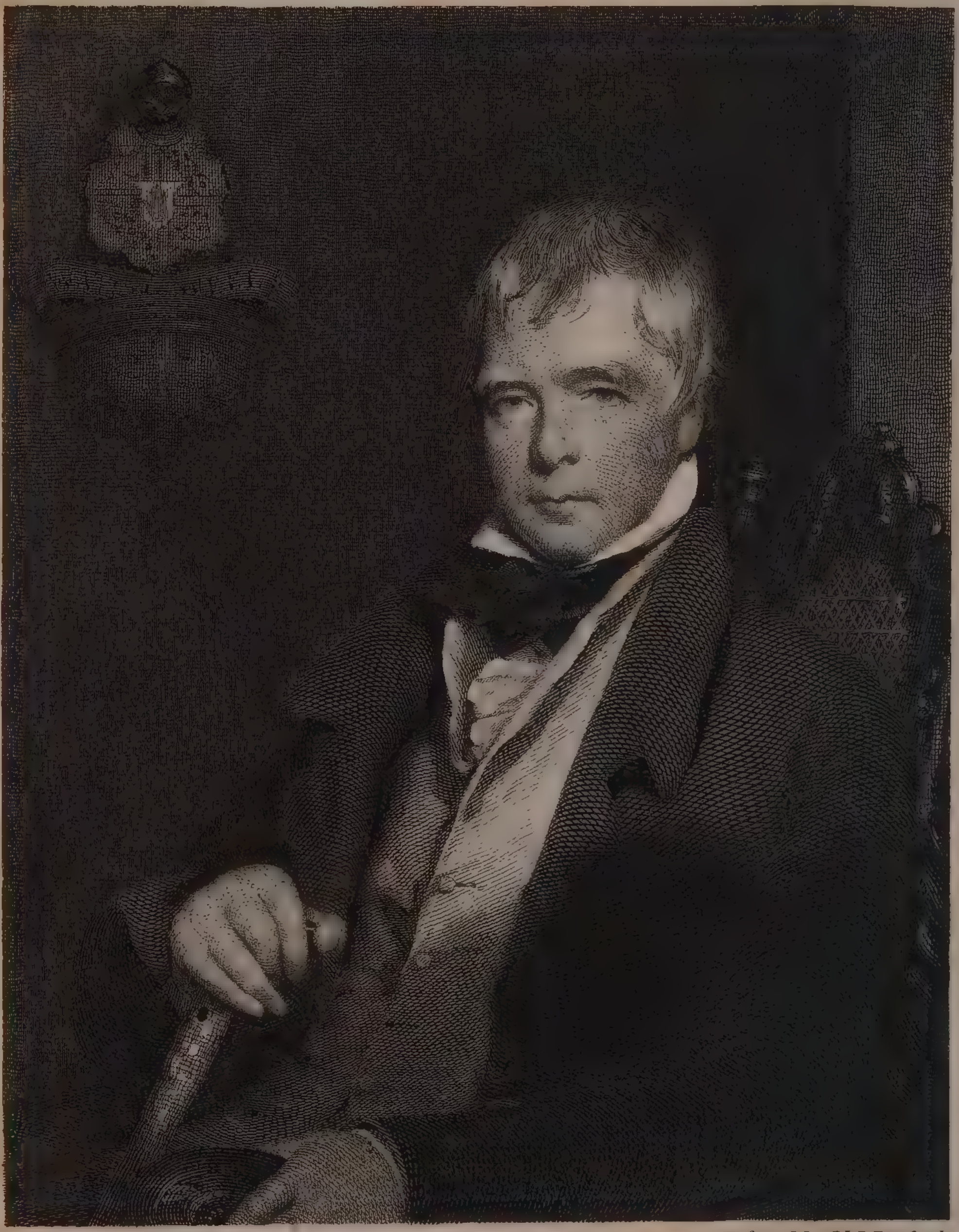
VII.

The grave is silent—and the far-off sky,
And the deep midnight:—silent all, and lone!
Oh! if thy buried love make no reply,
What voice has earth?—Hear, pity, speak! mine own!
Answer me, answer me!

PIERCEFIELD.

Glide, Vaga, gently glide, where Llancot's plain,
More prodigal in beauty than the dreams
Of fantasy, reclines beneath the chain
Of mingled wood and precipice, that seems
To buttress up the wave, whose silvery gleams
Stretch far beyond, where Severn leads his train,
Pampered and gorgeous with the thousand streams
Of Cambria, to confront the' Hibernian main.
O mine own England! the more known more dear,
Still let me cling to thy maternal breast
Through life's decline: and when the hour to die
Shall sever us, a guardian power be nigh,—
A voice to whisper in my dying ear,—
Come—the Redeemer calls thee to his rest!

H.



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SIR WALTER SCOTT

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EPISTLE FROM ABBOTSFORD.

If your bold word be crowned with welcome deed,
You'll find us half a bow-shot from the Tweed,
Where, softer than the murmur of a dream,
O'er snow-white pebbles floats the sylvan stream,
And seems as loath to leave her poet's trees
As you could feel to lift an axe on these—
His darling oaks, the children of his hand,
The grace, and destined guardians of the land,
Wherewith his careful love hath painted o'er
In living hues of green, what was before
The roughness of an uncontrasted moor;
And taught the lore at once of sense and taste,
To twenty brother Barons of the waste.—

High streaming in the breeze that sweeps their shade,
When the kind bard's at home, his flag's displayed—

The flag which Melville sent him down—(but Croker
Suggested that, "My Lords'" prudential poker)
What time the steamer that usurped his name
To England's outraged banner vailed the same;—
And by and o'er it, dearer far to you,
A vapour grey, slow curling into blue,
Token and pledge of well-replenished board,
When from the topmost tower of Abbotsford
Hammer and bell their airy voices mix,
To speak and welcome the approach of SIX.

Far leaps that echo bland o'er holt and hill;
Mackenzie hears by Haxel's haunted rill,
And trots it nimbly with his finny load
(Black John pants after) down the craggy road;
Rose hears it, leaning o'er the limpid *wheel*,
And homeward steers—Sir Humphry winds the reel;—
The Bard himself, 'mong central woods away,
Pricks up at once his ears and Sybil Gray,
And comes at such a canter by Kæside,
That Laidlaw lifts his brows to see him ride
While all *the tail* canine partake the fury,
And scarce old Maida's bound out-ury's Ury.
But Gatten's knight was ne'er at distance found
When warlike trump, or peaceful bell should sound—
He long ere this hath gulped the gastric pill,
And, while the dandies deck them, chafes his fill.
His balmy-natured neighbour of the Glen
Hears and applauds his scorn of modern men;

Sketching, the while, on rim of old Courant,
The fasting fierceness of the veteran gaunt.

O'erskip the final summons of the gong,
And march unmarshalled of the mustered throng—
Behold us busy in his hall at last,
Cool, airy, sombre, venerably vast;
Where painted casements sunset-glare subdue,
And tinge fair faces yellow, green, and blue,
With heraldries of Harden and Buccleugh—
Where wide o'er wall and roof the 'scutcheons shine
Of many a Baron bold of Border line;
And spears are mixed, and targe and mace between,
The swarthy hauberk and the cuirass sheen,
The glittering scymitar of lordly Turk,
And sturdy Donald's round unvarnished dirk,
Milan's stamped plate, the Norman's shirt of mail,
And the black jack of thieves of Liddesdale,
The cushioned cuisses of the soft Hindoo,
And sterner stuff, the spoil of Waterloo;—
Not unrelieved, you guess, from space to space,
With horn and hide, the trophies of the chase;—
Which draw some cockney guest's admiring gaze,
From marvels that would more command your praise
Than 'auld knick-nackets,' costlier still than these;—
For instance—soup, yclept 'Meg Merrilies'
Savour whereof nor Gipsy lip partook,
Nor Christian, till great Florence served the Duke;

Portentous salmon, hooked on Rose's line,
By Hinves crimped, and floating in his brine;
Baronial haunch from Drummond or Dalkeith,
Or Scrope's lone shieling on his Athol's heath;
Or pasty piled with grouse and ptarmigan;
Or, last and best, what 'cheereth God and man,'
Of quick Champagne, or Rhine's more sterling race,
In copious cups from many a dewy vase;—
While he, whose master-touch, ere we were born,
Bade half the world weep Julia's love forlorn,
Unlocks the mellowed stores of sober glee,
Amid the listening children of his knee;—
Fair England's Ariosto, sly and shrewd,
Brings sweet and bitter fancies equal food;—
The chief whom Europe hails on Newton's throne,
Shews science ne'er made genius all her own;—
Or gay Sir Adam shines (compete who can!)
At once the Liston and the gentleman;—
Or he who gives, and most adorns the feast,
Enchants the greatest, and inspires the least—
While grace no more deserts, than wit can fail,
Each *bon-mot* sparkling mild, each old yet aptest tale.

Now *quaighs* have circled with the kiss of fire,
And *tappit-hens* more sober mirth inspire;
Throw wide the gleaming gates—let in the breeze—
And bid the shepherd of the Hebrides
Stalk, armed and plaided, underneath the trees,

And ever and anon, with some wild tune,
Salute the rising of the harvest-moon.
But gay strathspey we must not lack between ;
Nor faëry dance upon a circled green ;
Nor harp's sweet string, by gentle fingers swayed,
Some hoary minstrel's Scottish line to aid ;
Nor, if she smile (the Queen of Cynosures),
Guitar light touched to love's unconscious lures,
Not perilless, my friend, for ears like yours,
Old as they are, and sated as your brain is
With all the quavers of a thousand *anis*.

Come gaily forth—or, if you fear to come,
Eschew, unchecked, the merry circle's hum—
Repair where propped in silken pomp repose
O'erlaboured Davy, and victorious Rose ;
You'll find the Sharpes and Allans worth your eye,
And ranks of rarest tomes, a rich supply ;
And couched beneath, philosopher and bard
On lock or fly disputing hot and hard ;
In Byron's urn* expend heroic dust,
Or musing bend by Chantrey's noblest bust ;
Or turn "the Sherriff's" pet-companions o'er,
Pitscottie, Froissart, Walton, Wordsworth, Moore ;—

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* A silver urn, given by Lord Byron to Sir Walter Scott. It holds some bones picked up at Marathon—and is inscribed, "Expende tuum Hannibalem," &c.

But touch not *their* debate, nor be so silly
As needlessly betray your Piccadilly;
For if you do, 'twere better far to pass
For ignorant of even the name of gas;
Or hint your faith, that on Pierian pool
Nor swims, nor chants, a lovelier swan than Hoole.

For me—remote from all the social scene—
A cloistered walk extends a leafy screen,
Where I at close of eve have oft retired,
And the tall pile with solemn eyes admired;
Perhaps, despite podagrian dreads of dew,
I'll tempt ye forth for once, to share the view,
And give an amen to my blessing too.
—By Tweed's clear flood, may many a guest unborn,
See Worth and Genius their own halls adorn—
Genius and Virtue, partnership divine,
Dear to all eyes, to none more dear than thine,
Nor fairer found, since man was Eden's lord,
Than 'neath the stately roof of Abbotsford.

September, 1821.

THE YOUNGLING OF THE FLOCK.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word
How many thoughts are stirred.
Miss Bowles.

I.

Welcome! thrice welcome to my heart, sweet harbinger of bliss!
How have I looked, till hope grew sick, for a moment bright as this;
Thou hast flashed upon my aching sight when fortune's clouds are dark,
The sunny spirit of my dreams—the dove unto mine ark!

II.

Oh no, not even when life was new, and love and hope were young,
And o'er the firstling of my flock with raptured gaze I hung,
Did I feel the glow that thrills me now, the yearnings fond and deep,
That stir my bosom's inmost strings as I watch thy placid sleep!

III.

Though loved and cherished be the flower that springs
'neath summer skies,
The bud that blooms 'mid wintry storms more tenderly
we prize;
One does but make our bliss more bright, the other meets
our eye
Like a radiant star, when all beside have vanished from
on high.

IV.

Sweet blossom of my stormy hour—star of my troubled
heaven!
To thee that passing sweet perfume, that soothing light
is given;
And precious art thou to my soul, but dearer far that
thou,—
A messenger of peace and love,—art sent to cheer me
now.

V.

What though my heart be crowded close with inmates
dear though few,
Creep in, my little smiling babe, there's still a niche for
you!
And should another claimant rise, and clamour for a
place,
Who knows but room may yet be found, if it wears as
fair a face!

VI.

I listen to thy feeble cry, till it wakens in my breast
The sleeping energies of love—sweet hopes, too long represt!
For weak as that low wail may seem to other ears than mine,
It stirs *my* heart like a trumpet's voice, to strive for thee and thine!

VII.

It peals upon my dreaming soul, sweet tidings of the birth
Of a new and blessed link of love, to fetter me to earth;
And, strengthening many a bright resolve, it bids me do and dare
All that a father's heart may brave, to make thy sojourn fair!

VIII.

I cannot shield thee from the blight a bitter world may fling
O'er all the promise of thy youth—the visions of thy spring;—
For I would not warp thy gentle heart—each kindlier impulse ban,
By teaching thee—what *I* have learned—how base a thing is man!

IX.

I cannot save thee from the griefs to which our flesh is heir,
But I can arm thee with a spell, life's keenest ills to bear.
I may not fortune's frowns avert, but I can bid thee pray
For wealth this world can never give, nor ever take away!

X.

From altered friendship's chilling glance—from hate's envenomed dart;
Misplaced affection's withering pang—or "true love's" wonted smart,
I cannot shield my sinless child; but I can bid him seek
Such faith and love from heaven above, as will leave earth's malice weak.

XI.

But wherefore doubt that He who makes the smallest bird his care,
And tempers to the new-shorn lamb the blast it ill could bear,
Will still His guiding arm extend, his glorious plan pursue,
And if He gives thee ills to bear, will grant thee courage too!

XII.

Dear youngling of my little fold, the loveliest and the last!
'Tis sweet to deem what thou may'st be, when long, long years have past;
To think, when time hath blanched my hair, and others leave my side,
Thou may'st be still my prop and stay, my blessing, and my pride.

XIII.

And when the world has done its worst—when life's fever fit is o'er,
And the griefs that wring my weary heart can never touch it more;
How sweet to think thou may'st be near, to catch my latest sigh,
To bend beside my dying bed, and close my glazing eye.

XIV.

Oh! 'tis for offices like these the last sweet child is given,
The mother's joy—the father's pride, the fairest boon of heaven;
Their fireside plaything first, and then, of their failing strength the rock;
The rainbow to their waning years,—the Youngling of their Flock!

THE GENERAL AND HIS LADY.

A Sketch.

BY MISS MITFORD.

All persons of a certain standing in life, remember—for certainly nothing was ever more unforgetable—the great scarlet fever of England, when volunteering was the order of the day; when you could scarcely meet with a man who was not, under some denomination or other, a soldier; when a civil subject could hardly find a listener; when little boys played at reviewing, and young ladies learned the sword exercise. It was a fine ebullition of national feeling—of loyalty and of public spirit, and cannot be looked back to without respect; but, at the moment, the strange contrasts—the perpetual discrepances—and the comical self-importance which it produced and exhibited, were infinitely diverting. I was a very little girl at the time; but even now I cannot recollect without laughing, the appearance of a cornet of yeomanry cavalry, who might have played Falstaff without stuffing, and was obliged to complete his military decorations by wearing (and how he contrived to keep up the slippery girdle, one can hardly imagine) three silken sashes sewed into one! To this day, too, I remember the chuckling delight with which a worthy linen-draper of my acquaintance heard himself addressed as Captain, whilst measuring a yard of ribbon; pretending to make light of the appellation, but evidently as proud of his title as a newly dubbed knight, or a peer of the last edition; and I never shall forget the astonishment with which I beheld a field-officer, in his double epaulettes, advance obsequiously to the carriage-door, to receive an order for five shillings worth of stationery! The prevailing spirit fell in exactly with the national character,—loyal, patriotic, sturdy and independent; very proud, and a little vain; fond of excitement, and not indifferent to personal distinction: the whole population borne along by one laudable and powerful impulse, and yet each man preserving, in the midst of that great leveller, military discipline, his individual peculiarities and blameless self-importance. It was a most amusing era!

In large country towns, especially where they mustered two or three different corps, and the powerful stimulant of emulation was super-added to the original martial fury, the goings on of these Captain Pattypans furnished a standing comedy, particularly when aided by the solemn etiquette and strong military spirit of their wives, who took precedence according to the rank of their husbands;

from the colonel's lady down to the corporal's, and were as complete martialists, as proud of the services of their respective regiments, and as much impressed with the importance of field-days and reviews, as if they had actually mounted the cockade and handled the firelock in their own proper persons. Foote's inimitable farce was more than realised; and the ridicules of that period have only escaped being perpetuated in a new 'Mayor of Garratt,' by the circumstance of the whole world, dramatists and all, being involved in them. "The lunacy was so ordinary, that the whippers were in *arms* too."

That day is past. Even the yeomanry cavalry, the last lingering remnant of the volunteer system, whom I have been accustomed to see annually parade through the town of B., with my pleasant friend Captain M. at their head,—that respectable body, of which the band always appeared to me so much more numerous than the corps,—even that respectable body is dissolved; whilst the latest rag of the infantry service—the long preserved uniform and cocked hat of my old acquaintance, Dr. R., whilome physician to the B. Association, figured last summer as a scarecrow, stuffed with straw, and perched on a gate, an old gun tucked under its arm, to frighten the sparrows from his cherry-orchard! Except the real soldiers, and every now and then some dozen of fox-hunters at a hunt-ball (whose usual dress uniform, by the way, scarlet over black, makes them look just like a flight of ladybirds), excepting these gallant sportsmen, and the real *bonâ fidè* officers, one cannot now see a red coat for love or money. The glory of the volunteers is departed!

In the meantime, I owe to them one of the pleasantest recollections of my early life.

It was towards the beginning of the last war, when the novelty and freshness of the volunteering spirit had somewhat subsided, and the government was beginning to organize a more regular defensive force, under the name of local militia, that our old friend Colonel Sanford was appointed, with the rank of brigadier general, to the command of the district in which we resided. Ever since I could recollect, I have known Colonel Sanford—indeed, a little brother of mine, who died at the age of six months, had had the honour to be his godson; and from my earliest remembrance, the good Colonel—fie upon me, to forget his brigadiership!—the good General had been set down by myself, as well as by the rest of the world, for a confirmed old bachelor. His visits to our house had, indeed, been only occasional, since he had been almost constantly on active service, in different quarters of the globe; so that we had merely caught a sight of him as he passed from the East Indies to the West, or in his still more rapid transit, from Gibraltar to Canada. For full a dozen years, however (and further, the recollection of a young lady, of sixteen, could hardly be expected to extend), he had seemed to be a gentleman very considerably on the wrong side of fifty,—" or, by'r Lady inclining to three score,"—and that will constitute an old bachelor, in the eyes of any young lady in Christendom.

His appearance was not calculated to diminish that impression. In his person, General Sanford was tall, thin, and erect; as stiff and perpendicular as a ramrod! with a bald head, most exactly powdered; a military queue; a grave, formal countenance; and a complexion, partly tanned and partly frozen, by frequent exposure to the vicissitudes of different climates, into one universal and uniform tint of reddish brown or brownish red.

His disposition was in good keeping with this solemn exterior,—grave and saturnine. He entered little into ladies' conversation, with whom, indeed, he seldom came much in contact; and for whose intellect he was apt to profess a slight shade of contempt,—an unhappy trick, to which your solemn wiseacre is sometimes addicted. All men, I fear, entertain the opinion; but the clever ones discreetly keep it to themselves. With other gentlemen he did hold grave converse, on politics, the weather, the state of the roads, the news of the day, and other gentlemanly topics; and when much at ease in his company, he would favour them with a few prosing stories, civil and military. One, in particular, was of formidable length. I have seen a friend of his wince as he began, "When I was in Antigua."—For the rest, the good General was an admirable person; a gentleman, by birth, education, and character; a man of the highest honour, the firmest principles, and the purest benevolence. He was an excellent officer, also, of the old school; one who had seen much service; was a rigid disciplinarian, and somewhat of a Martinet. Just the man to bring the new levies into order, although not unlikely to look with considerable scorn on the holiday soldiers, who had never seen any thing more nearly resembling a battle, than a sham fight at a review.

He paid us a visit, of course, when he came to be installed into his new office, and to take a house at B., his destined head quarters; and after the first hearty congratulations on his promotion, his old friend, a joker by profession, began rallying him, as usual, on the necessity of taking a wife; on which, instead of returning his customary grave negative, the General stammered, looked foolish, and, incredible as it may seem that a blush could be seen through such a complexion, actually blushed; and when left alone with his host, after dinner, in lieu of the much dreaded words, "When I was in Antigua!" seriously requested his advice on the subject of matrimony: which that sage counsellor, certain that a marriage was settled, and not quite sure that it had not already taken place, immediately gave, in the most satisfactory manner; and before the conversation was finished, was invited to attend the wedding, on the succeeding Thursday.

The next time that we saw the General, he was accompanied by a lovely little girl, whom he introduced as his wife, but who might readily have passed for his grand-daughter. I wanted a month of sixteen; and I was then, and am now, perfectly convinced, that Mrs. Sanford was my junior. The fair bride had been a ward of the bridegroom's—the orphan, and, I believe, destitute daughter of a brother officer. He had placed her, many years back, at a respectable country boarding-school, where she remained until his new appointment; and, as he was pleased to say, his friends' suggestions induced him to resolve upon matrimony, and look about for a wife as a necessary appendage to his official situation.

It is probable that his wife's exceeding beauty might have had something to do with his resolution as well as with his choice. I have never seen a lovelier creature. Her figure was small, round, and girlish; full of grace and symmetry. Her face had a child-like purity, and brilliancy of colouring; an alternation of blush and smile, a sweetness and innocence of expression, such as might become a Hebe—only still more youthful than the goddess of youth. Her manners were exactly those of a child come home for the holidays,—shy and bashful, and shrinking from strangers; playful and affectionate with those whom she loved, especially her husband, who doted on her, and of whom she was very fond,—and shewing, in the midst of her timidity and childishness, considerable acuteness and powers of observation.

At first she seemed, as well she might be, quite bewildered by the number of persons who came to visit her. For, living in a large town, and holding, in right of her husband's office, a station of no small importance in the county, every person, of the slightest gentility in the town and neighbourhood, the whole visiting population of these, in general, very distinct and separate societies, thought proper to wait upon Mrs. Sanford. Mrs. Sanford was the fashion of B., and of B. shire. "Not to know her, argued yourself unknown." All the town and all the country called; and all the town invited her to tea, and all the country requested her company to dinner: and she, puzzled, perplexed, and amazed, hardly knowing by sight one individual of her immediate acquaintance; unable to distinguish between one person and another; often forgetting titles; never remembering names; and ignorant as an infant, of artificial distinctions, made twenty blunders in an hour; and kept the poor General, as punctilious an observer of the duties of society as of the duties of the service, in a perpetual state of fidget and alarm. Her mistakes were innumerable,—she mislaid invitations; forgot engagements; mismatched her company; gave the mayor of B. the precedence of the county member; and hath been heard to ask an old bachelor after his wife, and an old maid after her children. There was no end to Mrs. Sanford's blunders. The old Brigade-Major, a veteran of the General's own standing, lame of a leg, and with a prodigious scar across his forehead, was kept on the constant stump with explanatory messages and conciliatory embassies,—and declared, that he underwent much harder duty in that service, than ever he had performed in his official capacity of drilling the awkward squad. The General, not content with dispatching his *aide-de-camp*, exhausted himself in elaborate apologies; but embassies, apologies, and explanations were all unnecessary. Nobody could be angry with Mrs. Sanford. There was no resisting the charm of her blushing youthfulness; her pleading voice; her ready confession of error; and her evident sorrow for all her little sins, whether of ignorance or heedlessness;—no withstanding her sweetness and simplicity. Even offended self-love, the hardest to appease of all the passions, yielded to the artlessness of Mrs. Sanford.

She, on her part, liked nothing so well as to steal away from her troublesome popularity, her visitors, and her fine clothes, to the ease and freedom of the country; to put on a white frock and a straw-bonnet, and run about the woods and fields with some young female friend, primrosing or birds'-nesting, according to the season. I was her usual companion in these rambles, and enjoyed them, perhaps, as much as she did; but in a far quieter way. Her animal spirits seemed inexhaustible; I never knew her weary; and strong, agile, and entirely devoid of bodily fear, the thought of danger never seemed to come across her. How she enjoyed spending a long day at our house! now bounding over a ditch, to gather a tuft of wild flowers; now climbing a pollard, to look for a bird's nest; now driving through the lanes in a donky-chaise; now galloping across the common on a pony; now feeding the chickens ; now milking the cows ; now weeding the gravel walks ; now making hay ; and now reaping. These were her delights ! All her pleasures were equally childish : she cherished abundance of pets, such as school-girls love ; kept silkworms, dor-mice, and canary birds ; a parrot, a squirrel, and a monkey ; three lap-dogs, and a Persian cat ; enjoyed a fair, and was enchanted with a pantomime ; always supposing that her party did not consist of fine people or of strangers, but was composed of those to whom she was accustomed, and who were as well disposed to merriment and good-humour as herself.

With regard to accomplishments, she knew what was commonly taught in a country school above twenty years ago, and nothing more : played a little, sang a little, talked a little indifferent French ; painted shells and roses, not particularly like nature, on card racks and hand screens ; danced admirably ; and was the best player at battledore and shuttlecock, hunt-the-slipper, and blind-man's-buff in the county. Nothing could exceed the glee with which, in any family where she was intimate, she would join the children in a game of romps, herself the gayest and happiest child of the party.

For cards, she had no genius. Even the noise and nonsense of a round-table, could not reconcile her to those bits of painted pasteboard ; this was unlucky : it is true, that the General, who played a good rubber, and looked upon it, next to a review, or a battle, as the most serious business of his life, and who had moreover a settled opinion that no woman had intellect enough to master the game, would hardly have wished to have been her partner at the whist-table; but he also loved a snug party at piquet, just to keep him awake after dinner, and would have liked exceedingly that Mrs. Sanford should have known enough of the rules to become a decent antagonist. He was not unreasonable in his expectations, he did not desire that she should play well enough to win. He only wanted her to understand sufficient of the game to lose in a creditable manner. But it would not do: she was unconquerably stupid; never dealt the right number of cards; never shewed her point; was ignorant even of the common terms of the art; did not know a quart from a quint, or a pique from a repique; could not tell when she was capotted. There was no comfort in beating her; so the poor General was fain to accept his old Brigade-Major as a substitute, who gave him three points and beat him.

In other respects, she was an excellent wife; gentle, affectionate, and sweet tempered. She accommodated herself admirably to all the General's ways; listened to his admonitions with deference, and to his stories with attention—the formidable one, beginning, "When I was in Antigua," not excepted; was kind to the old Brigade-Major; and when he, a confirmed old bachelor, joined his patron in certain dissertations on the natural inferiority of the sex, heard them patiently, and if she smiled, took good care they should not find her out.

To be sure, her carelessness did occasionally get her husband into a scrape. Once, for instance, when he, being inspecting certain corps twenty miles off, she undertook to bring his dress clothes, for the purpose of attending a ball, given in his honour, and forgot his new inexpressibles, thereby putting the poor General to the trouble and expense of sending an express after the missing garment, and keeping him a close prisoner till midnight, in expectation of the return of his messenger. Another time, he being in London, and the trusty Major also absent, she was commissioned to inform him of the day fixed for a grand review; sate down for the purpose; wrote a long letter full of chit-chat—and he could not abide long letters; never mentioned military affairs; and on being reminded of her omission, crammed the important intelligence into a crossed postscript under the seal, which the General, with his best spectacles, could not have deciphered in a month! so that the unlucky commander never made his appearance on the ground, and but for a forty years' reputation for exactness and punctuality, which made any excuse look like truth, would have fallen into sad disgrace at head-quarters.

In process of time, however, even these little errors ceased. She grew tall, and her mind developed itself with her person; still lively, ardent, and mercurial in her temperament, with an untiring spirit of life and motion, and a passionate love of novelty and gaiety, her playfulness ripened into intelligence, her curiosity became rational, and her delight in the country, deepened into an intense feeling of the beauties of nature. Thrown amidst a large and varying circle, she became, in every laudable sense of the phrase, a perfect woman of the world. Before a change in the volunteer system, and a well merited promotion took the General from B., she had learned to manage her town visits and her country visits, to arrange *soireés* and dinner parties, to give balls, and to plan picnics, and was the life and charm of the neighbourhood. I would not even be sure that she had not learned piquet; for lovely as she was, and many as there were to tell her that she was lovely, her husband was always her first object; and her whole conduct seemed guided by the spirit of that beautiful line, in the most beautiful of ballads:

> For auld Robin Gray's been a gude man to me.

Since his death—for she has been long a widow—Lady Sanford—have I not said that the good General became Sir Thomas before his decease?—has lived mostly on the Continent; indulging, but always with the highest reputation, her strong taste for what is gayest in artificial life, and grandest in natural scenery. I have heard of her sometimes amongst the brilliant crowds of the Roman carnival, sometimes amidst the wildest recesses of the Pyrenees; now looking down the crater of Vesuvius; now waltzing at a court ball at Vienna. She has made a trip to Athens, and has talked of attempting the ascent of Mont Blanc! At present she is in England; for a friend of mine saw her the other day at the Cowes regatta, full of life and glee, almost as pretty as ever, and quite as delightful. Of course, being also a well-dowered and childless widow, she has had lovers by the hundred, and offers by the score; but she always says that she has made up her mind not to marry again, and I have no doubt of her keeping her resolution. She loves her liberty too dearly to part with the blessing; and, well as she got on with Sir Thomas, I think she has had enough of matrimony. Besides, she has now reached a sedate age, and there would be a want of discretion, which hitherto she never has wanted, in venturing ——

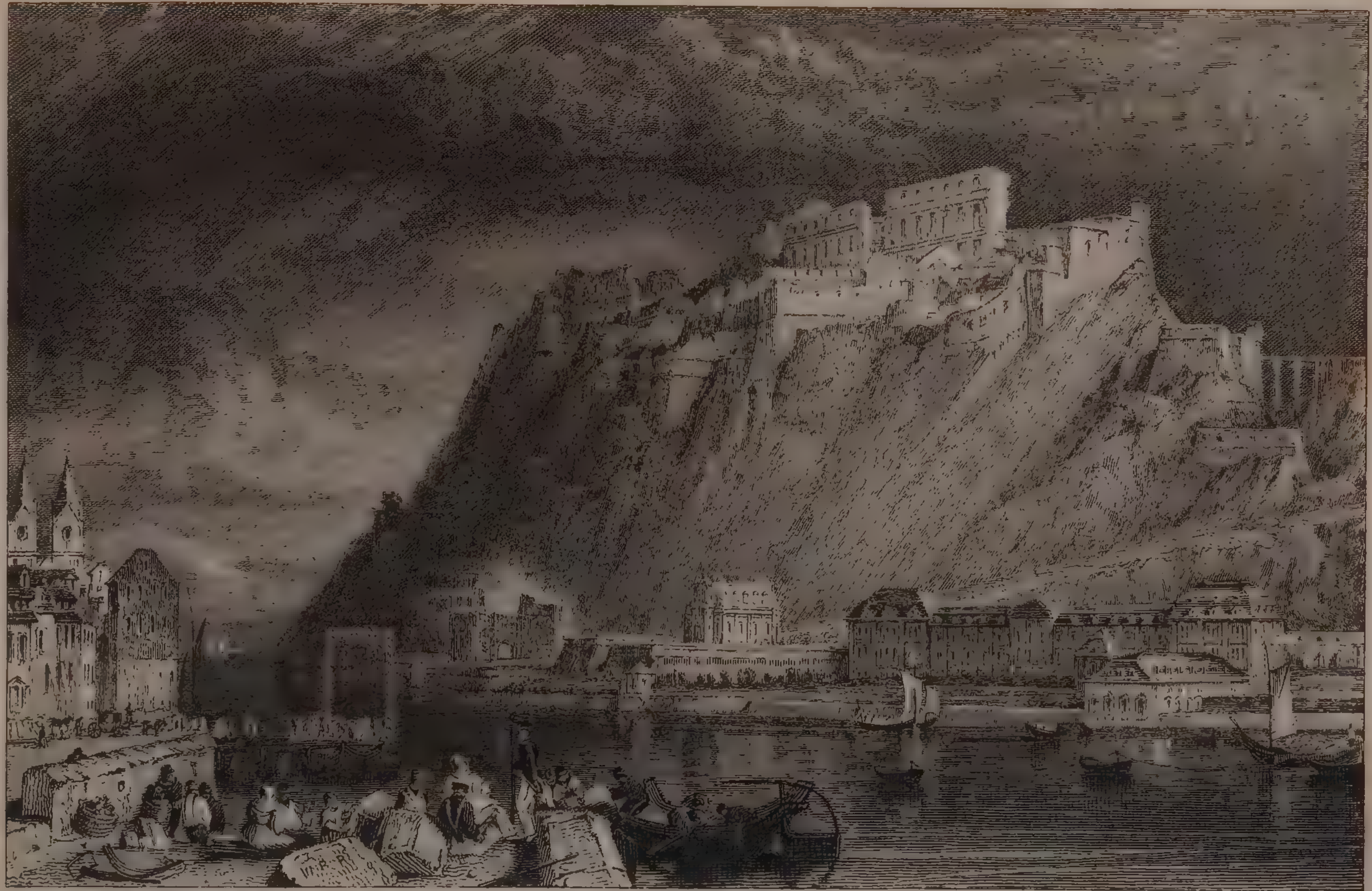
"What was that you said, ma'am? The newspaper! Have I read the newspaper?—People will always talk to me when I am writing!—Have I read to-day's paper? No; what do you wish me to look at? This column: Police reports—new publications—births?—oh, the marriages! 'Yesterday, at Bow Church, Mr. Smith to Miss Brown.' Not that? Oh! the next!—'On Friday last, at Cheltenham, by the Venerable the Archdeacon P——, Dennis O'Brien, Esq., of the —th regiment'—But what do I care for Dennis O'Brien, Esq.? 'What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?' I never heard of the gentleman before in my days. Oh! it's the lady! 'Dennis O'Brien, Esq. to Lady Sanford'—'Angels and ministers of grace defend us!' here is a surprise!—'to Lady Sanford.' Ay, my eyes did not deceive me, its no mistake; 'relict of the late Major-General Sir Thomas Sanford, K. C. B.' And so much for a widow's resolution! and a gay widow's too!

I would not have answered for one of the demure. A general's widow, at the ripe age of forty (oh, age of indiscretion!) married to an ensign in a marching regiment; young enough to be her son, I warrant me; and as poor as a church mouse! If her old husband could but know what was going forward, he would chuckle in his grave, at so notable a proof of the weakness of the sex—so irresistible a confirmation of his theory. Lady Sanford married again! Who, after this, shall put faith in woman? Lady Sanford married again!

INEDITED SONNET OF DANTE.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

When night her dark and hushed wing gradual draws
O'er earth and sea; and bright day vails his pride
In heaven—on hill, and wood, and mountain side,
Silence and rest fulfilling nature's laws;
When gentle sleep, to care and thought gives pause,
Through wearied frames diffusing life's fresh tide
Till morn with dew-bathed tresses—far and wide,
Of mortal toils renews the ceaseless cause:
I, wretched, may not share that blissful lot
To weary, laden hearts—to all assigned;—
Mine slumbers not; its sighs affright repose.
Like some imprisoned bird, its songs forgot,
Which all the more it beats its bars unkind
But finds itself entangled in fresh woes.



Drawn by J M W Turner R A

Engraved by John Pye.

EHRENBREITSTEIN.

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EHRENBREITSTEIN.

The waters of the Rhine have long maintained their pre-eminence, as forming one of the mightiest and loveliest among the highways of Europe; and now that they have been polluted by the noisome but seemingly attractive accommodations of the Dampschiffe, the beauties of the Rhenish shores have been visited by pilgrims from our own country, more numerous, and more zealous than ever knelt before the shrine of Becket, or of Our Lady of Loretto. Many indeed, and various are the charms, by which the prince of rivers continues to allure the wanderings of the idle, the restless, and the rich. The quaint old-world cities which reflect themselves in its waves,—offering the same contrast to their modern suburbs that a beauty in coif and farthingale would oppose to a Parisian *grisette*—and the tree-tufted villages which, with their rustic spires and whitened walls, might represent a third Grace, in the guise of a fair peasant,—enliven the banks of the Rhine with a characteristic population. In the misty distance, the seven mountains display the rich and romantic grouping of their lofty summits; while, nearer to the shore, and apparently springing from the blue depths of the river, gigantic and pinnacled rocks spread their darkening shadows over the waters. Of these, many are crowned with the mouldering towers of feudal pride; others are adorned with a fringe of beech-trees which, springing from their shelving ledges, enliven the granite with their bright overhanging boughs; and some, and those the most inaccessible, have been transformed by the hand of industry into thriving vineyards, where the light foot of the *winzer*, or vintager, bounding to his labours, appears to emulate the peril of the samphire-gatherers of our native cliffs. Here, the spires of some lonely monastery surmount the highest crags of the rocky bank;—there, the cloistered votaries have sought a still more isolated seclusion, upon the very bosom of the waves. The towers and defences of obsolete warfare are contrasted with the iron strength of modern fortresses; and the embattled keep of some lord of Chivalry, frowns upon the green-shuttered *lust-hans* of the living *Burgmeister*. Thus rich in every variety of landscape, animate and inanimate, the successive scenery of the Rhine boasts an intensity of interest scarcely to be surpassed.

But among all its united trophies of art and nature, there is not one more brightly endowed with picturesque beauty, or romantic association, than the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein. When the eye of our own Childe

Harold rested upon its "shattered wall," and when the pencil of Turner immortalized its season of desolation, it had been smitten in the pride of its strength by the iron glaive of war; and its blackened fragments and stupendous ruins had their voice for the heart of the moralist, as well as their charm for the inspired mind of genius. But now that military art hath knit those granite ribs anew,—now that the beautiful eminence rears once more its crested head, like a sculptured Cybele, with a coronet of towers,—new feelings, and an altered scale of admiration wait upon its glories. Once more it uplifts its giant height beside the Rhine, repelling in Titan majesty the ambition of France; once more, by its united gifts of natural position and scientific aid, it appears prepared to vindicate its noble appellation of "the broad stone of honour."

We cannot more appropriately illustrate the accompanying engraving from Mr. Turner's splendid view of this strong-hold of power, taken in the hour of its desolation, than by quoting Lord Byron's description of it:—

> Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shattered wall,
> Black with the miners' blast, upon her height,
> Yet shews of what she was, when shell and ball
> Rebounding idly on her strength, did light;
> A tower of victory! from whence the flight
> Of baffled foes was watched along the plain:
> But peace destroyed what war could never blight,
> And laid those proud roofs bare to summer's rain,
> On which the iron shower for years had poured in vain.
>
> *Childe Harold.*

HOFER.*

I.

Still to his own wild country true,
Its hills and valleys, waters blue,
   And virtue's path to fame ;
The hero burning in his breast,
He kindled every mountain crest,
   With Freedom's deathless flame !

II.

Small was his band ; but true and brave—
Nought feared they but the name of slave,
   And their bold leader's frown :
From crag, and precipice, and glen,
Till then untrod by breathing men,
   They poured a torrent down.

III.

Like the pale lightning's shafts they fell ;
How well they fought who well can tell
   As they who felt their ire !—

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* The thoughts are most of them from Körner, though not fettered in the translation by too close an adherence.

Who heard their shots unerring fly,
Scared by the sons of Liberty,
  Scathed by their mountain-fire.

IV.

Where are they now, and where is he ?—
Gone to the land where all are free ;
  For him all bonds are past ;
His name is in his country's songs,
His fame is on a thousand tongues,
  He wears his crown at last.

V.

God's will be done ! — His arms they bind,
They cannot chain his chainless mind ;
  He has a triumph yet,
Nobler than arms have ever won ;—
Adversity but sees his sun
  In noon-day splendours set.

VI.

No shade of fear is on his brow,
His step is as a warrior's now
  To whom new deeds are given.—
His dark eye's on the helmed line,
His smile upon the blaze whose shine
  Flashes his life to heaven !

C. R.

THE GREEN-WOOD.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT, ESQ.

I.

The green-wood! the green-wood! what bosom but allows
The gladness of the charm that dwells in thy pleasant, whispering boughs;
How often in this weary world, I pine and long to flee,
And lay me down, as I was wont, under the green-wood tree.

II.

The green-wood! the green-wood! to the bold and happy boy,
Thy realm of shades is a faëry-land of wonder and of joy.
Oh! for that flushness of the heart, that pure and vivid thrill,
As he listens to the woodland cries, and wanders at his will.

III.

The youth delights through thy leafy gloom, and thy
winding walks to rove,
When his simple thought is snared and caught in the
subtle webs of love:
Manhood, with high and restless hope, a spirit winged
with flame,
Plans in thy bower his path to power, to affluence, or
to fame.

IV.

The old man loves thee, when his soul dreams of the
world no more,
But his heart is full of its gathered wealth, and he counts
it o'er and o'er:
When his race is run, his prize is won, or lost, until the
bound
Of the world unknown is overthrown, and his master-
hope is crowned.

V.

The green-wood! the green-wood! oh! be it mine to
lie
In the depth of thy mossy solitude, when summer fills the
sky;
With pleasant sounds and scents around, a tome of ancient
lore,
And a pleasant friend with me to bend, and turn its pages
o'er.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

I.

I looked on the field where the battle was spread,
When thousands stood forth in their glancing array,
And the beam from the steel of the valiant was shed
Through the dun rolling clouds, that o'ershadowed the fray.

II.

I saw the dark forest of lances appear,—
As the ears of the harvest unnumbered they stood ;
I heard the stern shout, as the foemen drew near,
Like the storm, that lays low the proud pines of the wood.

III.

Afar, the harsh notes of the war-drum were rolled,
Uprousing the wolf from the depths of his lair ;
On high to the gust streamed the banner's red fold,
O'er the death-close of Hate, and the scowl of Despair.—

IV.

I looked on the field of contention again,
When the sabre was sheathed, and the tempest had past;
The wild weed and thistle grew rank on the plain,
And the fern softly sighed in the low wailing blast.

V.

Unmoved lay the lake in its hour of repose,
And bright shone the stars through the sky's deepened blue;
And sweetly the song of the night-bird arose,
Where the foxglove lay gemmed with its pearl-drops of dew.

VI.

But where swept the ranks of that dark frowning host,
As the ocean in might—as the storm-cloud in speed!
Where now were the thunders of victory's boast,—
The slayer's dread wrath, and the strength of the steed!

VII.

Not a time-wasted cross, not a mouldering stone,
To mark the lone scene of their shame or their pride;—
One grass-covered mound told the traveller alone,
Where thousands lay down in their anguish and died!

VIII.

Oh! glory!—behold thy famed guerdon's extent,
For this toil thy slaves through their earth-wasting lot;
A name like the mist, when night's beacons are spent,—
A grave, with its tenants unwept and forgot!

F. H.

A VISION OF PURGATORY.

BY WILLIAM MAGINN, ESQ.

The church-yard of Inistubber is as lonely a one as you would wish to see on a summer's day, or avoid on a winter's night. It is situated in a narrow valley, at the bottom of three low, barren, miserable hills, on which there is nothing green to meet the eye, tree or shrub, grass or weed. The country beyond these hills is pleasant and smiling;—rich fields of corn, fair clumps of oaks, sparkling streams of water, houses beautifully dotting the scenery, which gently undulates round and round, as far as the eye can reach: but once cross the north side of Inistubber-hill, and you look upon desolation. There is nothing to see but, down in the hollow, the solitary church-yard, with its broken wall, and the long, lank grass growing over the grave-stones, mocking with its melancholy verdure the barrenness of the rest of the landscape. It is a sad thing to reflect that the only green spot in the prospect springs from the grave!

Under the east window is a mouldering vault of the De Lacys,—a branch of a family descended from one of the conquerors of Ireland; and there they are buried, when the allotted time calls them to the tomb. On these occasions a numerous cavalcade, poured from the adjoining districts in all the pomp and circumstance of woe,, is wont to fill the deserted church-yard; and the slumbering echoes are awakened to the voice of prayer and wailing, and charged with the sigh that marks the heart bursting with grief, or the laugh escaping from the bosom mirth-making under the cloak of mourning. Which of these feelings was predominant, when Sir Theodore De Lacy died, is not written in history; nor is it necessary to inquire. He had lived a jolly, thoughtless life, rising early for the hunt, and retiring late from the bottle. A good-humoured bachelor who took no care about the management of his household, provided that the hounds were in order for his going out, and the table ready on his coming in. As for the rest,—an easy landlord, a quiet master, a lenient magistrate (except to poachers), and a very excellent foreman of a grand jury. He died one evening while laughing at a story which he had heard regularly thrice a week for the last fifteen years of his life, and his spirit mingled with the claret.

In former times when the De Lacys were buried, there was a grand breakfast, and all the party rode over to the church to see the last rites paid. The keeners lamented; the country people had a wake before the funeral, and a dinner after it—and there was an end. But with the march of mind comes trouble and vexation. A man has now-a-days no certainty of quietness in his coffin—unless it be a patent one. He is laid down in the grave, and the next morning finds himself called upon to demonstrate an interesting fact! No one, I believe, admires this ceremony, and it is not to be wondered at that Sir Theodore De Lacy held it in especial horror. "I'd like," he said one evening, "to catch one of the thieves coming after me when I'm dead—By the God of War, I'd break every bone in his body;—but," he added with a sigh, "as I suppose I'll not be able to take my own part then, upon you I leave it, Larry Sweeny, to watch me three days and three nights after they plant me under the sod. There's Doctor Dickenson there, I see the fellow looking at me—fill your glass, Doctor—here's your health! and shoot him, Larry, do you hear, shoot the Doctor like a cock, if he ever comes stirring up my poor old bones from their roost of Inistubber."

"Why, then," Larry answered, accepting the glass which followed this command, "long life to both your honours; and it's I that would like to be putting a bullet into Dr. Dickenson—heaven between him and harm—for hauling your honour away, as if you was a horse's head, to a bonfire. There's nothing, I 'shure you, gintlemin, poor as I am, that would give me greater pleasure."

"We feel obliged, Larry," said Sir Theodore, "for your good wishes."

"Is it I pull you out of the grave, indeed?" continued the whipper-in, for such he was,—"I'd let nobody pull your honour out of any place, saving 'twas purgatory; and out of that I'd pull you myself, if I saw you going *there*."

"I am of opinion, Larry," said Dr. Dickenson, "you would turn tail if you saw Sir Theodore on that road. You might go further, and fare worse, you know."

"Turn tail!" replied Larry, "it is I that wouldn't—I appale to St. Patrick himself over beyond"—pointing to a picture of the Prime Saint of Ireland, which hung in gilt daubery behind his master's chair, right opposite to him.

To Larry's horror and astonishment, the picture fixing its eyes upon him, winked with the most knowing air, as if acknowledging the appeal.

"What makes you turn so white then at the very thought," said the doctor, interpreting the visible consternation of our hero in his own way.

"Nothing particular," answered Larry; "but a wakeness has come strong over me, gintlemin, and if you'd have no objection, I'd like to go into the air for a bit."

Leave was of course granted, and Larry retired amid the laughter of the guests—but as he retreated, he could not avoid casting a glance on the awful picture—and again the Saint winked, with a most malicious smile. It was impossible to endure the repeated infliction, and Larry rushed down the stairs in an agony of fright and amazement.

"May be," thought he, "it might be my own eyes that wasn't quite steady—or the flame of the candle. But no —he winked at me as plain as ever I winked at Judy Donaghue of a May morning. What he manes by it I can't say—but there's no use of thinking about it—no, nor of talking neither, for who'd believe me if I tould them of it?"

The next evening Sir Theodore died, as has been mentioned; and in due time thereafter was buried according to the custom of the family, by torch-light, in the churchyard of Inistubber. All was fitly performed; and although Dickenson had no design upon the jovial knight—and if he had not, there was nobody within fifteen miles that could be suspected of such an outrage,—yet Larry Sweeny was determined to make good his promise of watching his master. "I'd think little of telling a lie to him, by the way of no harm, when he was alive," said he, wiping his eyes, as soon as the last of the train had departed, leaving him with a single companion in the lonely cemetery; "but now that he's dead—God rest his soul!—I'd scorn it. So Jack Kinaley, as behoves my first cousin's son, stay you with me here this blessed night, for betune (between) you and I, it an't lucky to stay by one's self in this ruinated old rookery, where ghosts, God help us, is as thick as bottles in Sir Theodore's cellar!"

"Never you mind that, Larry," said Kinaley, a discharged soldier, who had been through all the campaigns of the Peninsula; "never mind, I say, such botherations.

Han't I lain in bivouack on the field at Salamanca, and Tallawara, and the Pyrumnees, and many another place beside, where there was dead corpses lying about in piles, and there was no more ghosts than kneebuckles in a ridgemint of Highlanders. Here, let me prime them pieces, and hand us over the bottle; we'll stay snug under this east window, for the wind's coming down the hill, and I defy"—

"None of that bould talk, Jack," said his cousin; "as for what ye saw in foreign parts, of dead men killed a-fighting, sure that's nothing to the dead—God rest 'em!—that's here. There you see, they had company one with the other, and being killed fresh-like that morning, had no heart to stir; but here, faith! 'tis a horse of another colour."

"May be it is," said Jack, "but the night's coming on; so I'll turn in. Wake me if you sees any thing; and after I've got my two hours' rest, I'll relieve you."

With these words the soldier turned on his side, under shelter of a grave, and as his libations had been rather copious during the day, it was not long before he gave audible testimony that the dread of supernatural visitants had had no effect in disturbing the even current of his fancy.

Although Larry had not opposed the proposition of his kinsman, yet he felt by no means at ease. He put in practice all the usually recommended nostrums for keeping away unpleasant thoughts:—he whistled, but the echo sounded so sad and dismal that he did not venture to repeat the experiment;—he sang, but when no more than five notes had passed his lips he found it impossible to get out a sixth, for the chorus reverberated from the ruinous walls was destruction to all earthly harmony;—he cleared his throat—he hemmed—he stamped—he endeavoured to walk—all would not do. He wished sincerely that Sir Theodore had gone to heaven—he dared not suggest even to himself, just then, the existence of any other region—without leaving on him the perilous task of guarding his mortal remains in so desperate a place. Flesh and blood could hardly resist it! even the preternatural snoring of Jack Kinaley added to the horrors of his position; and if his application to the spirituous soother of grief beside him was frequent, it is more to be deplored on the score of morality, than wondered at on the score of metaphysics. He who censures our hero too severely, has never watched the body of a dead baronet in the church-yard of Inistubber, at midnight.

"If it was a common, dacent, quite (quiet), well-behaved church-yard a'self," thought Larry, half-aloud—"but when 'tis a place like this forsaken ould berrin'-ground, which is noted for villany"—

"For what, Larry?" said a gentleman, stepping out of a niche which contained the only statue time had spared. It was the figure of Saint Colman, to whom the church was dedicated. Larry had been looking at the figure, as it shone forth in ebon and ivory in the light and shadow of the now high-careering moon.

"For what, Larry," said the gentleman,—"for what do you say the churchyard is noted?"

"For nothing at all, plase your honour," replied Larry, "except the height of gentility."

The stranger was about four feet high, dressed in what might be called flowing garments,—if, in spite of their form, their rigidity did not deprive them of all claim to such an appellation. He wore an antique mitre upon his head; his hands were folded upon his breast; and over his right shoulder rested a pastoral crook. There was a solemn expression in his countenance, and his eye might truly be called stony. His beard could not be well said to wave upon his bosom; but it lay upon it in ample profusion, stiffer than that of a Jew on a frosty morning after mist. In short, as Larry soon discovered to his horror, on looking up at the niche, it was no other than Saint Colman himself, who had stept forth, indignant (in all probability) at the stigma cast by the watcher of the dead on the church-yard of which his Saintship was patron.

He smiled with a grisly solemnity—just such a smile as you might imagine would play round the lips of a milestone (if it had any), at the recantation so quickly volunteered by Larry. "Well," said he, "Lawrence Sweeny"—

"How well the old rogue," thought Larry, "knows my name!"

"Since you profess yourself such an admirer of the merits of the church-yard of Inistubber, get up and follow me, till I shew you the civilities of the place—for I am master here, and must do the honours."

"Willingly would I go with your worship," replied our friend; "but you see here I am engaged to Sir Theodore, who, though a good master, was a mighty passionate man when every thing was not done as he ordered it; and I am feared to stir."

"Sir Theodore," said the Saint, "will not blame you for following me. I assure you he will not."

"But then," said Larry—

"Follow me!" cried the Saint, in a hollow voice, and casting upon him his stony eye, drew poor Larry after him, as the bridal guest was drawn by the lapidary glance of the Ancient Mariner; or, as Larry himself afterwards expressed it, "as a jaw tooth is wrinched out of an ould woman with a pair of pinchers."

The Saint strode before him in silence, not in the least incommoded by the stones and rubbish, which at every step sadly contributed to the discomfiture of Larry's shins, who followed his marble conductor into a low vault, situated at the west end of the church. In accomplishing this, poor Larry contrived to bestow upon his head an additional organ, the utility of which he was not craniologist enough to discover.

The path lay through coffins piled up on each side of the way in various degrees of decomposition; and, excepting that the solid footsteps of the saintly guide, as they smote heavily on the floor of stone, broke the deadly silence, all was still. Stumbling and staggering along, directed only by the casual glimpses of light afforded by the moon, where it broke through the dilapidated roof of the vault, and served to discover only sights of woe, Larry followèd. He soon felt that he was descending, and could not help wondering at the length of the journey. He began to entertain the most unpleasant suspicions as to the character of his conductor ;—but what could he do? Flight was out of the question, and to think of resistance was absurd. "Needs must, they say," thought he to himself, "when the devil drives. I see it's much the same when a saint leads."

At last the dolorous march had an end ; and not a little to Larry's amazement, he found that his guide had brought him to the gate of a lofty hall, before which a silver lamp, filled with naphtha, "yielded light, as from a sky."—From within loud sounds of merriment were ringing ; and it was evident, from the jocular harmony and the tinkling of glasses, that some subterraneous catch-club were not idly employed over the bottle.

"Who's there?" said a porter, roughly responding to the knock of Saint Colman,

"Be so good," said the Saint, mildly, "my very good fellow, as to open the door without further questions, or I'll break your head. I'm bringing a gentleman here on a visit, whose business is pressing."

"May be so," thought Larry, "but what that business may be, is more than I can tell."

The porter sulkily complied with the order, after having apparently communicated the intelligence that a stranger was at hand; for a deep silence immediately followed the tipsy clamour; and Larry, sticking close to his guide, whom he now looked upon almost as a friend, when compared with these under-ground revellers to whom he was about to be introduced, followed him through a spacious vestibule, which gradually sloped into a low-arched room, where the company was assembled.

And a strange-looking company it was. Seated round a long table were three-and-twenty grave and venerable personages, bearded, mitred, stoled, and croziered,—all living statues of stone, like the Saint who had walked out of his niche. On the drapery before them were figured the images of the sun, moon, and stars—the inexplicable bear—the mystic temple, built by the hand of Hiram—and other symbols, of which the uninitiated know nothing. The square, the line, the trowel, were not wanting, and the hammer was lying in front of the chair. Labour, however, was over, and the time for refreshment having arrived, each of the stony brotherhood had a flagon before him; and when we mention that the Saints were Irish, and that St. Patrick in person was in the chair, it is not to be wondered at that the mitres, in some instances, hung rather loosely on the side of the heads of some of the canonized compotators. Among the company were found St. Senanus of Limerick, St. Declan of Ardmore, St. Canice of Kilkenny, St. Finbar of Cork, St. Michan of Dublin, St. Brandon of Kerry, St. Fachnan of Ross, and others of that holy brotherhood; a vacant place, which completed the four-and-twentieth, was left for St. Colman, who, as everybody knows, is of Cloyne; and he, having taken his seat, addressed the President, to inform him that he had brought the man.

The man (viz. Larry himself) was awestruck with the company in which he so unexpectedly found himself; and trembled all over when, on the notice of his guide, the eight-and-forty eyes of stone were turned directly upon himself.

"You have just nicked the night to a shaving, Larry," said St. Patrick: "this is our chapter-night, and myself and brethren are here 'assembled on merry occasion.'—You know who I am?"

"God bless your Reverence," said Larry, "it's I that do well. Often did I see your picture hanging over the door of places where it is"—lowering his voice—"pleasanter to be than here, buried under an ould church."

"You may as well say it out, Larry," said St. Patrick; "and don't think I'm going to be angry with you about it; for I was once flesh and blood myself. But you remember, the other night, saying that you would think nothing of pulling your master out of purgatory, if you could get at him there, and appealing to me to stand by your words.

"Y-e-e-s," said Larry, most mournfully; for he recollected the significant look he had received from the picture.

"And," continued St. Patrick, "you remember also that I gave you a wink, which you know is as good, any day, as a nod—at least, to a blind horse."

"I'm sure your Reverence, "said Larry, with a beating heart, " is too much of a gintleman to hold a poor man hard to every word he may say of an evening, and, therefore"—

"I was thinking so," said the Saint, "I guessed you'd prove a poltroon when put to the push. What do you think, my brethren, I should do to this fellow?"

A hollow sound burst from the bosoms of the unanimous assembly. The verdict was short, but decisive:—

"Knock out his brains!"

And in order to suit the action to the word, the whole four-and-twenty arose at once, and with their immoveable eyes fixed firmly on the face of our hero—who, horror-struck with the sight as he was, could not close his—they began to glide slowly but regularly towards him, bending their line into the form of a crescent, so as to environ him on all sides. In vain he fled to the door; its massive folds resisted mortal might. In vain he cast his eyes around in quest of a loophole of retreat—there was none. Closer and closer pressed on the slowly-moving phalanx, and the uplifted croziers threatened soon to put their sentence into execution. Supplication was all that remained—and Larry sunk upon his knees.

"Ah! then" said he, " gintlemin and ancient ould saints as you are, don't kill the father of a large small family, who never did hurt to you or yours. Sure, if 'tis your will that I should go to—no matter who, for there's no use in naming his name—might I not as well make up my mind to go there, alive and well, stout and hearty, and able to face him,—as with my head knocked into bits, as if I had been after a fair or a patthren?"

"You say right," said St. Patrick, checking with a motion of his crozier the advancing assailants, who returned to their seats. "I am glad to see you coming to reason. Prepare for your journey."

"And how, please your Saintship, am I to go?" asked Larry.

"Why," said St. Patrick, "as Colman here has guided you so far, he may guide you further. But as the journey is into foreign parts, where you arn't likely to be known, you had better take this letter of introduction, which may be of use to you."

"And here, also, Lawrence," said a Dublin Saint—perhaps Michan—"take you this box also, and make use of it as he to whom you speak shall suggest."

"Take a hold, and a firm one," said St. Colman, "Lawrence, of my cassock, and we'll start."

"All right behind?" cried St. Patrick."

"All right!" was the reply.

In an instant! vault—table—saints—bell—church, faded into air; a rustling hiss of wings was all that was heard; and Larry felt his cheek swept by a current, as if a covey of birds of enormous size were passing him. (It was, in all probability, the flight of the saints returning to heaven, but on that point nothing certain has reached us up to the present time of writing). He had not a long time to wonder at the phenomenon, for he himself soon began to soar, dangling in mid sky to the skirt of the cassock of his sainted guide. Earth, and all that appertains thereto, speedily passed from his eyes, and they were alone in the midst of circumfused ether, glowing with a sunless light. Above, in immense distance, was fixed the firmament, fastened up with bright stars, fencing around the world with its azure wall. They fled far, before any distinguishable object met their eyes. At length, a long white streak, shining like silver in the moonbeam, was visible to their sight.

"That," said St. Colman, "is the Limbo which adjoins the earth, and is the highway for ghosts departing the world. It is called in Milton, a book which I suppose, Larry, you never have read"—

"And how could I, please your worship," said Larry, "seein' I don't know a B from a bull's foot!"

"Well, it is called in Milton the Paradise of Fools: and if it were indeed peopled by all of that tribe who leave the world, it would contain the best company that ever figured on the earth. To the north, you see a bright speck?"

"I do."

"That marks the upward path,—narrow and hard to find. To the south you may see a darksome road—broad, smooth, and easy of descent; that is the lower way. It is thronged with the great ones of the world; you may see their figures in the gloom. Those who are soaring upwards are wrapt in the flood of light flowing perpetually from that single spot, and you cannot see them. The silver path on which we enter is the Limbo. Here I part with you. You are to give your letter to the first person you meet. Do your best;—be courageous, but observe particularly that you profane no holy name, or I will not answer for the consequences."

His guide had scarcely vanished, when Larry heard the tinkling of a bell in the distance, and turning his eyes in the quarter whence it proceeded, he saw a grave-looking man in black, with eyes of fire, driving before him a flock of ghosts with a switch, as you see turkeys driven on the western road, at the approach of Christmas. They were on the highway to Purgatory. The ghosts were shivering in the thin air, which pinched them severely, now that they had lost the covering of their bodies. Among the group, Larry recognized his old master, by the same means that Ulysses, Æneas, and others, recognized the bodiless forms of *their* friends in the regions of Acheron.

"What brings a living person," said the man in black, "on this pathway? I shall make legal capture of you, Larry Sweeny, for trespassing. You have no business here."

"I have come," said Larry, plucking up courage, "to bring your honour's glory a letter from a company of gintlemin with whom I had the pleasure of spending the evening, underneath the ould church of Inistubber."

"A letter," said the man in black, "where is it?"

"Here, my lord," said Larry.

"Ho!" cried the black gentleman, on opening it, "I know the hand-writing. It won't do, however, my lad,—I see they want to throw dust in my eyes."

"Whew!" thought Larry, "that's the very thing. 'Tis for that the ould Dublin boy gave me the box. I'd lay a tenpenny to a brass farthing that it's filled with Lundy-Foot."

Opening the box, therefore, he flung its contents right into the fiery eyes of the man in black, while he was still occupied with reading the letter,—and the experiment was successful.

"Curses,—tche-tche-tche,—Curses on it," exclaimed he, clapping his hand before his eyes, and sneezing most lustily.—

"Run, you villains, run," cried Larry, to the ghosts—"run, you villains, now that his eyes are off of you. O master, master! Sir Theodore, jewel! run to the right-hand side, make for the bright speck, and God give you luck."

He had forgotten his injunction. The moment the word was uttered he felt the silvery ground sliding from under him; and with the swiftness of thought he found himself on the flat of his back, under the very niche of the old church wall whence he had started, dizzy and confused with the measureless tumble. The emancipated ghosts floated in all directions, emitting their shrill and stridulous cries in the gleaming expanse. Some were again gathered by their old conductor; some scudding about at random, took the right-hand path, others the left. Into which of them Sir Theodore struck, is not recorded; but as he had heard the direction, let us hope that he made the proper choice.

Larry had not much time given him to recover from his fall, for almost in an instant he heard an angry snorting rapidly approaching, and, looking up, whom should he see but the gentleman in black, with eyes gleaming more furiously than ever, and his horns (for, in his haste he had let his hat fall) relieved in strong shadow against the moon. Up started Larry—away ran his pursuer after him. The safest refuge was, of course, the church,—thither ran our hero—

> As darts the dolphin from the shark,
> Or the deer before the hounds;

and after him—fiercer than the shark, swifter than the hounds—fled the black gentleman. The church is cleared; the chancel entered; and the hot breath of his pursuer glows upon the outstretched neck of Larry. Escape is impossible—the extended talons of the fiend have clutched him by the hair.

"You are mine," cried the demon,—"if I have lost any of my flock, I have at last got you."

"Oh, St. Patrick!" exclaimed our hero, in horror,—"oh, St. Patrick have mercy upon me, and save me!"

"I tell you what, cousin Larry," said Kinaley, chucking him up from behind a gravestone, where he had fallen,—"all the St. Patricks that ever were born would not have saved you from ould Tom Picton, if he caught you sleeping on your post as I've caught you now. By the word of an ould soldier, he'd have had the provost-marshal upon you, and I'd not give two-pence for the loan of your life. And then, too, I see you have drunk every drop in the bottle. What can you say for yourself?"

"Nothing at all," said Larry, scratching his head,—"but it was an unlucky dream, and I'm glad its over."

THE SLEEPERS.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE.

I.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Children, wearied with their play;
For the stars of night are peeping,
  And the sun hath sunk away.
As the dew upon the blossoms
  Bows them on their slender stem,
So, as light as their own bosoms,
  Balmy sleep hath conquered them.

II.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
  Mortals, compassed round with woe;
Eyelids, wearied out with weeping,
  Close for very weakness now:
And that short relief from sorrow,
  Harassed nature shall sustain,
'Till they wake again to-morrow,
  Strengthened to contend with pain!

III.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Captives in their gloomy cells;
Yet sweet dreams are o'er them creeping,
With their many-coloured spells.
All they love—again they clasp them;
Feel again their long-lost joys;
But the haste with which they grasp them
Every fairy form destroys.

IV.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Misers, by their hoarded gold;
And in fancy now are heaping
Gems and pearls, of price untold.
Golden chains their limbs encumber,
Diamonds seem before them strown;
But they waken from their slumber,
And the splendid dream is flown.

V.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Pause a moment,—softly tread;
Anxious friends are fondly keeping
Vigils by the sleeper's bed!
Other hopes have all forsaken,—
One remains,—that slumber deep;
Speak not, lest the slumberer waken
From that sweet—that saving sleep.

VI.

They are sleeping!—Who are sleeping?
Thousands who have passed away,
From a world of woe and weeping,
To the regions of decay!
Safe they rest, the green turf under;
Sighing breeze, or music's breath,
Winter's wind, or summer's thunder,
Cannot break the sleep of death!

AMBLESIDE.

Enchantment all!—the traveller spell-bound,
Imparadised in wonder, half-dismayed,
And pacing with inaudible foot the ground,
Scarce breathes, lest melting into ether fade
The wild, deep avenue of rock and glade,
The waterfall, the glen, the mountains 'round;
From whose dread sanctuary the world's parade
Draws back discountenanced; for not a sound
Of Circe's tongue or Siren's lay is here:
No harp that vibrates to a touch profane;
No tempter blandishing with airs of heaven;
But the pure soul of poetry, the strain
That bursts upon the dying martyr's ear,
Bethabara's call—Repent, and be forgiven!

H.

ZADIG AND ASTARTE.

BY DELTA.

I.

He sought her east, he sought her west,
The vision, that had blessed his sight,
She robbed his bosom of its rest,
Of joy by day, of sleep by night;—
He turned and turned to shun his care,
Only to miss her every where!

II.

In vain for him o'er fields of flowers
The mighty star of day arose;
In vain for him, 'mid jasmine bowers,
The nightingale, at twilight's close,
Sang to the gathering lamps of night:—
In nought his spirit asked delight.

Painted by J. Green. Engraved by C. Rolls.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

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III.

How changed from Zadig, in the days,
When, through the streets of Babylon,
The cynosure of every gaze,
Wild coursers drew his chariot on;
And him, the cherished of their king,
Did sages praise, and poets sing!

IV.

And weary day—and wearier week—
And listless month went lagging by,
While still was Zadig doomed to seek
What Fate was destined to deny,
As morning—noon—and evening brought
Astarte to his longing thought.

V.

Long, long he wandered—long in vain—
She seemed a star, that, from the sky
Had perished ne'er to rise again,—
A flower, that had but bloomed to die;—
An angel sent man's sight to bless,
Then leave him to his loneliness.

VI.

Where had she fled?—Her beaming brow
For him had Earth an Eden made;
Where had she vanished?—Was she now
In the City of the Silent laid?
Should Hope still shine to soothe his care?
Or must he bow to blank despair?

VII.

Thus weary night, and wearier day,
In travail spent, gloomed o'er his head;
And hope on hope had waned away,
As still he searched, and on he sped;
And, far remote from friendly eye,
He had no wish save one—to die.

VIII.

When lo! amid a summer plain,
He saw a maiden on the sand,
Reclining in a vacant vein,
And tracing letters with a wand:
He lingered, and he looked to note
Why there she lay, or what she wrote.

IX.

Behold! the letters of his name,
Each following each, he saw her trace;—
Astarte! could it be the same?
She rose, and sank in his embrace!
And thus the parted and deplored
To love were given, to life restored!

X.

Love is the life of human life!
Oh, if the earth one moment gives
With deep ecstatic rapture rife,
'Tis when before us breathes and lives,—
Absence, and doubt, and danger o'er,—
Her, whom we feared to meet no more!

BOYHOOD.

Visions of childhood! oft have ye beguiled
Lone Manhood's cares, yet waking fondest sighs,
Ah! that I were once more a careless child.
COLERIDGE.

I.

AWAKE ye sweet and shadowy thoughts that bring
  Remembrance o'er me of the happy vale,
Whose rocks, and woody dells were wont to ring
  With the wild glee of years I now bewail!
Ever the west-wind there, with dripping wing,
  Leaving the chafed waves, the riven sail,
In its calm glens secluded, loved to rest,
And gather softness from its peaceful breast!

II.

Lo! shadowed forth in fancy's rising dream,
  High from the far-seen front of Craigengow'r,

I mark its hanging woods, its winding stream,
And haughty hills, on either side that lower!
Oh! how I loved to catch day's dying gleam
From that calm spot, in youth's unboding hour:—
Now, I could see it, all unheeding, sink,
For the last time, beneath the world's dark brink!

III.

Before me Carrick spreads her richest stores,
And Coila's plains are smiling from afar;
Clyde, with her ample Firth engirds their shores;
While Arran's lofty peaks the distance bar;
Crowned with rich purple, as the great sun pours
His latest glory forth,—then sinks to war
With sleep and shadow in some happier land,
And drives their legions to our sheltering strand.

IV.

Behind me blackening, hill o'er hill impends,
With glowing lakes spilled heedlessly around,—
Monarch of all, the soaring Shalloch sends
His hoary head aloft, by vapours crowned,
And o'er his crouching subjects frowning bends.
Hark to the distant Linn's unceasing sound!
The rising night-breeze, that with fitful gush,
Breaks with its sob the universal hush!

V.

But turn we to the hamlet far below,
  Its church descried through venerable trees;
And let my bosom burn with boyhood's glow
  At sight of thee—more cherished still than these—
My own paternal home! How well I know
  The fresh green beeches that my infant knees
First dared to climb,—the patriarchal plane,
Whose growth my grandsires watched, as I its wane!

VI.

I mark the smoke in gladsome eddies rise,
  Which seems to say the evening fire is lit,—
And straight behold around it brightening eyes,
  And happy smiles from face to face that flit:
But, ah! the sweetness of the picture dies,
  With thoughts of those who round that hearth would sit;
Flung on the joyless world, with bosoms riven,
Or fled to reap unmeted joys—in Heaven!

VII.

What though I enter now within the gate,
  No gentle form, with love-lit smile is nigh,
To bid me welcome from the storms of fate:
  The very cattle that were wont to lie
On the green turf, would cease to ruminate,
  And rising greet me with a steadfast eye;
But father, mother, sister, friend are gone,
And here I muse, unheeded and alone!

VIII.

Though sad, alas! 'tis soothing to recall
Amid the scenes of youth, its lapsed stream
Of joys;—to hear familiar voices fall;
And see long-vanished forms around us gleam:
To recognise the echo of each hall,
And all the loved localities that teem
Upon the eager sight. This, this might break
The callousness of hearts nought else could wake.

IX.

And mine awakes, once more, my thoughts afar,
'Mid perished years;—what time on yon sweet holm,
Each floweret sparkling like a little star
Could lure me on with tottering steps to roam;—
When, not a painted pebble failed to mar
My devious path,—and every wreath of foam
That quivered on the streamlet's breast, had wiled,
But for a mother's care, her thoughtless child!

X.

I picture me the tiny boy a-field,
Exultingly astride his bridled cane;
How well the urchin loves the whip to wield!
Thou, heedless hobby! can'st not feel its pain!
But to a bolder charger thou must yield,—
For, lo! the house-dog trails his linked rein;
Ah! happy wight! and can it, can it be,
That I was once a careless child like thee!

XI.

But seek we now the hedge-row's 'thickening green,'
And let us watch him in his joyous quest,
Halting where'er is wov'n the closest screen,
Each tuft appearing still the wished-for nest;—
Yonder, full many a Spring, the thrush unseen
Hath reared her brood;—ah! mark her labouring breast
As the rude boy draws near; the sharp, shrill cry
That wrings the flutterer's bosom hovering by.

XII.

Oft will he follow, on the 'furrowed lea,'
The cheery ploughman whistling to his team;
And strain his lip to join in symphony;—
Or from the willow that o'er-weeps the stream,
Shape the shrill pipe, and be the loudest, he.—
Long looks he for the sun's receding beam,
That, mounted on old Dobbin, he may guide
Him through the cleansing stream, and homeward ride.

XIII.

Up by the shallow rivulet he waits,
Wending its way through broken glen and brake,
And oft his stealthy hand insinuates
Beneath the slippery stone, intent to take
The spotted lurker;—or with barbed baits,
Casts the long line, from well-concealed stake,
Where the broad river sleeps;—thither the morn
On winged expectancy shall see him borne.

XIV.

Lo! from the school, like eager flocks unpenned,
A rush of happy hearts—their toil gone by;—
And to the pond with flickering steps they wend,
The bold plunge quickly in—the fearful lie
Upon the sunny brink, or shuddering send
Half feigned shrieks ashore, their knees yet dry!
And *he* is there, amid the mirthful rout,
Mingling his happy voice with every shout!

XV.

Now to the field, for sports, like swarming bees,
The little band, with busy humming, veers;
Some, in the vacant swing, from yonder trees
Which Spring has clothed with twice a hundred years,
Cleave the dull air, awake the fanning breeze;
Some, climb the lofty trunks, scornful of fears;
While some more timid, on the green turf lie,
And urge the adventurous as they upward ply.

XVI.

On the smooth green, or round the aged oak,
For future deeds their facile limbs are strung,
Stretched in the eager race, or mimic yoke,
Or in the heating wrestle fiercely flung.
Now by some sudden strife their game is broke;
But soon anew the peal of pleasure rung;
For, with revived pastime peace returns,
And every little heart with transport burns.

XVII.

Haply, on some bright holiday they throng
  To old Blairquhan, for many a fearful tale
Of goblins famed the villagers among :
  Lost in its woods, where nought but the hoarse wail
Of rooks salutes the ear, they learn how strong
  The mystery of loneliness. They scale
The tottering walls, un-house the daw, or grope
Through archways dark, that never seem to ope.

XVIII.

What joy is theirs, when Autumn strips the fields,
  Each sallying forth with his capacious bag,
To cull the stores yon hanging wild-wood yields !
  I hear their voices echo up the crag ;
And mark ! the reaper, as he fitful wields
  His sickle, listening curious, idly lag :
Homeward they wend when evening shades the green,
Boasting their nuts for keeping Hallow e'en.

XIX.

Nor does the rigid Winter all refuse
  O'er their young pleasures to preside ; but deigns
To nerve the panting struggler that pursues
  The swiftly bounding football, as it gains
Upon the' appointed goal ; and when they lose
  The genial sun, forth walking o'er the plains,
The watchful Luna lights them in the race,
Or smiles, sweet huntress ! on their mimic chase.

XX.

And when the streams are wrapped in gelid sheath,
Pleased he beholds them o'er the waters glide ;
Shuddering at times to see the depth beneath
The thin and fragile glass whereon they slide ;—
Or round the *rink* among the *curlers* wreathe,
To view the buoyant stones all stately ride ;
And linger at their never wearying play
Till the mirk night-mist gathers on their way.

XXI.

Visions of youth, and thou sweet vale, farewell !
Scenes of my boyhood's guileless sports, adieu !
How does my heart with aching rapture swell,
As thus, in dreams, I tread your haunts anew.
Nor will I seek these musings sweet to quell,
To scare such visions from my mental view ;
Though Memory's glass but gives me back again
Thoughts of the past, whose very bliss is pain !

C.

THE CAPTIVE OF ALHAMA.

The story upon which the following ballad is founded, occurs in the last volume of Conde's "History of the Arabs in Spain." It is there said to be a fact:—nothing has been added, but names to the persons concerned.

I.

The Moslem star was on the wane,
  Eclipsed the Paynim powers;
And the haughty lord of Christian Spain
  Besieged Granada's towers;
Gonsalvo, with a hundred knights
  Of Leon's chivalrie,
Well posted on Alhama's heights,
  Staid succour from the sea.

II.

One morn a Moorish youth was led
  To brave Gonsalvo's tent;
His escort from the field had fled,
  And his horse had fall'n, o'erspent;

He hung his head in speechless grief,
  As the tear rolled down his cheek,
And scornful looked each mailed chief,
  To behold a youth so weak.

III.

"Is it a girl," Gonsalvo cries,
  "That in our toils is caught?
That thus it weeps, in woman's guise,
  Where its fierce forefathers fought?"
"Nay, hear my tale," exclaimed the youth,
  His eye one moment bright'ning,
"And Allah, if I speak not truth,
  Consume me with his lightning!

IV.

"From beauteous Malaga I came,
  But by no beaten way;
Superb Granada was my aim,—
  Woe, woe the luckless day!
For had I in my journey sped
  To Darro's rushing water,
This morn Zorayda I had wed,
  Granada's fairest daughter!

V.

"If pity then, or love's sweet power,
  E'er touched thy gallant breast,

But grant me freedom for an hour,—
To the oar I give the rest;
These few bright moments yield in grace,
My mournful fate to tell,
To see once more Zorayda's face,
And take my long farewell!"

VI.

Gonsalvo had no marble heart,
Albeit his look was stern;
He bade the Moorish youth depart,
And ere set of sun return:
Each pass and straight the chieftain eyed,
Yet sometimes turned his head,
To mark how down the mountain side
His captive featly sped.

VII.

The Sierra's dazzling peak of snow
Yet blushed with rosy light,
When again the grieving Moor bowed low
Before the Christian knight;
But alone he came not, as he went,
For a damsel pressed his arm,
Faint as a rose by tempests bent,
And quivering with alarm.

VIII.

Awhile they stood in speechless gloom;
  She looked at him and wept;
And the knights, still reckless of his doom,
  An equal silence kept:
At length the maid unveiled her head,
  She knelt at the chieftain's knee,
Few were the stifled words she said,
  But he well could guess the plea.

IX.

"Gazúl, thy captive, Christian knight,
  Is here by his solemn vow;—
He was my lover yesternight,
  He is my husband now;
Without him life to me is vain,
  And its sounding pageants hollow,
With him I've promised to remain;
  Him—him alone, I follow.

X.

"'Twas for me he dared, unwisely brave!
  The ambushed road to take;
He was your foe, he is your slave,
  But he suffers for *my* sake;
Ah! then, *his* love still let me share,
  To whom I've pledged my oath;
The fetters, if you will, prepare,
  But let them bind us both!"

XI.

Knights, little used to pity, sighed;
They softened to his suit,
For her voice to their hearts was felt to glide,
Like music from a lute;
"Our arms," Gonsalvo said, "achieve
The buttress, not the bower;
My falchion's edged the oak to cleave,
And not to crush the flower.

XII.

"Peace be to both; you both are free!
Live happy; and whene'er
To you a Christian bends his knee,
Believe Gonsalvo there!"
They silent kissed his robes and sped
To their own dear Darro's water,
And thus Gazúl Zorayda wed,
Granada's noblest daughter!

Woburn Abbey. R.

THE MUSIC OF THE REEDS.

I.

A voice of music swells from yonder reeds,
Where flits on feeble wing the rising blast,
Low as the sound when gentle Pity pleads,
Or lone remembrance mourns the cherished past;
Now, with wild notes upon the waters cast,
Like solemn voices joined in holy strain;—
Anon with measures intermingling fast,
As peals the distant choir,—and hushed again,
Like Hope that cheers Despair—or Grief that weeps in vain!

II.

It is the native harmony of earth,—
The slow, and awful hymn of solitude;—
A melting strain which owns no mortal birth,
But breathed by Nature, in her softest mood,
From heath, or sunless grove, or mountain rude,

Where fountains in their leafy twilight rise,
And blooms that graceful tenant of the wood,
Grief's golden emblem, with the plant which vies
In name with Friendship's self, in hue like summer's skies.

III.

And well the Arcadian Deity of yore,
Beneath the shade of moss-grown boughs reclined,
Where nodding thickets crowned the pebbled shore,
And raised the reed its answer to the wind,
Amidst the whispered melody might find
The infant breathings of that conquering power,
The first, and mightiest mistress of the mind,
While lasts Affliction's storm, or Danger's hour,
Raising the drooping soul, as dews the withered flower.

IV.

Sigh on thou breeze, and ye, light leaves, that make
The forest musical, the desart mild,
And fill with sounds of peace each rustling brake;
Be tuneful still,—amidst this pathless wild,
The western sky with clouds of glory piled,
Night's star above—earth—ocean calm below,
And fair as when creation's morning smiled;
I would not change the strains which ye bestow,
For all that art can teach—for all that skill can shew.

J. F. H.

BORRODAILE.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

The Gulfs of Borrodaile!—My soul delights
In these drear desarts. Now methinks a sense
Of something mightier than the common world
Runs trembling through the heart. A spirit born
Of mountain solitudes and sights sublime,
Of earth, and sky, and the wide-wandering air,
Is present here. Unlike the royal power
Of Skiddaw, or Helvellyn crowned with clouds,
Or Kirkstone, guardian of the mountain way,
Here vague and barren grandeur spreads abroad,
And Darkness and Dismay and Danger dwell.
No grassy sward of green is nourished here,
Like that which (as old song proclaims) sprang freshly
On shores Sicilian and in Tempe's vale;
Nor streams of silver, such as Echo once
Haunted; or on whose banks the Wood-nymphs played;
Or pensive pale Narcissus loved to lie.
But here a wilful, riotous torrent comes
Mad from the mountains, and when July drought
Scorches the hills, here all-subdued yet wild,

The muttering river drags its lazy course,
And makes hoarse discord with the rocks and stones.
No solitary tree puts forth its head,
Nor flowering shrub: the 'palmy fern' has left
A place so desolate; and the clinging moss
The last friend of the desart, here has died!

SONNET TO THE SWALLOW TRIBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SOLITARY WALKS THROUGH MANY LANDS.'

White-bosomed strangers, wandering tribe, that bring
News to our isle, of pleasant summer weather;
From what far shore did ye set out together,
To shew us your red beak, and purple wing?
I guess 'tis pleasant for ye, feathered people,
When winds are still, and evening waxes dim,
To wheel and frolic round the silent steeple,
Or down the stream, or o'er the lake to skim.
Pr'ythee dear bird, indulge me in my whim;
Come, cease your twittering play, and tell me where
Ye live when ye're at home, and all about it;
And how such tiny things as you are, dare
(For I, my summer friends, do somewhat doubt it)
Trust your frail wings to the wide fields of air.

BRIDGET PLANTAGENET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'SOLITARY HOURS.'

The life and death of Bridget Plantagenet, fourth daughter of Edward the fourth and his queen Elizabeth Woodville, affords a beautiful picture of repose and innocence, in the midst of those troublous and "disjointed" times when, if the world were not more generally corrupt and sinful than it is in our own days, it was less enlightened and civilized; and the fierce and ruthless passions of ambition, hatred, and revenge more openly outraged the holiest ties, and set at nought the barrier of the laws, sowing anarchy and dissension; especially among the heterogeneous branches of the royal family, and the turbulent nobles still partially submitting to the ascendancy of the star of York. The most zealous adherents of that unhappy family rather contributed to subvert than to establish its power, by espousing the jarring interests of its several branches, with the same fierce spirit and blood-thirsty animosity which had so long ensanguined the wars of the white rose and the red.

Dearly bought was Elizabeth Woodville's ill-starred elevation! And many were the sadly retrospective glances she cast from her fearful eminence, to that comparative lowliness when, "in maiden meditation, fancy free," she strayed among the quiet shades of her paternal Grafton. It may be also, that the thoughts of England's queen—of the wife of Edward Plantagenet, sometimes reverted to her second home of Groby, and to the husband of her youth, the father of her first-born;—not that her second union had been contracted solely, or perhaps chiefly with ambitious views. Edward, the handsomest and most engaging man of his times; a lover—a prince—and the generous protector of herself and her bereaved orphans, could not fail to awaken reciprocal tenderness in the still young and susceptible heart of Elizabeth; and whatever were his after derelictions from conjugal fidelity, to all outward seeming his affection for her experienced no diminution, and her influence over the royal mind remained unabated to the last hour of their union.

But though the queen was discreetly blind to those causes of offence which no quick-sightedness could have averted, the woman and the wife could not steel her heart against all the arrows of jealous and wounded feeling. And too often, when she looked around the splendid circle of her court,—whether toward the phalanx of her own aggrandized relatives, or at the kindred of the king, their sinister smiles and hollow courtesy,—her spirit sank with sad and sick forebodings, and involuntarily her thoughts fled back to Groby; to the husband in whose house she had been loved and honoured, not only by himself, but by all connected with him by friendship or consanguinity.

Among such, Sybilla, the sister of Sir John Grey, had been the beloved playmate and companion of her happy childhood and maturer youth; but far different were their after destinies. Elizabeth was reserved for the splendid misery of envied greatness: and the happier Sybilla, whose earthly prospects were for ever darkened at the period of her brother's death, by the loss of her affianced husband, who fell in the same battle, retired to the nunnery of Dartford, where she took the veil, and in course of time became Superior of the sisterhood.

Far differently had the lot fallen to Elizabeth Woodville and Sybilla Grey: but among all "the chances and changes" of their lives; even from the days of

> Childhood innocence,
> When with their needles, creating both one flower;
> Both on one sampler; sitting on one cushion;
> Both warbling of one song; both in one key:
> As if their hands, their sides, voices, and minds
> Had been incorporate. So they grew together
> Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
> But yet an union in partition—

to that after-time, when the great gulf between a cloister and a throne divided their mortal destinies, sisters they remained in mind and heart; and perhaps the whitest hours of the queen of England's fateful life, were those when, escaping from the gilded shackles of her state—from hollow hearts and dissembling smiles—from covert enemies and rashly aspiring friends—she took temporary refuge at Dartford, in the quiet parlour of the lady abbess, the revered mother St. Agnes, whose heart was as tender and true to its early affections, as when Sybilla Grey and Elizabeth Woodville "shared sweet counsel and sisters' vows" together; and as lowly, as though she had been still but sister Agnes, an undistinguished member of the pious community.

The queen was generally accompanied by one or more of her children, in these visits to the nunnery of Dartford. Very frequently, by the young Dorset and his brother Richard, her sons by Sir John Grey, and consequently nephews to the lady abbess; often, by Elizabeth and Cicely, the elder princesses; or by others of the royal offspring; but always—almost always, by one lovely little creature; the dove-eyed Bridget—the fourth and fairest, and in secret, perhaps, the dearest of her six surviving daughters.

Young as they were, the three elder princesses were already contracted nobly; and Edward (who had it especially at heart to match his daughters royally) was negociating marriages between Mary and Catherine his youngest born—the king of Denmark and the Spanish Infante.

Far other espousals were decreed for the young Bridget, in resigning whose sweet promise to the seclusion of a cloister, Edward and Elizabeth, influenced by the superstition of their bigoted faith and unenlightened times, considered they were making a sacrifice acceptable to God; and perhaps a propitiatory offering, to secure the earthly aggrandisement of their other children. Such, at least, and to gratify the queen's earnest desire, were probably the sole motives of Edward for this pious dedication; but deeper, and holier, and more tender incentives had worked within the heart of Elizabeth, disposing it to that, which was indeed on her part an incalculable sacrifice. She had entered, perhaps, with a too worldly and ambitious spirit, into the views of Edward, for the establishment of her other daughters; but there were moments, in the very height of her most exulting anticipations of their future greatness, when more maternal feelings, thoughts of tender anxiety and fond misgivings crept into her heart; and her eyes, while proudly riveted on her royal offspring, became suddenly suffused with tears, as she drew to her bosom the young, unconscious creatures, whose lot was apparently cast on that envied elevation which she too well knew was not the abiding place of peace, nor the haven of happiness and security.

From her very cradle, the young Bridget's disposition had evinced such heavenly sweetness, such saint-like meekness and tender sensibility, as, combined with extreme delicacy of constitution, had peculiarly endeared her to the maternal heart; and the lovely child was moreover characterised by a degree of pensive seriousness, probably the result of physical delicacy, which made her more frequently the companion of the queen's retired and thoughtful hours, than a sharer in the youthful sports of her more sprightly sisters, and the young princes.

Her happiest holidays were those, when she was selected to accompany her royal mother to the holy sanctuary of Dartford, and the society of its venerated Superior. To that exemplary woman, the young Bridget Plantagenet attached herself as to a second mother, and the innocent endearments of the royal child soon obtained for her a larger portion of the recluse's heart than the pious St. Agnes had believed it possible could ever again have been engrossed by an earthly affection. Then sprang up an earnest and devout longing to sanctify that affection, by winning over its youthful object from the snares and temptations of a corrupt and sinful world, to a life of dedicated purity; from the splendour of earthly courts, to dwell for ever in the courts of the Lord's house; and to minister in his holy temple.

"Spare her to God, my sister!—this one dear little one—this lamb from thy fair flock. Thou hast enough beside to make thee mother of princes in all lands. Secure to thyself, at least, this treasure in heaven; and to thy child, a crown that shall not pass away—in which there are no thorns, Elizabeth, like those in thy golden circlet."

So spake the lady abbess to her royal friend, laying her gentle hand upon the fair child's head, as she stood one day beside the queen; while the latter, in the fullness of a vexed and wounded spirit, was pouring her secret sorrows and accumulating cares into the ear of sisterly affection; and detailing the causes of anxiety which had already risen, to overshadow the brilliant prospects of her affianced daughters.

At that moment of mental depression, the pomps and vanities of the world were superseded in Elizabeth's heart by womanly fears and maternal fondness; and after confiding to St. Agnes the state difficulties which had been started, to perplex Edward's negociations for the royal marriages, she continued, "and at best, my sister, if all ends well—if all is successfully concluded, and my daughters become the wives of sovereign princes—will it ensure their happiness, or increase mine? Alas! St. Agnes, my sister! shall not I be bereaved of my children—of all my sweet daughters?—for this dear little one will in turn be taken from me. They will make thee a queen too, Bridget!—my bird! my blossom! my fearful dove! They will take thee too away from me, and make a queen of thee;" and Elizabeth drew the child into her bosom, and wept upon her fair young head.

"Nay, nay, my mother! I will not go: I will not be a queen," whispered the little Bridget, in sobbing murmurs, lovingly clasping her royal mother's neck. "But yesterday I said so to mine uncle Glo'ster, when he jested with me, and bade me say what crown I pleased to wear."

"Did he jest with thee, poor lamb? Oh! Glo'ster!

Glo'ster! bitter are thy jests! Did he smile on thee, Bridget, while he talked?"

"Ay, mother; but I do not love mine uncle's smiles, they are so strange—as if he mocked the while; and yet he speaks kind words, and kissed me yesterday so lovingly!"

"Judas!—what said'st thou, sweet one! when the Duke was pleased to be so merry with thee?"

"Mother! I said I would not be a queen for all the world. 'Indeed!' mine uncle cried, and looked so strangely: 'wherefore not, fair cousin? must not the daughters of the Lady Grey—I cry her pardon—of my brother's *wife*, be mated like her grace, right royally? Come, little cousin, thou shalt have a king.' And then he laughed; and his looks troubled me, I scarce knew why, for still he smiled upon me—and so I wept, and said the same again. I would not be a queen, to go from England, from thee my mother, and my royal father, and dear St. Agnes, here, my other mother."

"Hear her, Elizabeth—the blessed child!" exclaimed St. Agnes, drawing pious augury from the artless prattle of the little princess. 'And did thine uncle Glo'ster question thee further, Bridget?"

"Ay did he, till I was sick and weary. So I told him my sisters might be queens, and go away; but I would stay, and be a nun in England. 'And wilt thou so, fair cousin?' quoth my uncle. 'Now, by my halidome, a most wise choice; keep to it, little cousin! and God willing, thou may'st live out in peace a good old age;' and then he laughed again, and whispered something to my lord of Buckingham; and while his head was turned I slipped away to where my mother sat, and shrank from sight behind her mantle."

"But wilt thou be a nun; in sober truth? and wherefore, sweet one!" asked the holy mother, drawing the young princess from the queen's arms to her own bosom.

"Because you are a nun, and seem so happy; and I am always happy here—so happy! and all the sisters are so good to me. There are none here, I'm sure, but love me well, as I love them; and my sweet mother is my mother here—more than a queen—much more—ten thousand times, than when we are in London, or at Eltham, or any other of my father's houses."

"But if thou livest here, and art a nun, I shall not be with thee, my little Bridget; and wouldst thou leave the king thy father, too, who lovest thee well, and is so good to thee?"

"Not if I might always live with him and thee, my mother, away from all the crowd, in some green wood, where birds and fawns are singing and at play all summer time, and I might be like them, as free and happy; but, alack! they say, mother!—thou saidst thyself a minute past—that I must be a queen, and go away from thee, and dear, dear, England."

"Alas! mine own! thy mother spake but truth;" said the poor queen, "I must not keep thee, dearest!"

"Pray my father, then;" pleaded the lovely child, "to let me come and live here all my life, and be a holy nun, like good St. Agnes; then wilt thou have me still, mine own sweet mother!—still here, when all my sisters are away; and when thou art not here, my second mother will help me pray for you; and so at last, when our time comes to die, we shall be sure to meet again in heaven, and live together always."

"As if an angel spake!" was the soft pleading of that blessed child; a glance of awe-struck meaning was interchanged between St. Agnes and the queen; but both were silent for awhile. At last, "Elizabeth!" said the lady abbess, "doth not the will of God manifest itself by the mouths of babes and sucklings? Hath He not spoken by the lips of this innocent, and wilt thou withstand His pleasure?"

"Forbid it all my hopes of heaven and happiness!" the queen fervently replied, as devoutly raising her eyes to the image of the crucifixion, she inwardly ejaculated a solemn vow to win from Edward the sacrifice of all earthly views for this one beloved creature, and his sanction for her heavenly espousals.

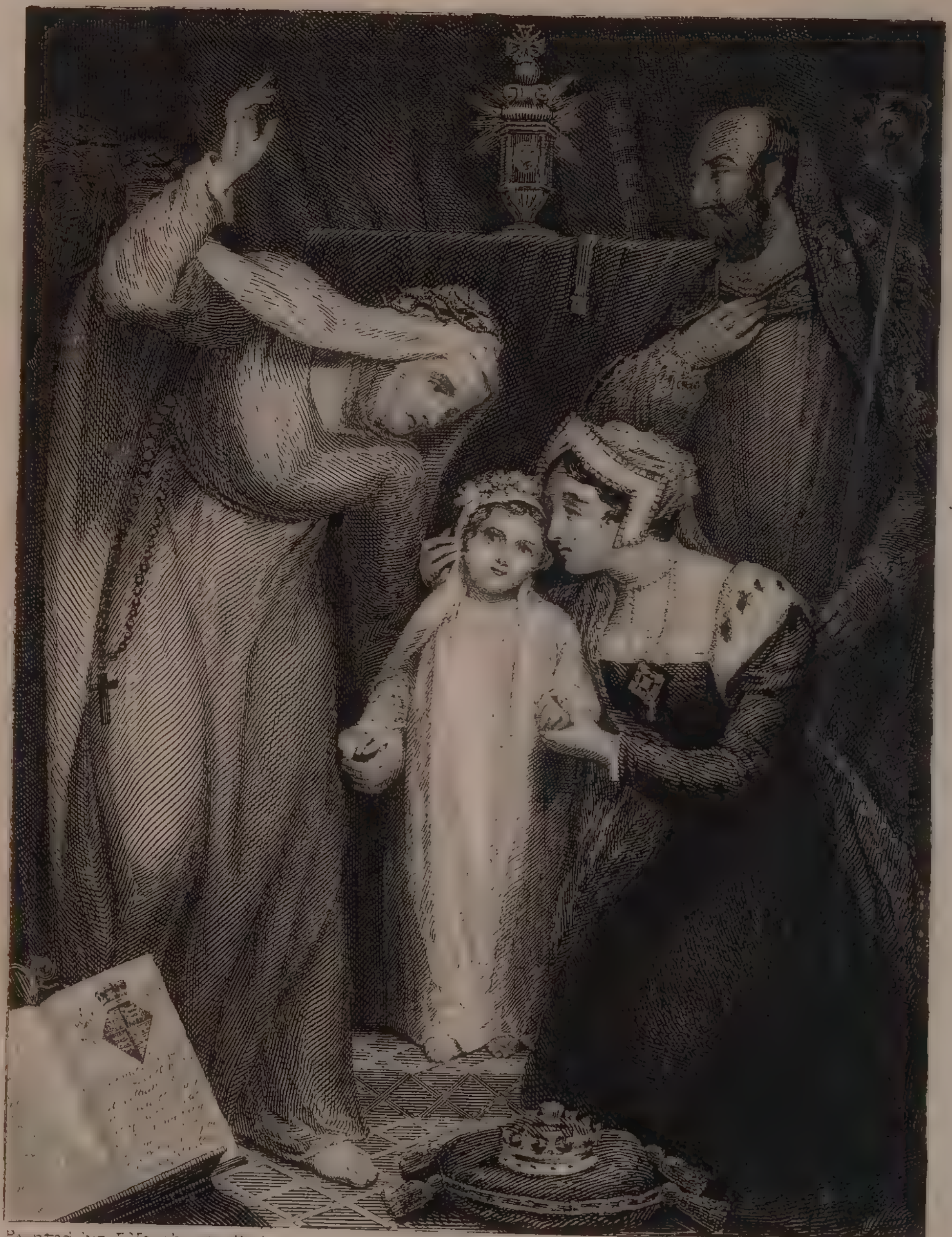
Elizabeth was faithful to her solemn engagement. The pious purpose met with no strenuous opposition from her royal consort; and it was soon publicly known that the Princess Bridget was destined to take the veil in the nunnery of Dartford, and at a proper age to enter upon her noviciate.

It is probable that the queen, whose heart, sick of innumerable cares, found sweet consolation in the endearments of her loving and beloved child, would have deferred the consummation of her pious sacrifice till the latest expedient season, had not circumstances supervened to convince her that, if seriously purposed to make good her solemn promise, it behoved her rather to accelerate than retard the hour of its accomplishment. Fresh obstacles were perpetually sown by the tortuous policy of Louis XI., in the way of the Dauphin's marriage with the Princess Elizabeth; and Edward's mind was agitated by jealous doubts, that his favourite object was thus thwarted by the secret machinations of the French king, whom he justly suspected of seeking to gain time; while, in despite of his engagement with England, he sought to obtain for his son Charles, the hand of Mary, the young heiress of Burgundy, and her rich possessions. On the part of James of Scotland, there seemed also a disposition to annul the contract between the Duke of Rothsay and the Princess Cicely.

These contrarieties, and the unfavourable aspect of his negociations with the court of Castile, for an alliance between the Infante and his daughter Catherine, had so irritated and unsettled the king's mind, that Elizabeth was justly apprehensive lest, with a view to strengthen his hands by some fresh and powerful alliance, he might be tempted to rescind his permission for the dedication of the Princess Bridget, and exchange her spiritual betrothment for an earthly contract. The health of the young princess, now eight years of age, had strengthened with her growth. Already the delicate blossom yielded sweet promise of uncommon loveliness; and Edward, a passionate idolater of beauty, had more than once commented on her personal improvement with something like regret that the comeliest of his daughters should be devoted to the seclusion of a cloister. About this juncture, also, the Princess Mary (next sister to Bridget), affianced to the King of Denmark, fell sick of the languishing disorder which ultimately terminated her life, at Greenwich, before she was of age to fulfil the nuptial contract; and the queen, painfully foreboding the event, looked forward also to its probable consequence,—a determination on the part of Edward still to secure the Danish alliance, by substituting the Princess Bridget in the room of her deceased sister. As yet, no anticipation of such future contingencies had suggested itself to the mind of Edward; and Elizabeth, having consulted with her friend St. Agnes, and with her pious counsellor, Rotherham, archbishop of York, was decided by their concurring apprehensions and strenuous advice, to press for the king's consent that the young princess should be forthwith consigned to the care of the lady abbess of Dartford, and admitted, notwithstanding her tender years, to enter immediately on her noviciate. The royal and paternal assent was obtained, though not without some shew of reluctance on the king's part;—

and with all accustomed pomp of regal and religious ceremony, the sacrifice was finally consummated. Throughout the public pageant, Elizabeth had borne up like a queen, with dignified composure; but when all was over, and, with no other witnesses than her friend and the archbishop, she was admitted to an interview with her daughter, in the oratory of the lady abbess, the chord of overstrained resolution suddenly relaxed, and all the mother rushed into her heart, as, flinging herself on her knees, she wrapt her arms round the sweet innocent, who looked indeed an offering acceptable to God, as she stood between the superior and the queen; her celestial countenance and form of infant beauty, invested with the veil and robe of snowy whiteness descending to her naked feet, which was only to be exchanged for the black dress of the order, when the royal novice was admitted to make her last irrevocable profession. "Take her—take her, St. Agnes! I have given her to thee—I have given her to God—my best and dearest, now no longer mine!" cried the queen, as, drawing back her head from the bosom of the now weeping child (on which she had sobbed for a moment with convulsive agony), she resigned her to the wardship of the holy mother, who received the precious deposit with a solemn appeal to Heaven, so to bless and prosper her, here and hereafter, as she faithfully acquitted herself of the delegated trust.

"And she is still thine, my sister—more than ever



Painted by J Northcote R A

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THE YOUNG NOVICE.

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thine!" tenderly continued the mild St. Agnes. "Thou hast lent her to the Lord, and he will keep her for thee; and perchance, even in *this* world, when all thy princely offspring beside this little one are parted from thee by their several fortunes, thou mayest resort for comfort and sympathy to the filial heart, which will not cherish thee less dutifully, because thou hast preferred for thy child a heavenly inheritance before a perishable kingdom; and hast lain the sacrifice, unspotted by the world, thus early at the feet of thy Creator."

These words of the lady abbess of Dartford nunnery, were uttered in a prophetic spirit. By thus yielding up to God, and her sense of religious duty, the child of her tenderest affection, Elizabeth was unwittingly laying up for herself a source of sweetest comfort and consolation, against the evil days when a black and final eclipse fell on her greatness and her joys; and the descendant of royalty—the wife of a king, the mother of princes, the queen of a mighty nation—was held captive within the realm which had owned her for its sovereign, on the throne of which her daughter Elizabeth still sat with nominal sovereignty.

The mean and rancorous spirit of Henry VIIth never forgave the real or imputed wrongs of Richmond; nor had he consented but with extreme reluctance, and as the only means of securing himself on the throne of England, to mingle his Lancastrian blood with the hated stream of York, by a marriage with Edward's daughter. His secret antipathy to that ill-fated princess manifested itself, throughout their union, by a series of unkindnesses and contemptuous slights that would probably have proceeded to more openly insulting lengths, had not the cautious monarch politically abstained from all measures which might tend to agitate the question of his dubious rights to the crown, and those of Elizabeth, more cordially admitted by the English nation.

But on the queen dowager, the especial object of his aversion, he wreaked without fear or scruple the avengeful malice of his hateful temper. On the frivolous pretence of punishing her for the imputed crime of having yielded up to Richard's guardianship the persons of her five daughters, Henry condemned the unfortunate Elizabeth to perpetual imprisonment in the abbey of Bermondsey; by a refinement of cruelty, rejecting her earnest petition to be allowed the choice of her prison, and permission to retire to Dartford nunnery, where (though the friend of her youth had lately been removed by death) the society of her daughter, her still dearest and most dutiful child, would have rendered more than endurable the lot of her captivity. But within the gloomy walls of Bermondsey was the widowed queen fated to languish out the remaining years of her joyless existence; deprived even of the filial sympathy and pious cares of her four married daughters (the royally mated, but wretched wife, Elizabeth, and her three sisters), all united to English subjects; and strikingly exemplifying, by the contrast of those inferior alliances to the splendid marriages early contracted for them by the deceased Edward, how impotent is the will of man and the power of princes, when Providence is pleased to annul his decree and set at nought their councils.

Not content with immuring the queen dowager in a conventual prison, the mean-souled Henry farther indulged his inveterate dislike, by restricting her (under colour of guarding against intrigue and secret influence) from all intercourse with her married daughters, beyond the miserable comfort of receiving from them, at long intervals, a cold and short visit of heartless ceremony. And such is the baneful influence of worldly cares and courtly policy over the best affections of our nature;—and such, alas! is the proneness of human hearts, seared by selfishness and ambition, to shun and to forget the unfortunate and the absent, that there was little of bitterness to any, but the worse than childless mother, in Henry's tyrannical restriction; and her daughters gradually relaxed even in the poor unfrequent proofs of filial duty and affection, wherewith it was still permitted them to cheer the captive loneliness of their royal parent. After the lapse of a few years, it was well nigh forgotten—not only by the nation at large, but by her immediate family and more familiar friends—that Elizabeth—the widowed queen of Edward IVth, the stepmother of England's reigning monarch, and of three proud and puissant nobles—still languished out the years of her desolate old age (for grief kills not) in the cloistered gloom of Bermondsey. But though the memory of Elizabeth,—the once lovely and beloved,—the admired and envied,—the flattered and calumniated,—the minion and the sport of fate and fortune,—had well nigh passed away from the land she had ruled over, before a little of its cold earth was required to heap on her remains, Providence had kept in store for the creature thus severely chastened, one drop of sweetness, to mingle with her bitter cup, and make "the end more blest than the beginning."

Towards the latter years of Elizabeth's life, Henry so far relaxed in his vindictive cruelty, as to permit occasional intercourse between the captive queen and her daughter Bridget. The former was not allowed to exchange her prison of Bermondsey for the convent of Dartford; but the royal nun was indulged in the liberty of absence from her own cloister; and the inestimable privilege of sharing, for weeks together, and with no long intervals, the solitude of her declining parent; for the meek and blameless nun, the humble sister Alice of Dartford nunnery, had merged those fatal distinctions so obnoxious to the distrustful temper of the king. Of *her*, therefore, he entertained no jealous apprehension; and his hatred and suspicion of the queen dowager being in some measure satiated and laid to rest, by the oblivious neglect into which her very name and living memory had already fallen, he foresaw no danger of reviving influence in that quarter, or of recalling Elizabeth to the recollection of the people, by permitting her occasional intercourse with one, "the world forgetting—by the world forgot."

So it was, that having "cast her bread upon the waters," Elizabeth "found it again after many days;" and that when forgotten by the world, and forsaken by those of her own family whose earthly prosperity she had most laboured to secure, the treasure she had "lent unto the Lord" was returned into her bosom (as had been prophetically promised), at the hour of her greatest need. The child, to whose eternal welfare she had sacrificed so large a portion of her own happiness, was sent, like a ministering angel, to bind up her bruised and broken heart,—to pour into its wounds, the balm of filial love and holy consolation,—to cheer, and comfort, and sustain her in the decline of age, at the time of sickness, and in the hour of death.

Of Bridget Plantagenet little more is known, than that, after fulfilling the last offices to her departed parent, she returned to her own cloister, and the humble obscurity of her conventual life; "and there," saith the chronicler, "spending the remainder of her days in devotion and contemplation, she died, and was buried in the same convent, *An. Dom.* 1517, in the eighth year of King Henry VIIIth.

The effigy of Elizabeth Plantagenet still lies at Westminster, in marble magnificence, beside that of her royal consort. Emblematic of their living union and joyless grandeur, is the cold and stern repose of those two marble images, side by side, extended in sepulchral state.

No sculptured marble, nor humbler stone, with its forlorn "*hic jacet*," marked out at Dartford, even before the dissolution of religious houses, the last resting place of Bridget Plantagenet. Yet, in those troublous times, when "every man's hand was against his brother;" compared with the royal wretchedness of the two Elizabeths, how enviable was her obscure and peaceful destiny! Pleasant and good it is, to turn for a moment from the disastrous annals of those evil days, to one unsullied page,—to the life of one who, "born to great cares, the daughter of a king," early descended from that fearful eminence, and so escaping the ravages of the storm that laid waste her royal house, lived out the term of her natural life in unmolested quiet,—in the exercise of all duties and charities that fell within the sphere of her limited responsibility; and having her hope in Heaven, "and her conscience clear of offence to all men," so passed away from earth—unrecorded by its proud chronicles of fame, but having her name written in that book wherein, at the great day of summing up, so many a one shall be found wanting that the world worshippeth; and not a few of those it despiseth or remembereth not, appear blazoned in characters of light.

THE YOUNG NOVICE.

BY MISS MITFORD.

The Princess Bridget Plantagenet, born at Eltham, November 8th, 1480, fourth daughter of Edward the Fourth, was, when very young, consigned to the care of the Abbess of the Monastery of Dartford.—*Vide Sandford.*

The choral hymn hath ceased. The child, arrayed
In those strange novice robes, stands hushed and awed
Before the pitying priest. The abbess lifts
One pallid hand to heaven, as summoning
The blessed saints to accept and sanctify
The half-unconscious vow. And she hath ta'en
That vestal vow, pure votaress! hath lisped,
In her clear infant voice, poor innocent babe!
The irrevocable words, and all is o'er.
The wondering nuns are mute: one only sound
Reverberates through the chapel,—the low sobs
Of yonder kneeling woman, whose fair cheek
Is stained with tears, whose breath comes forth in sighs,
Whose throbbing heart doth quiver visibly

Beneath the ermine, as she folds her arms
Around the gentle child. Hark! hark! her grief
Breaks into words.
"Farewell, my best beloved!
Dearest of all my daughters, fare thee well!
Oh, holy abbess, hear me! To thy guard
I give this white, unspotted, virgin flower,
The youngest branch of the Plantagenets—
The latest pledge of Edward's love—my child—
Mine own sweet child. She is a princess!—Lo!
The cushion and the coronet of state,
Her rank's vain pageantries, I offer up
A sacrifice. Lo! at the altar's foot
I offer up a dearer sacrifice—
Herself—my own fair child. Oh! shelter her
From the dark perils that hang o'er our house;
From open foes and treacherous friends; from kinsmen,
Deep, crafty, dangerous; from stern ambition;
From secret hate; from cunning cruelty;
From murder,—foul, unnatural, midnight murder;
From all that my prophetic soul forebodes—
The horrors that beset me in my dreams—
The fears that haunt me waking; from all snares
Of fiend or man, defend her! Look ye prove
True guardians of the sanctuary.—Alas!
She soon may have none other.
"My delight!
My lovely! my beloved! how I shall miss

Thee, and thy pretty ways! See where she stands,
The small, white, delicate foot, which I so oft
Have clasped, bare on the floor; the novice robe
Shrouding her tender form; the novice veil,
Wreathed with gay flowers, around her innocent head,
Half hiding the bright clustering curls, as soft
As fleeces of young lambs, as closely ringed
As tendrils of the vine! Aye, and those curls
Must fall; that beauty wither. Those blue eyes,
So full of infant mirth, must be cast down
In penitential sadness! those smooth cheeks,
Whereon the rival roses bloom, must shrink
And fade, till they be pale and mortified
With midnight penances and wasting fasts.
Yet, better live a 'praying nun,' sweet child!
Than die a 'weeping queen.'* She tells thee so
Who knows the cares that wait upon a crown;
The woes that follow beauty. Rest thee here,
Safe from life's bitter changes! Rest thee here
In peace and holiness!
"But, oh! to part!
To leave thee, my dear child!—Be kind to her!
Be very kind to her! Lord Bishop, thou,
And thou most reverend abbess! 'tis a queen
That kneels to ye,—a mother, that implores

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* For my daughters, Richard,
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens.
SHAKSPEARE.

Your love to her dear child. Let her not quite
Forget me. Sometimes, in her innocent prayers,
Let her remember her fond mother.
"Now,
One parting kiss of those sweet lips!—She weeps!
My tears have wakened her's! Poor child, she weeps
And shivers like a dying fawn! Be sure
Ye comfort her! Have some one by to cheer her
With tender smiles, and sing her off to sleep
With pleasant lullabies.—Bless thee, my child!
One other kiss!—Blessings on thy fair head,
Mine own dear child!—So, bear her in! Unclasp
Her little hands from round my neck—I cannot—
And bear her gently in! I could not say
That word,—Farewell; but blessings on her head—
Mine own fair child!"

THE BRIEF CAREER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PENINSULA.'

"Oh! for a world
Where violence shall never lift the sword."

There is an apartment in the palace at Hampton Court, called the queen's drawing-room. It is adorned by three pictures. One of these is a very large painting, in water-colours, occupying three sides of the chamber. It may be said, indeed, to contain many pictures, in a series of compartments; but, as one great whole, it represents the triumph of Julius Cæsar—and is well known as the capital work, or master-piece, of Andrea Mantegna, executed by him, at Mantua, nearly four centuries ago.

The two other pictures are by Sebastian Ricci. They are small, and hang, one over either door of the apartment, having a good light thrown on them from the adjacent windows.—These represent, one, 'the Woman of Faith:' so called, I judge, because the female, kneeling at the feet of Jesus, is portrayed as bending to kiss the hem of his garment. But for the introduction of this incident, I should rather have regarded the subject, as the Canaanitish woman, just at the close of her hard trial, when the full revelation of the grace and mercy designed her, is vouchsafed. The other is ‘ the Woman of Samaria :’ and the painter has made her so lean upon the well, so listen, and so look, and has shed so kind a calm, so sweet a repose over the form of the Saviour, that your softened affections, and gladdened heart, realise all the outward aspect of that hallowed and memorable scene. ‘ The Woman of Faith,’ however, is, of the two productions, the fullest and the finest—the warmest and kindest talker to your gaze. In the grouping, the attitudes, the very fold and fall of the draperies, it looks, it breathes, it speaks compassion—*divine* compassion.

Surely it was not chance, surely it was not mere natural taste, that suggested the placing of these hallowed conceptions, in such happy juxta-position with all the pomp, and pride, and barbaric splendour of a Roman triumph. Never were the peaceful victories of Divine love so delightfully contrasted with the blood-won conquests of man’s ambitious rage by a picture-hanger before. It reads a fine lesson to the thoughtful ; and indeed, it invites all to think. The painting of the triumph is vast, and fills the room, even as the fame of an earthly victor fills the world ; while the small pictures of Ricci, that scarce cover the panels above the doors in the corners of the chamber, do sweetly typify the still voice of pardon and of peace, achieving its quiet conquests over Sin and Fear, in the overlooked or forgotten places of this noisy earth—*this noisy earth!* What a harsh and terrible tumult they make!—those helmets and shields—those bucklers and quivers, rattling upon the chariots and upon the piled wains, in Mantegna's painting!—and the trumpets! how fierce, how cruel, how haughty they sound!—You cannot hear the captive's wail; you catch no moan, no sigh—

The music of Victory is all too loud.

However, it was not to write a description of Hampton-Court Palace, that I took up my pen: for if so, I should be long, methinks, before I had done with my subject; the Cartoons alone would furnish matter for pages of fond descant.—My object was simply to relate a story, which I gathered on this spot, from the lips of a war-worn, melancholy old officer.

Whilst I was standing in the drawing-room already mentioned, there came in a grave and aged gentleman, who looked like a veteran of some note and rank. He seemed checked at the sight of a visitor, and a little disconcerted, that he should not enjoy his mental morsel in quiet. I observed this; and entering entirely into his feelings (for I love to visit pictures alone), passed into the next apartment, to the great satisfaction of my guide, whose patience was well nigh exhausted. I suppose it was as a sort of acknowledgment for this my courtesy, that, as I was afterwards resting myself upon a shady seat in the garden, the old gentleman touched his hat to me, and took a place on the same bench, though at the further end of it, and with averted head. Each occupied with his own reflections, we sate thus in social silence for many minutes; at last, I ventured to ask him what he thought of the two pictures of Ricci, in the apartment where I met and left him, and whether the singular impression made on my mind had been, in any degree, produced upon his own. I had unconsciously struck the very chord, to which his heart sadly and at once responded.—"Ah, sir," said he, "I read, I felt, I thanked God for the lesson, which, though it was bitter in the learning, has taught me how to value such little helps in my daily paths, as his providence may place before me, and his grace enable me to improve. Sir, I gained a little step heavenward in that same chamber. I have lived much in camps—have shared in many victories—have marched through illumined cities—have drunk full cups to the salutes of artillery and the trumpet—have danced in ball-rooms decorated with laurel:—Fame was my chosen mistress, and she has paid me, after her fashion, well—with renown and rank; with decorations, and—with scars—she has dressed me up in honours, as though to mock me—for

> There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
> To satisfy the heart, the gasping heart.—

Sir, I stand alone in a world, to me empty. A few years ago, indeed, I had something to care for—something to care for me. A noble youth, a gallant youth, whom I had adopted as a son; but"—— here he paused, his voice not failing him, but he dared not trust it.

"God took him away, sir, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," he rejoined, with recovered composure, and with a firm tone and a strong emphasis; "God took him away young, quite young;—but I doubt not, as the book of Wisdom has it, 'lest that wickedness should alter his understanding, and deceit beguile his soul.'"

"Might I ask you more of this little history?"

"Yes, sir. It is short and painful, but you shall have it all—for it is soon told—

"I am an old officer—for forty years, man and boy, I have been a soldier—I have no living relation—I have survived all my more intimate friends and associates. On my return from a command in the West Indies, many years ago, finding myself for the time out of employ, I went down to reside for a winter at Bath, where I was told I should find many old officers, and a society well suited to a retired military man. However, whist and long stories never agreed with me. I found myself revoking every night; and the cells of my memory were getting clogged with twice-told tales; I therefore determined to take flight into the country. I looked all about that pleasant neighbourhood, and engaged a cheerful house, in a beautifully situated village called Freshford, about five miles from the city. I turned gardener, fisherman, and sportsman, in a small way. I read too, for the first time almost in my life—read old books; drank old wine; made a few country acquaintances, and formed a very happy intimacy with the parson of the parish; a thoroughly good man he was—a husband—a father,—such a head—such a heart—with a good, steady voice, but a tearful eye; *tearful when he was happy*—a true Christian—a living epistle—cheerful as childhood, and mournful as pity; when aught claimed his pity. He had a large family—girls and boys—all ages—all sizes—all clever—all kind—all talking—all singing (and well they sung, from the father downwards)—all healthy, laughing, happy and rich—in hope. Well, here I used to go in and out, when I liked and as I liked,—always something to cheer me. The eldest boy, Harry Ardent, was a youth about nineteen, and soon became my true and close ally. He was all animation, and life, and cheerfulness. I learned more from him than I had ever learned before; for his very questions taught me to think, more seriously than I had ever done, before I answered him. In him, in the very contemplation of him, I seemed to live over again my early youth; or rather, indeed, to live for the first time what I had missed of life. Moreover, I was unconsciously flattered by the boy. He so evidently respected the profession in which I had spent all my days, and so looked up to me for my services. He rode with me, he walked with me, he gardened with me; he fished with me, and had always the fullest basket; he shot with me, and had always the heaviest bag. Early and late, he was with me. My servants, all gave him smiles of daily welcome; my dogs, the quick and happy barkings of gladness; my old negro servant, Francis, used to say to me—"Massa never so happy before; I hope will last." I knew the man's ways (he had been converted under the mission of the Moravians, in Jamaica; and though I valued old Francis highly, yet I then thought him a Methodist—poor Francis, he lived to convert his master; and he, too, is taken away). I knew the man's ways, and never heeded his peculiar expression at the time; now I think of it often—soon indeed was I made to remember it.

"Harry often pressed me to obtain the consent of his father that he might enter the army, and to use my interest to procure a commission. It is not likely, however, that his father would have consented, having other views for the boy, had it not been for one of those accidents which do sometimes decide our fate. I was sitting, one summer evening, on the lawn before the parsonage, surrounded by its happy inmates, and listening to a cheerful glee, when old Francis came to the gate, conducting a post express on a tired horse, and put a large official dispatch into my hand. It contained a brief note, from the commander of our forces in Spain, saying that he wanted me to take charge of a division of his army, and had written home to apply for me. Under the same envelope was my appointment. This event being altogether unexpected, produced a great sensation in our little party. The women, mother and daughters, were greatly interested; and (as is common with women) a little moved, at a separation so sudden, even from an old bachelor, like myself. The eyes of the younger boys fastened upon the express, with his horn and whip and red jacket, and every now and then wandered back to me, with a new wonder, as if it were a day and an incident never to be forgotten. The father was silent and tearful—Harry seized the opportunity, and pressed his wishes with an eagerness and a feeling delightful to witness, and that bore down all opposition. I promised to obtain him a commission, and to take him with me. His father gave consent, smiling through his tears; and observed, that with me for his boy's guide and protector, the greater part of his objections to a profession so perilous seemed to vanish—that with me, Harry would be safe. As he uttered the word *safe*, something knocked at my heart's door with the presage of mishap. I arose, and took a hurried and affectionate farewell of the whole circle. It was arranged, that Harry should follow me in a few days to town, and thence proceed with me to the Peninsula. I left the village on the morrow.

"It was on the tenth day from that of my departure, that the boat, containing his fond and anxious father, pushed off from the side of the frigate, in which myself and Harry were embarked. With straining eyes they watched each other, father and son, as our sails slowly filled with a very light wind; but it freshened, we bore away; the little boat every moment lessened to the eye—became a mere speck—was lost upon the horizon. We passed round the back of the Isle of Wight, and sailed close under its beautiful cliffs; so close, I remember, as to distinguish a party of pleasure scrambling among the rocks, and to hear the laughter of the young. The sound fell heavily on my heart,—I would not have taken away another youth, like Harry, from the midst of it, for a kingly crown—Oh, could ye taste the mirth ye mar, ye conquerors!

"Dear Harry was a noble youth—of high promise—full of courage, and elate with hope. The first evening of that sweet sadness which belongs to leaving home and country, past, his eye was fixed brightly, steadily on the future. He never more looked back—honour lay before him; shining, as a rock in the ocean smiles and glitters in the sun-light. A laurel and a medal, and return!—These were his day-dreams: a soldier's return, with some scar, that was to spoil no feature, (for the boy was very handsome); or even, at times, for he would number his castles in the air aloud to me, he went so far as to think the loss of his *left* arm would be a glory, and the loose sleeve not ungraceful! Well, sir, we landed, and lost no time in proceeding up the country, that we might join the army before some important and expected operations commenced. Dear boy!—I see him now, on his young Andalusian charger, which bounded like a roebuck under him, riding as if he and his steed were one, like a young Centaur—anticipating eagerly his first battle—singing out '*Viva el rey Fernando*,' to every muleteer or peasant that we met. I see him opposite me, under the rock or tree, where, during our short halts, we snatched our cold and pleasant repasts. I see him, with unbuttoned throat—his fine full head, and light hair waving and shining over his white forehead, and blue Saxon eyes; and his look as cheerful as that innocent laughter which he loved—

> I feel what I have lost
> In him.—The bloom is vanished from my life—
> The beautiful is vanished,—and returns not.

"It was on the eve of an expected battle, that we joined the army. As we approached the bivouac of the troops, I remember all his happy looks—his remarks and questionings. Now we met an empty mule train, now overtook and passed a laden one—now, an escort of infantry; brown, rough, dusty men, with old stained clothings—now an orderly dragoon, with nets of chopped straw, hanging clumsily and cumbrously from his saddle—presently, and it filled his young face with a new compassion, several creaking cars, laden with wounded—next, and he was all eye and eagerness, an escort of French prisoners, with a proud, mournful officer among them, to whom he took off his hat with such a bow as he put his heart into—lastly, I well remember, very near the line, riding slowly to their reserve station in the rear of it, we met some squadrons of hussars, who had been in front all the morning, skirmishing with the enemy's advance guard. Nothing more surprised Harry than the manner and tone of their commander, an old friend of mine: 'They are coming on—they are very strong—they will certainly attack us to-morrow—the Lord is going to wait for them.' This intelligence he gave with a slow utterance, and with as phlegmatic a look, as if he were announcing the arrival of a broad-wheeled wagon. It a little puzzled poor Harry, with all his ardour, to hear a leader of cavalry, who had been fighting all that day, and might fall on the next, speak and look thus; and relate his exploits with, simply, 'We cut some of the rascals up. They shewed a good front; but they have not got the horses;' and to hear him, when asked of his loss, say, 'about forty horses, a couple of officers, and a few men;' and then, bridling up his mare, and replacing his pipe between his teeth, jog on, yielding in the sway of his tired body to her jaded motion. I saw in Harry's eye much of wonder, and something of disappointment. With him, war belonged to the poetry of life—with the veteran, from whom we had just parted, it had long since passed into the common, the customary, and perhaps the wearisome.

"Sir, this is it: life is full of *the common*—made up of it; all life—the life of soldiers, as of others. To be sure, service has its pleasures, and its glories: there are moments of high excitement—moments of soft and glad romance; but all this is only for the young—they carry life's colouring glass in their own bright eyes. I had determined, not without sorrow for the short but necessary separation, that Harry should fight his first battle in the ranks of his own regiment. I knew this was right, and would be every way advantageous to him. Though it was a little disappointment to the boy, that he should not be mounted in action, and still more that he should not be with me; yet well he knew that it would secure him the respect of his brother officers, and that, having once carried the colours of his regiment under fire, he would be suffered without envy afterwards to enjoy all the advantages of his early, but irregular, appointment to the staff. His corps was in my own division. After reporting, myself, in person, at head-quarters, and receiving over my command, and the reports from the general officer whom I found in charge of it, I took Harry to the lines of the gallant old regiment to which he was attached, and introduced him to the Colonel—an old, hard-featured regimental veteran, limping on one leg, and hating with a stern hatred all fine and favoured youths on the staff. In spite of my presence, and the yet better recommendation which the gallant boy carried in his own face, his Commandant gave him a most ungracious reception—one so cold, that it fell like ice upon his warm heart. No sooner, however, had I mentioned his wish to fall in with his regiment on the morrow, and do his duty in the ranks, than the veteran's face changed in a moment. It did not rest one second, as it had altered, in mere complacency; but rushed at once into glow and cordiality. He shook the hand of Harry, with a gripe strong as iron.—'It's thirty years ago, young man, since I carried that very colour into action myself'—pointing to a black and tattered banner, that leaned, crossed against its fellow, near a pile of drums in the centre of his line—' and please God you shall take it in, and the old corps shall bring it out again *flying* to-morrow!' 'He shall come and sleep near it to-night,' said I, 'Colonel;' and I then took him back to eat his (last) supper with me. We were much interrupted by staff officers, commanders of corps, and others, who came to present themselves at my tree—for the long line was but one ready and naked array—not a house—not a hut—not one solitary tent.

"At last, as it grew late, we were left together, in the clear darkness of a summer night. Our position was on a range of low, swelling hills—sufficiently elevated to command the plain below; but presenting no rugged or formidable obstacles to the advance of troops, whether horse or foot, save that most deadly one—a clear inclined space, or natural glacis—for the play of all our fire. Silence, without a hum, brooded over our sleeping battalions; while, from the plain beneath, might be distinctly heard all those sounds which belong to the arrival, in succession, of numerous forces—the close gathering, the nigh approach, and all the stir and menace of preparation. You might catch the rumble of wheels, the crack of whips—the rattle of harness—the iron clanking of steel scabbards—the chance fall of a pile of arms, the fixed bayonets of which rung upon the stillness—the frequent neigh—and the occasional, but seldom, voice; loud, as if laden with a curse.

"'If I fall, sir,' said Harry, 'tell them all at home, that it is right, and for the best—tell them, I am to the last thankful that my heart's choice was given me—and say to my father, that I have never for a day forgotten his parting prayer. I love this world, and many things in it, well; too well—but I love' —— I checked his pious coming reflection, with—'Harry, you shall live long, and love well; and be an honour to your family, and to your country.' I was unusually cheerful: old, and proud associations crowded on my mind—awakened, I suppose, by the sounds from the enemy's position. I anticipated a victory—a day of new and proud happiness for the boy himself; and with a firm, fond grasp of his hand, I dismissed him early to his post.

"The night wore fast away—day broke in full brightness on the scene, scattering aside the white mists beneath us, and displayed to view, the strong and heavy host of the enemy, formed in columns of attack. Deep they were, and dark: the bayonets bristled thick above them, glittering and glancing, as if animate and athirst for blood—masses of cavalry were formed on either flank of this army—in the intervals, and along the front of their ground, black batteries of field-artillery were stationed, ready to cover the advance. It was a sight of glory!—Such glory as belongs to the outward aspect of war. In riding along the front of my first line, I passed the centre of the regiment where Harry stood at his post, the king's colour in his hand. I marked the admiration and enthusiasm with which he was looking down upon the array of the enemy;

and, as he saw and exchanged glances with me, the expression of his countenance, for one second, altered.—I was the only being on that wide and crowded plain, who, from knowledge of all that he was in himself, of all he loved, and had left behind, could sympathize with his young warm heart, as now it sent its shade of throbbing and fluttering anxieties across his changing cheek, and gave a slight quiver to his lip, a momentary sadness to his eye. The colour which he held, flapped its heavy fold upon his face; reproachfully, as he seemed to feel it, for a glow, as of crimson, overspread his fine countenance—subsided, and Harry was himself again.

"The position of our army was extensive—but my division holding the very key of it, was compactly and closely formed; the half in reserve. The enemy, instead of commencing their attack as we expected, piled their arms; and, without taking off their accoutrements, sat down on the grass quietly to their breakfasts. We followed their example, took our biscuit from our haversacs; our soldiers cracked it with ill-humour, cursed the Frenchmen for their delay, and watched them with eager and brave looks. Thus we lay idly on our arms for many hours: at last, a little before mid-day, we observed their staff officers galloping from point to point—their infantry stood to their arms—their cavalry mounted—and, just as our watches told twelve, a salvo from twenty pieces of artillery announced their attack. Their columns pressed rapidly forward at the charge step, and bore heavily and obstinately upon my division. They were received and repulsed with vollies, and the bayonet;—but ere the very smoke of the vollies could blow away, they were rallying, and re-advancing. There was a long, sharp, and severe contest of musketry, with frequent intermingled charges; and the roar of artillery was heard right and left of us. The battle became general, and raged with fury—the war-cloud hung thick and heavy over us all. It was close, hard fighting. Nothing to be seen amid the smoke, but an occasional gleam of arms—the waving of plumes—dark frowning shadows of forms and faces: nothing to be heard distinctly—but, one sound of many sounds—terribly sublime—deafening!—as though gongs, and tolling bells, and brazen alarums, were making up a fearful music, lest the voice of mercy might be heard, or pity plead for pause in those shrieks and cries that the lacerated die with. Memory thus paints it to the *after-thought.* In the midst of such a scene, man is all vigilance and effort—animated and proud; strenuous and stern—man is, by nature, a fighting animal,—loving to destroy, he

> Pants for the dreadful privilege to kill.

We conquered—we drove them down before us—with loud cheers we drove them—dismayed, broken, thoroughly routed; leaving the hill slope covered with their slain and wounded—they fled. I brought the reserve brigades rapidly past the exhausted and skeleton regiments, which had borne the brunt of the attack, and completed their defeat. The Commander-in-chief had been a close observer of my division—he rode up, and shook me heartily by the hand; loudly thanking me, and praising my brave troops. He accompanied me; directing, from my division, the movements of the pursuing army. About a league in advance, he halted my brigades for the day. An eagle, thirty pieces of artillery, and two thousand prisoners, were the trophies of this hard-fought battle, on our part of the field. Elated and happy, I rode back: Harry entered my head—and I only bethought me what a glorious day it was for the boy to begin with. I could not think of him, but as a living being—an escaped young hero—the partaker of my honours and my joy. My blood was warm, my spirits were excited; I did not feel the desolation of the field, over which I galloped on my return; my eye did not suffer itself to rest on the objects of misery then—moreover, in that part of the field, they were almost all enemies; and, as I knew that the loss of my first line had been grievously heavy, I was glad that it had been so well avenged—again, I was going to perform, by their wounded, all the duties of humanity, in common with those of my own force; and I merely glanced on them, as they lay spread about me, as true evidences of the severity of the struggle, and the glory of our hard-earned laurels.

"The first figure I descried upon the ground where we had fought—readily, of course, distinguishable, was my old black servant, Francis, holding young Harry's

Andalusian horse. If any thing like a fear had crossed my mind, this sight chased it away—in another moment I should see him, and have him again riding by my side. In hot and happy haste I spurred to the spot, and only checked my horse in time to prevent his trampling upon the bare bosom of the lifeless Harry. There he lay; naked, pale, his bright hair dabbled in blood,—the staff of a colour lay broken by his side. It was marked with a strong and bloody grasp; Harry's hands were bloody!

"This shock was deadly. The young prop, round which the tendrils of my old heart had closely and fondly gathered, was wrenched away; and they fell, torn and dying, upon the cold and dusty earth. The fabric of all my earthly hopes of happiness, lay a ruin at my feet. My gourd, in one moment blasted—my full cistern broken—I became chill as death. The nothingness of glory, the emptiness of the world—had come upon me as stern realities; and fell on my troubled mind, like sudden and thick darkness. I heard whisperings in my ear—horrid they were;—'huzza! huzza! huzza!' the fearful burthen of them. Methought it was a demon's voice—surely it was—his—the arch enemy of man—the voice of him, who stood with malignant smile, amid those dreadful faces and fiery arms, that frowned from the gate of paradise, when our first parents were led forth from it by the chastening angel. War is satan's master-piece! then I felt it so. The breathless bodies and the ghastly features all about—silently said, 'look also upon us!'

The murmur and the moan, the cries and groans, all then spake home to me; and I felt as though I were guilty of their blood. In these sad, these sickly, but salutary thoughts, I had no leisure then to indulge; for I was roused by the arrival of an aide-de-camp, informing me that the enemy had taken up a position, from which it was determined to drive them that evening, and desiring me to move up with every effective man I could muster. I formed the skeletons of the brave regiments, whose comrades lay slain and wounded around—they fell into their ranks, with mouths and lips all blackened from the biting of their cartridges, and their very smiles were fearful to behold. Thus was I hurried on, and away from my very grief. The same evening we had a brilliant and successful affair with the enemy; and I myself received a wound which disabled me for the rest of the campaign. I bless the hand which gave it. It was the first leisure of my life, in which God wrought truly and effectually the work of mercy on my heart—his humble instrument, my negro, Francis. I carry but one book now—it was Harry's. I did not know, till Francis told me, how much and how constantly the boy read it. This pocket Bible, stained as you see with blood, was his—was found upon the field—where it had been thrown aside, by the ruffian who rifled his body."

Here he drew the little volume from his pocket, and shewed me the name—'Harry Ardent, the gift of his mother, on his twelfth birth-day.' There was a verse on the blank leaf, from the book of Proverbs: "I love them that love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." It was marked all through with crosses, and notes of admiration, as if it had been read, again and again, with meditation, and prayer.

"You see, sir," said the veteran, "I have gotten the right medicine. I feel myself a weaned child—and the hope of that glory, which is rest, purity, and a sinless existence for ever, has dried up my tears; but yet, at times, if I meet parents mourning for a youthful son, or see a fair girl, with lips, whose pensiveness seems fixed for ever: 'did you too give son or lover to some old man's protection, and send him to the wars?' I whisper to myself; and yet it was not me—'you cannot say I did it;' but, however, I am getting the better of such infirmity. The truth is, sir, for a long time, I was not quite myself on this matter."

I was interested by the tale, and hoped to mingle hearts with this stranger for the day; but, just as I was about to propose our passing it together, a dismounted guard of hussars came clanking round the corner of the palace, with a measured and martial tread, and the old gentleman starting up, thrust his Bible into his pocket, and giving me a silent, but expressive farewell, hurried away alone, with his sorrow and his consolation.

MEET ME AT SUNSET.

BY ALARIC A. WATTS.

I.

Meet me at sunset—the hour we love best,
Ere day's last crimson blushes have died in the west,—
When the shadowless ether is blue as thine eye,
And the breeze is as balmy and soft as thy sigh;
When giant-like forms lengthen fast o'er the ground
From the motionless mill and the linden trees round;
When the stillness below—the mild radiance above,
Softly sink on the heart, and attune it to love.

II.

Meet me at sunset—oh! meet me once more,
'Neath the wide-spreading thorn where you met me of yore,
When our hearts were as calm as the broad summer sea
That lay gleaming before us, bright, boundless, and free;

And, with hand clasped in hand, we sat trance-bound,
and deemed
That life would be ever the thing it then seemed.—
The tree we then planted, green record! lives on,
But the hopes that grew with it are faded and gone.

III.

Meet me at sunset, beloved! as of old,—
When the boughs of the chestnut are waving in gold;
When the starry clematis bends down with its bloom,
And the jasmine exhales a more witching perfume.
That sweet hour shall atone for the anguish of years,
And though fortune still frown, bid us smile through our
tears:
Through the storms of the future shall soothe and sustain;
Then, meet me at sunset—oh, meet me again!

TO A HAWK.

BY THE REV. E. W. BARNARD.

I.

How gallantly thy soaring wing
Hath won yon place on high!
And there remains, unwavering,
As if its home were in the sky!
Usurper! thence thou spread'st afar
Terror—like some portentous star!
The birds that skim the lower air
To covert dark, with shrieks repair;
For well thy sudden swoop they know,
Thy lightning glance, and deadly blow.
The leveret crouches close and still,
On rushy brake and sheltering hill;
With rustling wing, and fearful wail,
Slow round their young the plovers sail;
And Man's dim eye and giddy brain
Up to that dazzling height strain after thee in vain.

II.

Yet now, as o'er the city's walls
In sorrowing mood I bend,
Thy sight no piteous thought recalls,
Thou seem'st an old remembered friend.
And, while I gaze, my spirit flies,
Free as thy wing, to distant skies;
To thyme-clad wold, and valley dear,
Where oft I've watched thy proud career.
Again around my morning way,
Gentle, yet bold, my greyhounds play;
Again at noon I throw me down
On silver grass, or heather brown,
And gild with young, poetic eye,
The meanest flower that blossoms nigh;
Or people the wild hills again
With thousand fairy forms—Titania's peerless train.

III.

And now, a sportsman's honours won,
I mount yon western brow;
Delighted, ere the day is done,
To gaze on all that lies below.
The far blue hills, the river bright,
Burning with sunset's golden light;
The scattered cots, with trees between,
The lowly church, the village green;

And chiefly, dearer far than all,
Yon shadowy grove, yon old gray hall!
A cross surmounts its gable high,
Beneath it, countless roses sigh;
O'er arch and mullion, waving light,
Twine trembling leaves, and blossoms white
Within;—but hold, my soul! repress
Each thought of that fireside, now cold and tenantless!

IV.

Ah, happy home! and must it be
For aye my mournful lot
To wander, restless, far from thee;
To wish in vain, and win thee not?
Vain hope! and merciless as vain!
I will not make thee sport again:
Like yon fierce bird thou seem'st to shine,
A star of heaven, 'midst things divine;
Drawing the wretch's heart and eye,
Then dashing down, in mockery!
I'll look no more—I'll stoop to bear,
Patient and dull, my load of care.
My sickening heart abhors thy ray,
Which shines and lures but to betray!
Vain hope! thy fierce delusion's o'er,
Patient I'll suffer on, and look to thee no more!

THE RESTORATION OF THE HORSES OF LYSIPPUS, TO VENICE.

Cleft by the trident of the God*, lo! earth
Pregnant, o'erteems with strange, portentous birth:
Forth leaps the thundering war-horse up to sight,
A moment stands exulting in his might,
Snuffs the fresh gale, then bounding o'er the plain,
Rears the proud chest, and swells the raven mane!
Nor less the mould obedient owned thy skill,
When at thy touch, Lysippus (oh, that still
Such magic power were man's!) each stately steed,
Whose form ne'er rivalled aught of mortal breed,
Raised his tall head, his ample front unfurled,
And sprang to life, the wonder of the world!
Mark! how luxuriant swells the brawny chest,
What passion heaves tumultuous in the breast;
How, 'neath their nostrils rolls the fiery tide;
Swift are their feet, high tower their necks of pride.

* Neptune.

The traveller gazes with admiring eye,
And deems he hears the thundering battle nigh;
So seem to ring through his affrighted ear,
The neighing of the steed, the hoof of fear;
So strike his heart with dread their looks of ire,
And big, round eyeballs, flashing livid fire.
Oh, power divine! that bade celestial bloom
And vigorous life the unconscious clay illume!
'Tis as if Jove (when Phæton dared aspire
To mount the car of his immortal sire),
'Tis as if Jove (when from his angry arm
Shot the red bolt) the steeds in magic charm
Had bound, and 'mid life's energy transformed
The breathless shapes their native spirit warmed.
Well might Gaul's lawless sons, who rashly dared
'Gainst Heaven defiance hurl, who ruthless bared
War's murderous steel, before whom trembling fled
Peace, Virtue, Truth—and Science drooped her head;
Well might they bow, with admiration fired,
And whilst 'mid flames, art's proudest works expired,
Snatch from the wreck those forms, whose deathless fame
Might add fresh lustre to the conqueror's name.
Heard ye that neighing shriek?—The signal's given,
Earth's powers combine to crush the foes of heaven!
Hurled from his throne, in dust the tyrant lies—
From nations freed, glad shouts triumphal rise.
With rapturous joy, fair Venice hails once more
Thy steeds, Lysippus, to her friendly shore.

There shall they live, thy monument of praise,
And long as Sol's bright orb his genial rays
Flings o'er the gladdened earth, shall glory's wreath
Its fragrance o'er thy name unfading breathe.

1816.

THE FALLS OF THE MYNACH.

Pause:—and adoring own the' Omnific hand
That hurled the torrent from yon craggy brow;
And mantled o'er the fearful depth below
With shade and verdure. His the sea, the land,
The mountains and the vales: at His command
The rocks are smitten, and the waters flow;
And the nine-folded spheres in radiance glow,
By Him illumed, who numbers every sand
On ocean's shore. If earthquake rock the ground,
The brief convulsion stores the future mine
With fossil wealth; while pestilence and war
Go forth, on messages of mercy bound,
Chiding the nations to the morning star
Of mercy, truth, and blessedness divine.

II.

THE BRIDAL.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

Before the altar now they kneel—the bridegroom and
the bride,
And who shall paint what lovers feel in this their hour of
pride;
Their hour of pride, when each can turn to years of suffering past,
And both with speechless transport burn, that thus they
meet at last!

II.

Yet 'tis not in the blushing bride, all beauteous as she
seems,
Like angel-forms through air that glide, to bless a martyr's
dreams;
Not in the bridegroom's stately mien, dark eye, and daring
brow,
The sight that chains mine eye is seen, and fills my bosom
now.—

III.

See'st thou that pale yet lovely maid, the sister of the bride,
In robes of virgin-white arrayed, and kneeling at her side?
Mark her dim eye and bloodless cheek—ah, wherefore dost thou start?
Too well thou know'st, that both bespeak the struggling of the heart!

IV.

It is not that she mourns alone the tie where many blend,
The gentle girl who links in one, companion, sister, friend;
Sorrow for this perchance awhile had dimmed with tears her eye,
Yet sorrow tempered by a smile, and tears that soon would dry.

V.

But oh! a closer, dearer tie is torn asunder now;
A grief more hopeless dims her eye, and darkens on her brow;—
In silence and in solitude, a fatal flame was nursed;
Ah! why—that flame still unsubdued—thus would she brave the worst?

VI.

She thought with patient ear to hear the irrevocable vow
That pledged his faith to one more dear—he *is* another's now!

The prayers are prayed; the vows are said; they look the' unuttered bliss:—
O how wilt thou endure, fond maid, to give the parting kiss?

VII.

And now in close embrace she strains her sister to her breast,
Yet still her latent grief remains unknown as unconfessed;
No anxious fears the bridegroom move, her gushing tears to see—
He has but loved as brothers love, and as a sister she.

VIII.

And now the farewell words are said; the wedded pair depart—
To her lone home the gentle maid bears back a breaking heart;
A heart that cannot cease to love, until it beats no more,
And only hopes for rest above, when this sad strife is o'er.

IX.

For never shall the loved one know what she hath felt and feels,
Not when at length in speechless woe beside her bed he kneels;
To him then be her last farewell—her parting accents given,
Without a word on earth to tell what must be loved in heaven.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

BY W. READ, ESQ.

I.

O, DOUBT not! nor deem that my heart, like a glass,
Can reflect other features when yours are removed:
You have reft it of all but your image, alas!—
If this be not loving, you have not been loved.

II.

I never deceived you, and yet you condemn—
Is this the reward my fond truth has achieved?
I turned from my friends, and preferred you to them—
If this be deceiving, you have been deceived.

III.

Nor deem I forget, though between roll the deep—
Oh! 'twere well for my peace, could that lesson be taught!
From the dream which recalls you, I wake but to weep—
If this be forgetting, you have been forgot.

Drawn by I. I. Stephanoff. Engraved by F. Bacon.

FERAMORZ RELATING THE "STORY OF THE PERI.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green. Nov^{r} 1828.

FERAMORZ

RELATING THE STORY OF 'PARADISE AND THE PERI'

TO LALLA ROOKH.

In an evening or two after, they came to the small Valley of Gardens, which had been planted by order of the Emperor for his favourite sister Rochinara, during their progress to Cashmere, some years before; and never was there a more sparkling assemblage of sweets, since the Gulzar-e-Irem, or Rose-bower of Irem. Every precious flower was there to be found, that poetry, or love, or religion has ever consecrated; from the dark hyacinth, to which Hafiz compares his mistress's hair, to the *Camalata*, by whose rosy blossoms the heaven of India is scented. As they sat in the cool fragrance of this delicious spot, and Lalla Rookh remarked that she could fancy it the abode of that flower-loving nymph whom they worship in the temples of Cathay, or of one of those Peris, those beautiful creatures of the air who live upon perfumes, and to whom a place like this might make some amends for the Paradise they have lost,—the young Poet, in whose eyes she appeared, while she spoke, to be one of the bright spiritual creatures she was describing, said, hesitatingly, that he remembered a story of a Peri, which, if the Princess had no objection, he would venture to relate. "It is," said he, with an appealing look to Fadladeen, "in a lighter and humbler strain than the other;" then, striking a few careless but melancholy chords on his kitar,—he began to relate the story of Paradise and the Peri.*

CASTLETON CAVERN.

At the extremity of this Cavern the visitor may, if he pleases, hear a blast (or small mine sprung), the effect of which is truly sublime.

The gorge, the farewell glimpse of day, the stream,
The low-browed arch, and subterranean quire,
And many a vault that never knew the beam
Or breeze of heaven are left behind: the fire,
The mine are ready at this utmost bound
Of night and burial: to yon cove retire,
Ere ruin overwhelm thee. Hark! the sound
That deep and dreadful rolls in lengthened roar,
Shaking the caverns of the drear profound,
And echoed back from many a gulf and shore,
And world of unknown horror; warning eye
And footstep to profane th' abyss no more;
Lest the fiend rise to question who dare spy
His dark domain?—and at the sight we die. H.

* From 'Lalla Rookh.'

THE MARINER'S GRAVE.

BY JOHN MALCOLM, ESQ.

I.

The winds had ceased,—the moaning wave
  Gave up its dead unto the shore,
To sleep within a calmer grave,
  Where storms can reach no more.
Unfelt by him, the summer day,
And winter night may glide away;
And suns and seasons vainly roll
Above his dark and final goal.

II.

The stranger; of a land unknown;
  His name, his place of birth, untold;
He rests where no recording stone
  His story may unfold.

Where but the hollow-sounding surge
Howls to the wind his ceaseless dirge;
And seafowl, o'er his grave that sail,
Shriek forth a wild, funereal wail.

III.

Perchance, a husband and a sire!
  For him, his long-expectant mate
Hath fondly trimmed her evening fire,
  And kept her vigils late;—
And taught her babes, with pious care,
To bear upon their infant prayer,
At rise of dawn and fall of day,
Their absent father, far away.

IV.

Perchance, while ocean's wastes he ranged,
  And native shades, in dreams, were near,
And love's rewarding hour,—he changed
  The bridal for the bier!
While she, the widowed and unwed,—
The pale betrothed of the dead!
Long watched his bark, that from the main
Ne'er reared her cloud of sail again.

V.

But where he sleeps, no mourners grieve,—
No tribute to his tomb is given,—
No sighs, except the sighs of eve,—
No tears, but those of heaven !
Yet, more sublime than grandeur's tomb,
That towers beneath a temple's dome,
Is his—the nameless stranger's grave,
Here, by the dirge-resounding wave.

GRASMERE.

The gates and everlasting doors on high
Are opened, and the stars their courses hold
Rejoicing; while the moon along the sky
In brightness walks, and paints with umbered gold
The woodlands, rocks, and mountains that enfold
The vale where Grasmere's waters sleeping lie,
Or hushed in adoration; for, of old
They hear, and without answer give reply
To that oraculous canticle, where day
With day, and night with night accordant blend
Their warblings, till the universal lay
Up to the hierarchies of heaven ascend,
With them joint homage jubilant to pay
In strains that never rest, and never end. H.

THE GROTTO OF AKTELEG.

An Hungarian Legend.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'THE MUMMY.'

NEAR the village of Azelas in Hungary, is an immense cavern, or rather, a vast succession of caverns, extending for many miles under ground, and known by the general name of the 'Grotto of Akteleg.' Nothing can be more romantic than its situation: fir and box trees cover the steep hills in its vicinity, and fields of Turkish maize fertilize the valleys; the bright yellow of the corn, as the tall stalks wave in the passing gale, and their heavy heads dash against each other, contrasting strikingly with the dark masses of the fir and the glossy verdure of the box.

This wild, solitary-looking spot, which is now almost inaccessible even to the foot of man, was once, according to tradition, a splendid city; indeed, traces are still pointed out, of the carriage wheels which once rolled through its streets; whilst the altar, pillars, and sculptures of its magnificent cathedral may also be discovered through the mass of stalactites which now encrust them, and which reflect back the torch of the inquisitive visitor in a thousand varied tints. Dazzling, indeed, is the magical effect of this spacious cavern, when lights flash through its dark recesses. It resembles a crystal palace, whose walls, hung with diamonds and a thousand other precious stones, are so brilliant as to make the eye ache with beholding them;—vault after vault thus sparkles with ineffable brightness, till the spectator almost fancies himself in the paradise of the Chaldeans, and turns away at length bewildered by the blaze. One chamber is, however, an exception to this description; for in that, all is dark, save a single pillar of pale amber, emitting a mild, softened light; which, when compared with the intensity of the glare in the entrance to the cave, falls upon the eye like faint moon-beams feebly struggling through the deep shadows of a thick grove. Soothing is the effect produced upon the mind by this gentle lustre; but the pleasing sensations it excites are soon converted into astonishment—for when the pillar is struck with iron, it sends forth tones so plaintive and so sweet that few can hear them without emotion. The legend annexed to this singular phenomenon is far from being uninteresting.

In the reign of the apostate Julian, Akteleg was the metropolis of a flourishing kingdom; the monarch of which—a stern, avaricious man—eagerly followed the example of the emperor, and endeavoured to restore Paganism throughout his dominions. Although he was, like all new converts, very zealous in the cause he had thus adopted, it was whispered that his persecuting fervour arose less from real enmity to the Christians, than from his earnest desire to seize upon the wealth they had accumulated; and this supposition was confirmed by his re-conversion to Christianity on the fall of his master; a change which was, however, principally attributed to the influence of his beautiful daughter Monica, who was a pious follower of Jesus, and whom he had always permitted to practise freely the rites of her religion.

The fame of the court of Akteleg for its magnificence, and for the encouragement afforded by its monarch to the professors of the fine arts, drew to that city a number of learned men from all nations; and of these, none were so kindly received, or so warmly patronised, as those skilled in the occult sciences. It was the very era for superstition; as Paganism was labouring under all the weakness of dotage, and Christianity had scarcely risen into its full strength. The minds of men were unsettled,—and in the absence of some fixed faith upon which they could firmly build their hopes, they clung eagerly to the strong excitement produced by magic. In those days, when men were only imperfectly acquainted with the secrets of nature, knowledge was indeed power, and the happy few who possessed it were so superior to the rest, as to be readily supposed to hold communication with supernatural beings. It is a remarkable fact in the history of the human mind, that almost every person has some particular weakness, over which the judgment has no influence,—and which, even in sensible men, often degenerates into downright folly: whilst this feeling, although sedulously concealed from the world, is fondly cherished in private by its possessor; perhaps upon the principle that induces a mother to manifest more affection for her deformed children than for her more perfect offspring. This was the case with the king of Akteleg: no one possessed a stronger mind, more acute penetration, or a sounder judgment than he, as to the general affairs of his kingdom; and yet, no one was more credulous in all that related to astrology,—demonology,—astrobolism,—divination,—or, in fact, to any of those forbidden studies, whose very name of occult invested them with indescribable charms.

The most celebrated sage at the court of the Hungarian monarch, was an Egyptian of the name of Merops, who, it was affirmed, had existed in those far-distant days when Egypt, in science as well as power, shone mistress of the world, and even Greece was, as yet unknown. No one could tell by what mysterious arts his life had been protracted so far beyond the period usually assigned to that of man; yet, no one doubted the truth of the report; for no tale was so wild or so absurd as not at that time to find implicit belief. Merops was fully aware of the awe he inspired; and no one knew better than himself, how to maintain the station to which the credulity of his admirers had raised him. His abilities and knowledge, however, were solely directed to one object—the gratification of his ambition; and for this, he denied himself all the pleasures and even comforts of life;—for this, he exhausted the powers of his mighty mind in abstruse studies;—and for this, he condescended to become the idol of the multitude. By these means, though of obscure origin, he had already risen into fame; he was followed, courted, nay, almost adored, till at length he reached the climax of his wishes, and was ordered to appear before the sovereign himself.

The king received Merops with breathless anxiety. Legends of the immense treasures buried in ancient times beneath the Hungarian mountains, had long haunted his imagination; and the hopes he had conceived, that this almost omniscient man might reveal their hidden depository, were so overpowering, that for a moment they nearly deprived him of speech; Merops marked the inward agitation of the king, and smiled in the proud consciousness of mental superiority. The conference was short; for the spirit of the king quailed before the haughty glance of the stranger: the power which after times have attributed to the eyes of the rattlesnake, seemed exercised upon him; and although he felt he could not turn from that steadfast gaze, his soul sickened under its influence.

In the meantime, the heart of Merops throbbed with joy, for he knew that he should now attain the summit of his wishes. The king had heedlessly put himself into the power of his subject; he had confided to the hands of

Merops' the master-key of his passions, and the wily philosopher did not hesitate to avail himself amply of the knowledge he had acquired. Though Merops despised wealth for its own sake, he was too well aware of the influence which gold exerts over the minds of men, not to wish to obtain it as a means of furthering his ambition. For this purpose he had searched the most hidden recesses of the mountains, to endeavour to discover the treasures said to be concealed in them; and had at length succeeded in discovering a valley of crystallizations, which, when they reflected the rays of the setting sun, assumed the appearance of precious stones. By torch-light, this effect was considerably increased; and the active mind of Merops easily divined an expedient, by which he might avail himself of this spectacle to inflame to its utmost the cupidity of the king, and at the same time to convince him that he possessed the power of gratifying it.

Having made the arrangements necessary to effect his purpose, Merops once more stood before his sovereign: the monarch greeted him eagerly; and with a trembling voice, asked if he had discovered the hidden treasures.

"In obedience to thy command, sire," replied the sage, "thy slave has summoned to his aid the demons of the earth, and they have shewn to him a treasure which has dazzled his eyes with its glory."

"Where! where is it?" cried the monarch.

"It is permitted to the humble slave of the mighty king of Akteleg, to shew this splendour to his sovereign;

but neither the king, nor his devoted attendant, may presume to touch the glittering jewels which they are destined to behold, without first propitiating the demons appointed to guard them from the world."

"And how are they to be propitiated?"

"There are rites," murmured the sage, in a deep, hollow tone, fixing his eyes, which seemed to glare with supernatural brightness, upon the king. "There are rites, which the unenlightened describe as impious; but which"—

"Oh, father! dearest father!" cried Monica, bursting into the room, and falling at the monarch's feet; "do not listen to him."

"Whence came you, my child; and why do you meddle with matters so far above your comprehension?"

"They are not above my comprehension;—alas! alas! I but too well understand their meaning. He would urge you to destruction, father; but resist the tempter—I inadvertently overheard your conversation, and I am come to save you."

Monica paused. All that fine devotedness of purpose, which had already distinguished so many of her sex and religion in those ages of persecution, glowed upon her cheek and brightened in her eye; whilst, like them, she also seemed prepared to die a martyr to her faith. The king was affected; he could not gaze upon the beautiful features of his daughter, ennobled as they were by the grandeur of her soul, without feeling ashamed of his own vacillation, yet he could not conquer it; his mind was incapable of the high resolve which sat enthroned upon his daughter's brow; for avarice debases its possessor, and like the snail, pollutes with its foul slime every thing that it touches. The Egyptian saw his hesitation, and knew that he was successful; for such is the natural disposition of man to evil, that when he suffers his mind to waver, even for an instant, between vice and virtue, it is quite certain that the former will soon gain the ascendency.

"I do but wish to see the wonders that this man can exhibit;" said the king, after a short silence. "There can be no harm in beholding the treasures which he speaks of."

Monica shook her head. "Then let me accompany you," said she.

Merops was by no means pleased with this proposition, but the king caught at it with eagerness, and the Egyptian was too prudent to disgust his neophyte, by even offering an objection. The night fixed upon for their expedition was one of pitchy darkness, and the road lay entirely through dense forests of the black pine. The king, although he moved, himself, with trembling steps, was yet obliged to support the delicate form of his lovely daughter, who clung fondly to him; whilst the stern magician, arrayed in the flowing garb of his order, bore aloft the torch which alone served to light them on their way. No sound broke upon the silence of the night, save the wind, which howled mournfully through the pine trees;

the withered cones and dried leaves rattling with every gust. It is scarcely possible to imagine a scene more calculated to inspire horror; and the spirits of both Monica and her father, sank beneath its influence. No one spoke; and with noiseless steps they slowly wound round the side of a steep mountain, till they reached the top, when a scene burst upon them, which inspired even the tranquil Monica with a transport of delight.

In every fissure of the rocks that surrounded the valley of crystal, the magician had placed a torch of pine wood, and having previously illuminated them, the effulgence of light which burst upon the eyes of the astonished king and his daughter, seemed almost more than mortals could endure. The cheeks of the lovely Monica, however, became pale as the sculptured marble of the tomb, when she had gazed a few seconds upon this splendid vision.

"Oh, father! dearest father! let us fly," exclaimed she, in trembling accents; "it is enchantment—a vile delusion, to destroy us—let us fly, whilst we have yet the power."

The king did not reply—his eyes were fixed upon the glittering valley.

"Father! dearest father!" cried Monica, hanging round his neck;—still she was unheeded—and the eyes of the king remained chained, as if by magic, to the spot. Monica was in despair: one only method presented itself, by which she hoped to drag her father from the influence of this fatal fascination; and although it was repugnant to the natural timidity of her sex, she determined to brave every possible danger in such a cause. She looked again imploringly at the king; but his eye was glazed, and he seemed insensible of her presence.

"I go,—will you not accompany me, my father?" said she, clinging closer to him. He did not reply; all his faculties seemed absorbed in the contemplation of the deceitful treasures before him. "Nay, then, I go alone," said the maiden firmly,—and loosing her hold, she walked hastily away. Violent were the emotions which throbbed in her father's breast as she departed; but, after a struggle, parental love prevailed. He could not trust his Monica, his tender, gentle child, alone to tread that dark and dangerous way; he looked after her a moment, and as he saw her slight form vanishing amongst the trees, the lesser passion was absorbed; he felt how worthless would be his gold, should fate deprive him of his daughter; and he left the gorgeous scene he had been contemplating to pursue her footsteps, without heaving a single sigh.

The demon of avarice, however, although driven from the field, was by no means vanquished; for, as soon as the king's apprehensions for the safety of his daughter were removed, his thoughts reverted to the splendid valley. Monica marked her father's abstraction, and implored him to pray for Divine assistance to repel the tempter. The king did not reply; and, in fact, had no sooner conducted her to her own apartments, than he flew back in search of the magnificent spectacle which had so lately enchanted him. It was vanished; the wary magician had taken advantage of his absence, to extinguish the torches—and when the king again stood upon the brow of the hill, all around was gloom. Maddened with disappointment, fancy exaggerated what he had lost; and when he again encountered Merops, his mind was in a fit state to be wrought to desperation by that artful conspirator. It would be useless to detail by what means the king was induced to offer a sacrifice to propitiate the demons who guarded the treasures; yet, such was the fact, and the following night was fixed upon for the completion of the crime.

The Egyptians were profound chemists; and though Merops did not, as rumours idly whispered, derive his existence from that nation, yet he had studied under a descendant from one of its sages, and from him had learned the secret of compounding a magic powder, which, when ignited, would explode with such force as to destroy every object in its vicinity. Having prepared a quantity of this destructive drug, he buried it under a pavilion in the garden belonging to the palace, and then persuaded the credulous monarch to offer there a burnt sacrifice to the evil spirits. Merops had contrived that he should not be present at this ceremony, which he confidently hoped would end in the destruction of his sovereign,—and he had prepared the ministers of state and chief officers of the court to regard such an event as a dispensation of Heaven; whilst he had laid another plan, equally well arranged, through which he meant, by means of his chemical secrets, to terrify the people into appointing him as the king's successor.

Weak, however, are the designs of mortals, if Omnipotence frown upon their projects: the schemes of Merops were laid with almost supernatural sagacity;—every difficulty was foreseen, and every objection anticipated; yet it was all in vain; and the consummate skill shewn by the crafty plotter, only hastened his own destruction. Unconscious of the strength of the ingredients he had employed, he had buried so much of the fatal powder that one single spark was sufficient to involve the whole city in ruin. Of this he was not aware; and fancying that the pavilion in which the sacrifice was to be offered up would alone suffer, he calmly awaited the event in the adjoining palace. With fiend-like barbarity, however, he determined that the innocent Monica should not survive her father; and for this purpose he informed her of the king's intentions the very instant before they were to be put into execution. Monica was struck with horror at the intimation; and, as the crafty magician had anticipated, she resolved to interfere to prevent the consummation of so great a sin. She accordingly, at the very moment when the king was about to light the unhallowed pile, rushed into the pavilion, and threw herself at his feet. She could not speak,—but her panting breast and dishevelled hair bespoke her agitation, and her imploring eyes pierced her father's heart.

"My Monica," said he, "this is no place for you. Return, my child,—I will join you soon."

"Never!" exclaimed Monica, firmly, "never will I leave this place, unless you accompany me."

"This is childish, Monica. I have but some rites to perform, in which I would not have you participate; when they are concluded, I will join you."

"And what rites must those be, which a parent refuses to participate with his child? At my entreaty you renounced the errors of Paganism—but this is worse. Oh, father!—dearest father! reflect, ere it be too late."

The king paused,—he looked fondly at his daughter.—"It is but for thy sake," said he, "that I wish to acquire riches."

"Then, wish no longer," cried Monica, her eyes sparkling with animation, "risk not thy precious soul for my sake. I want not gold. Hear me, as I swear—solemnly swear! to live henceforward as the anchorite of the desart. Never will I again touch gold—never again shall costly viands pollute my lips,—my food shall be simply the fruits of the earth, and my drink, water from the spring!"

"My child! my child! what have you said?"

"What I mean steadily to perform," returned Monica, a bright smile passing over her countenance as she spoke; "let me save my father from everlasting destruction, and the luxuries of life fade as nothing in the scale!"

The king looked at her with emotion; to his heated imagination it seemed no longer his daughter, but his guardian angel that stood before him: his better feelings prevailed—he threw down the censer, and clasping her in his arms, whispered softly—" thou hast conquered!"

That instant a peal, like thunder broke upon their ears, a hollow rumbling noise succeeded, and the ground heaved like the billows of the sea. Fire had fallen from the censer when the king cast it from him; the fatal powder ignited, and as the mine exploded, the rocks were torn asunder with a convulsion which seemed the last throe of expiring nature. Palaces and towers tottered to their fall; the lofty dome of the cathedral rocked like a pine branch tossing in a storm; earth yawned for her prey, and the fair city sank into her bosom. Mountains closed over it, and the very name of Akteleg is now almost forgotten. No mortal being escaped alive the horrors of that fatal night; but the moonlight softness of the pale amber pillar, seems emblematic of the lovely Monica; and as its sweet though mournful notes melt upon the ear, to a fanciful mind the tender music seems still to sigh over the fallen fortunes of her country.

AN ADIEU.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

I.

Adieu !—the chain is shivered now,
That linked my heart and hopes with thine,
I leave thee to thy broken vow,—
Thy dreams will, often, be of mine ;
And tears,—be those the only tears
Thine eyes may ever learn to weep,
Shall tell the thoughts to other years
Thy spirit cannot chuse, but keep !
Adieu !

II.

Adieu ! enjoy thy pleasant hours,
Find other hearts—to fling away !
Thy life is in its time of flowers,
Gather May-garlands, while 'tis May !

Oh! till the dreary day draws in,
And winter settles round thy heart,
And memory's phantom-forms begin
To take a wounded spirit's part,
Adieu!

III.

Adieu! thy beauty is the bow
That kept the tempest from thy sky,
And all too bright, upon thy brow,
The sign which must, so surely, die!—
These drops—the last for thee!—are shed
To think that there will be not one
To love thee, when its light is fled,
To shield thee when the storm comes on!
Adieu!

IV.

Adieu! oh! wild and worthless all
The heart that wakes this last farewell!
Why—for a thing like thee—should fall
My harpings like a passing-bell!
Why should my soul and song be sad!
Away!—I fling thee from my heart,
Back to the selfish and the bad,
With whom thou hast thy fitter part!
Adieu!

V.

Adieu! and may thy dreams of me
Be poison in thy brain and breast,
And hope be lost in memory,
And memory mar thy prayer for rest!—
Why seeks my soul a gentler strain?
For thee my harp be, henceforth, mute,
Never to wake thy name again,
Thou stranger to my love and lute!
Adieu!

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

Resembles life what once was held of light,
Too ample in itself for human sight?
An absolute self? an element ungrounded?
All, that we see, all colours of all shade
By encroach of darkness made?
Is *very* life by consciousness unbounded?
And all the thoughts, pains, joys of mortal breath
A war-embrace of wrestling life and death?

A CHAPTER ON PORTRAITS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Of all the Souvenirs, and Keepsakes, and Bijoux,—of all the Christmas Boxes, Amulets and Gems, Anniversaries and Forget-me-nots (flowers of cold weather!)—of all the presents with which we should choose to commemorate a birth-day or a festival, or to offer to one whom we regard, as an indication of good-will or friendship, we think that we should select—a portrait; a portrait—perhaps our own. It should not be cast in gingerbread,—which would be too provocative; nor in brass,—which would be out of character; nor in paper,—for we are already but too inflammable: neither should we desire to ride on boys' shoulders, triumphant in pipe-clay, smeared over with blue and scarlet,—immortal as plaister could make us,—among Dukes of Wellington, and Napoleons, and Voltaires,—among dumb Paul Prys and silent parrots. An humbler lot be ours! We should scarcely choose to look out from a snuff-box blazing with brilliants—for it would be too imperial; and we might, for the first time, forget ourselves.

We have said that it should, perhaps, be a portrait of ourself (selves)—but we recall our words. We are inclined to abandon that agreeable notion. At all events, it should not *always* represent our own features, to the exclusion of philosophers and heroes. We would not invariably usurp the place of Shakspeare and Bacon: we do not love ourselves so immeasurably. Some face, however, which we love or respect, it should ever be; in preference even to a hamper of Johannisberg or Hockheim, or a haunch of the bravest buck that ever nipped the grass of a Scottish moor.

There is something delightful in the intercourse which we have with another's likeness. It is himself, only once removed; he is visible, not tangible: we have his moiety. In a picture of history, there is often indeed more to admire than in the mere face of one individual man or woman. There is more room for the skill of the artist: it is better adapted to exemplify a moral. But the *sentiment* that chains us to the other, is wanting: we are not *familiar* with it; one is a brave matter—a splendid *thing;* the other is a *person*, and becomes our friend. We could never worship, as some do, the complicated strife of arms, and legs, and shoulders; or think only of the way in which each is subdued by the painter, and made (by the wonders of light and shadow) to represent a great event. We would rather look upon the eyes of some Italian 'dama,' whom Titian or Giorgione painted long ago—without a name, and catalogued only as 'portrait of a lady"—or face one of Titian's piercing heads (a noble of Venice or Rome), than sit down before the most elaborate composition of history, or see brought out in dazzling array before us, all the battles of Alexander, or all the triumphs or processions of the Cæsars.

We were exceedingly struck by the delicacy of two or three friends, who conspired lately to give an old acquaintance pleasure on his return from a distant part of India. His wife had been obliged to come to England for her health, and his friends secretly caused her portrait to be painted, in order that on his return to Calcutta or Bengal, he might find the *likeness* at least of her who was dearest to him in the world. It is thus that affection and kind feeling are perpetuated. It is thus that the form and features of the child are made known to its pining parents afar off. It is thus that the faces which we loved to look upon, are redeemed from the grave, and sent to us, across desarts and woods and mountains, or over a thousand leagues of water. This is the greatest boast of art, as well as its most delightful victory: it annihilates space (if not time), and makes the absent happy.

An historical scene is a fiction merely. Be it ever so true to nature, it is still the fiction of *the painter*. But a portrait is truth itself. No imagination can compete with it: it is either the very thing we desire, or nothing; all depends on its truth. Even in a portrait (to use the term) of inanimate nature—what assemblage of cataracts and hills and forests,—what glories of sunset or meridian may compete with the little landscape, which restores to us the scene of our own quiet home—which brings before us our childhood—the tree under which we have played—the river beside which we have walked or sported? Art, which never addresses itself, strictly speaking, to our reason, is valuable only in proportion as it operates upon our feelings: these are seldom (and then but little) excited by the mere invention of a painter: we rather sympathize with *his* difficulties; we congratulate him on *his* success: we say, "How admirably has he grouped those figures! how finely are the light and shade distributed! what a grand expression! what dramatic effect!" We look upon the artist as a hero; he has done so much—for his own fame. But he who gives us the very smile which won or warms our hearts—the frank or venerable aspect of our friend or father—the dawning beauty of our child—or shews us the tender eyes with which the wife or mother looks love upon us from a distant region,—*he* seems to have thought of *us* rather than of his own renown, and becomes at once our benefactor and our friend!

It is very pleasant, to our thinking, to traverse some country mansion, where the portraits of its former owners hang up, side by side with each other; frail records, it is true, of vanity and glory! We love to trace them upwards, into absolute barbarism; to mailed, bearded, ferocious warriors, powerful and—forgotten. And, among them, it is hard if we cannot detect *one*, whom learning or science has honoured,—a poet, a monk, or a philosopher;—perhaps one, even, whom love has made immortal. We once saw such a one:—there he was, with nobility on his forehead, and sadness in his eye,—the humbled inheritor of a proud name—the impoverished master of thousands! Can one help pitying such a sufferer? We see him, and pass on: we see another—and another—and another: but *he* still remains fixed in our memory ("*hæret lateri lethalis arundo*)," and we turn back, after viewing all the rest, once more to sympathize with him alone. We say, "Rich one! are you there still,—*still* pale, and dumb, and melancholy? Had the foul fiend so seized upon you, that not even the flattering painter could take the sorrow from your eye,—the sting that had ran, piercing through your heart? 'Faith, you are fallen indeed!"

Let not the reader suppose, from what we have said, that we are wanting in a due respect for the illustrious painters who have conferred honour upon art. We love or admire them all. We can pore over a book of prints, even, and forget ourselves among the old masters of the Italian school of painting. We can begin with Giotto, and go on untired, to the last of the school of the Caracci.

There is great fervour, and (so to speak) devotion of spirit in some of Giotto's works:—(did the reader ever see his two saintly heads, in the possession of Mr. Rogers the poet)? There is great skill, and some grandeur in Massaccio, and infinite beauty in Perugino. Then, there are the quaint loveliness of Leonardo da Vinci—the frowning power of Michael Angelo—the splendours of Giorgione and Titian—the suavity of Correggio—and the life, and spirit, and beauty—the grace and intelligence, and unequalled propriety of Raffaelle! There, too, are Guido's pale heads, and Domenichino's divine expressions—the stern realities of Annibal—the touching looks of Fra. Bartolomeo—the halcyon skies of Claude—and the stormy landscapes of Salvator Rosa. In a word, all that beauty and power, or the spirit of religion and love have dictated—all that great Nature herself has taught, are therein assembled, to delight whoever has the taste to value them. The most radiant visions open themselves upon us;—the grandeur of the old world—the fantastic elegance of the new—the creation of Adam—the visage of Cæsar—Cleopatra and her asp—Roman temples—Egyptian pyramids—angels, and hierarchs, and prophets—warriors of all times—women, lovelier and more variable than the rainbow—all are brought back before us, by a power, greater than that of Prospero's wand. And can we refuse our homage?—No: we gaze, and acknowledge that, even in its degradation and decline, Italy had still some spirits able to perpetuate her glory, and, in some degree, even to elevate her name!

The great painters to whom we have adverted (for the purpose of recording our respect for art in general), were painters of history or landscape. But they could at times abandon their professed employment, and sketch the likeness of their mistress, or of their friend—or of some excelling beauty of their age and nation; such as artists (above all other people) delight to honour. The Transfiguration was done by Raffaelle for the sake of eternal renown—(which it has won); but the Fornarina was a work of love; and the artist's own portrait (more than once painted by himself, and given to his friend or patron), is well worthy the double commendation that men have conspired to bestow upon it. It is a masterly deed, twice honoured, for its own merit and for the principle of gratitude in which it had its origin.

Few of the great Roman artist's pictures have been more admired, than his portraits of Leo and Julius the Second. There is so much of integrity in the design, so much truth in the detail, that no one who gazes can for a moment doubt but that they are true representations of those famous men. Raffaelle's life was employed on works of imagination, such as no one else has equalled; but he could descend from the "dignity of history," as it is called, and submit to transcribe a faithful lesson of nature, like one of a less gifted intellect.

We can scarcely imagine a thing much more pleasant indeed, to an artist, than to be brought face to face with some famous person, and permitted to examine and scrutinize his features, with that careful and intense curiosity, that seems necessary to the perfecting a likeness. It must have been to Raffaelle, at once a relaxation from his ordinary study, and a circumstance interesting in itself, thus to look into faces so full of meaning as those of Julius and Leo—and to say, "That look—that glance, which seems so transient, will I fix for ever. Thus shall he be seen, with that exact expression (although it lasted but for an instant), five hundred years after he shall be dust and ashes!"

This was probably the feeling of Raffaelle; and it must have been with a somewhat similar pride that our excellent artist, Mr. Leslie, accomplished his portrait of Sir Walter Scott, which the reader will have already admired in this volume. It is surely a perfect work. No one, who has once seen the great author, can forget that strange and peculiar look (so full of meaning, and shrewd and cautious observation—so entirely characteristic, in short, of the mind within) which Mr. Leslie has succeeded in catching. One may gaze on it for ever, and contemplate an exhaustless subject—all that the capacious imagination has produced, and is producing,—the populous, endless world of fancy.

Let the reader look, and be assured that *there* is the strange Spirit that has discovered and wrought all the fine shapes that he has been accustomed to look upon with wonder—Claverhouse, and Burley, and Bothwell,—Meg Merrilies and Elspeth—the high and the low—the fierce and the fair—Cavaliers and Covenanters, and the rest—presenting an assemblage of character that is absolutely unequalled, except in the pages of Shakspeare alone. There is no other writer, be he Greek, or Goth, or Roman, who has ever astonished the world by creations so infinitely diversified. The mind of the author appears so free from egotism, so large and serene, so clear of all images of self, that it receives, as in a lucid mirror, all the varieties of nature. It was thus that the greatest and rarest of all poets was enabled to perform his wonderful task. Thus free from egotism and turbid vanity was Shakspeare himself. And thus, we may prophesy, must every author be, who shall succeed in stirring the hearts of men by dint of example only.

WYBURN.

Not far declined from his meridian tower
The sun already sinks beneath the mound
Of long continuous rocks in gloom that lower,
Dusking the crystal of the lake's profound,
While, opposite, Helvellyn's verdant steep
Shines with a thousand silver streams that bound
In wild precipitation to the deep
Lugubrious grandeur of the vale below,
Backed by the snowy altitudes where sleep
The demons of the storm on Skiddaw's brow.
Peace is in every sound: the murmuring air,
The distant eagle's cry, the torrent's flow,
Lure from the heart each sublunary care,
And leave the temple free to penitence and prayer.

H.

VIOLA.

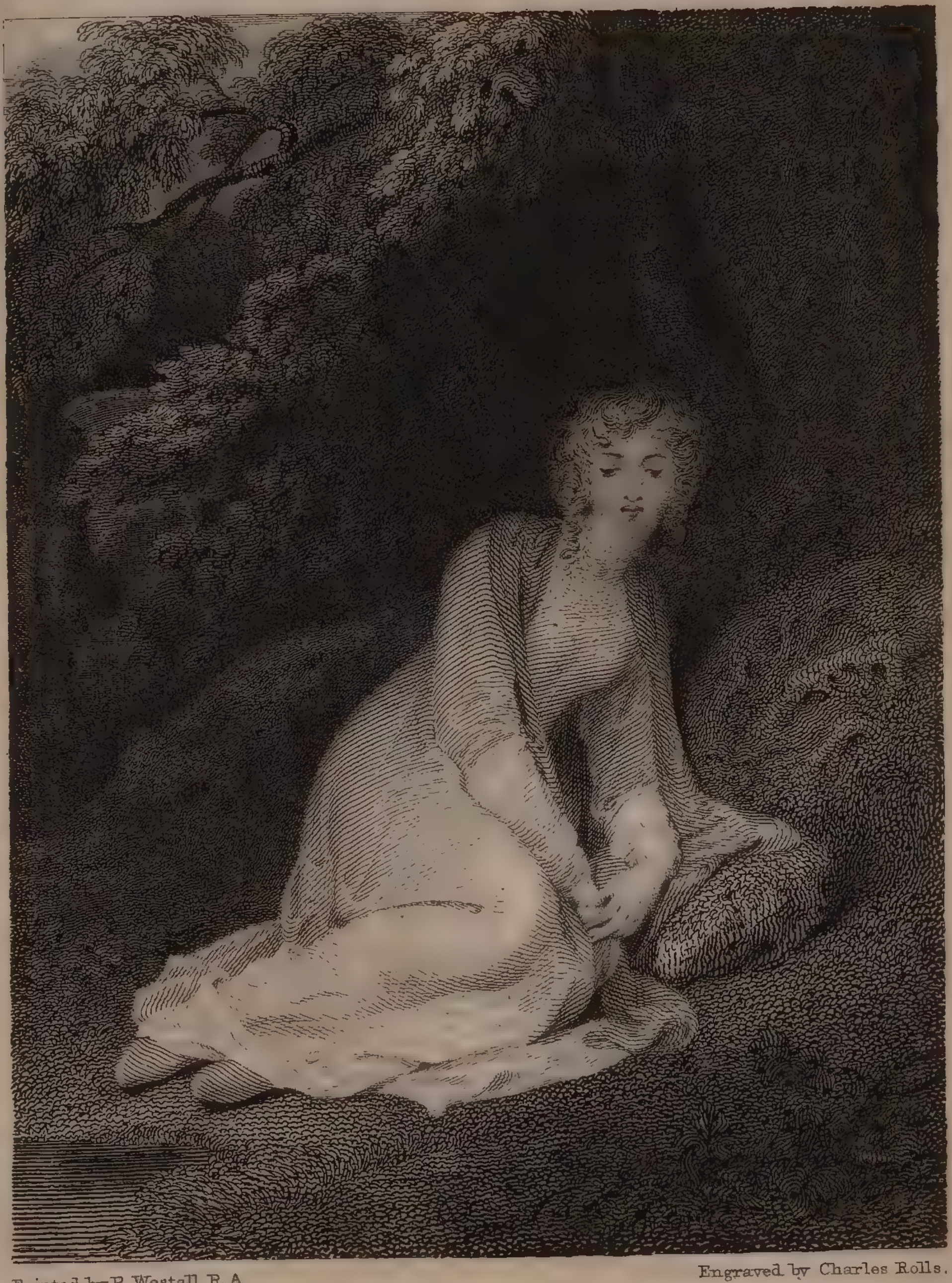
She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument smiling at grief.
SHAKSPEARE.

I.

THE secret by her tongue concealed,
Her fading charms declare,
And what by words is unrevealed,
Is better written there;
The silent tale by sorrow traced,
Of 'young affections run to waste.'

II.

The radiance of her down-cast eye
Is shadowed by a tear,
Faint as the light of evening's sky,
That tells the night is near;—
The long, the moonless night of rest,
When life is waning in its west.



Painted by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by Charles Rolls.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Published by Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, & Green, Novr 1828.

Printed by Mc Queen.

III.

And seems her cheek, whose bloom is fled
  (So beautiful and brief),
As if the white rose there had shed
  Its frail and fallen leaf;
Which summer's genial sun and rain
Shall never wake to life again.

IV.

But she is hastening to the bowers
  That bloom in happier spheres;
Where fond affection's fadeless flowers
  Shall not be nurst by tears;
Where love's pure flame shall ne'er expire,
Nor kill the heart that feeds its fire.

J. M.

THE PIXIES OF DEVON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DARTMOOR.'

The age of Pixies, like that of Chivalry, is gone. There is, perhaps, at present, scarcely a house which they are reputed to visit. Even the fields and lanes which they formerly frequented seem to be nearly forsaken. Their music is rarely heard; and they appear to have forgotten to attend their ancient midnight dance.—*Drew's Cornwall.*

They are flown,
Beautiful fictions of our fathers, wove
In Superstition's web, when Time was young,
And fondly loved and cherished;—they are flown
Before the wand of Science! Hills and vales,
Mountains and moors of Devon, ye have lost
The enchantments, the delights, the visions all,
The elfin visions that so blessed the sight
In the past days romantic. Nought is heard
Now, in the leafy world, but earthly strains,—
Voices, yet sweet, of breeze, and bird, and brook,
And waterfall;—the day is silent else,
And night is strangely mute! the hymnings high—

The immortal music men of ancient times
Heard ravished oft, are flown! O ye have lost,
Mountains and moors, and meads, the radiant throngs
That dwelt in your green solitudes, and filled
The air, the fields, with beauty and with joy
Intense;—with a rich mystery that awed
The mind, and flung around a thousand hearths
Divinest tales, that through the enchanted year
Found passionate listeners!

The very streams
Brightened with visitings of these so sweet
Etherial creatures! They were seen to rise
From the charmed waters which still brighter grew
As the pomp passed to land, until the eye
Scarce bore the unearthly glory. Where they trod,
Young flowers, but not of this world's growth, arose;
And fragrance, as of amaranthine bowers,
Floated upon the breeze. And mortal eyes
Looked on their revels all the luscious night;
And, unreproved, upon their ravishing forms
Gazed, wistfully, as in the dance they moved,
Voluptuous to the thrilling touch of harp
Elysian!

And by gifted eyes were seen
Wonders—in the still air;—and beings bright
And beautiful, more beautiful than throng

Fancy's ecstatic regions, peopled now
The sunbeam, and now rode upon the gale
Of the sweet summer noon. Anon they touched
The earth's delighted bosom, and the glades
Seemed greener, fairer,—and the enraptured woods
Gave a glad, leafy murmur,—and the rills
Leaped in the ray for joy; and all the birds
Threw into the intoxicating air their songs,
All soul. The very archings of the grove,
Clad in cathedral gloom from age to age,
Lightened with instant splendours; and the flowers,
Tinged with new hues, and lovelier, upsprung
By millions in the grass, that rustled now
To gales of Araby!

The seasons came
In bloom or blight, in glory or in shade;
The shower or sunbeam, fell or glanced, as pleased
These potent elves. They steered the giant cloud
Through heaven at will, and with the meteor flash
Came down in death or sport; ay, when the storm
Shook the old woods, they rode, on rainbow wing,
The tempest; and anon they reined its rage
In its fierce mid-career. But ye have flown—
Beautiful fictions of our fathers!—flown
Before the wand of Science; and the hearths
Of Devon, as lags the disenchanted year,
Are passionless and—silent!

THE FOUNT OF TEARS.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DALE.

I.

I WATCHED beside him, when from earth
All that he loved had passed away;
And mute, dark, desperate dreams have birth;
Which lead the soul astray,—
Fixed was his brow and calm his air;
No tear was in his vacant eye,—
They said, that tears would soothe despair:
I led him forth to try.

II.

We sought the dwelling of the dead,
Where she—the loved—the lost—was laid;
I bade him read the name—he read,
Yet not a look betrayed
The consciousness that here *she* slept
The last unchanging sleep;—
Where friends less dear had waked and wept,
He only did not weep.

III.

I led him to the moss-clad oak,
Where they had pledged love's first fond vow;
No sound the dreary stillness broke
That whispered, " Where art thou?"
Nought did he seem to hear or see
Of grief, in that familiar spot;
" Poor maid!" I thought, " and can it be
That thou art thus forgot!"

IV.

Homeward we turned; when through the wood,
Came down a young and joyous pair,
The mourner started—trembled—stood;
The spell I sought was there.
At sight of LIVING LOVE awoke
The feelings that so long had slept;
The chain that bound his soul was broke,
He sate him down, and wept!

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